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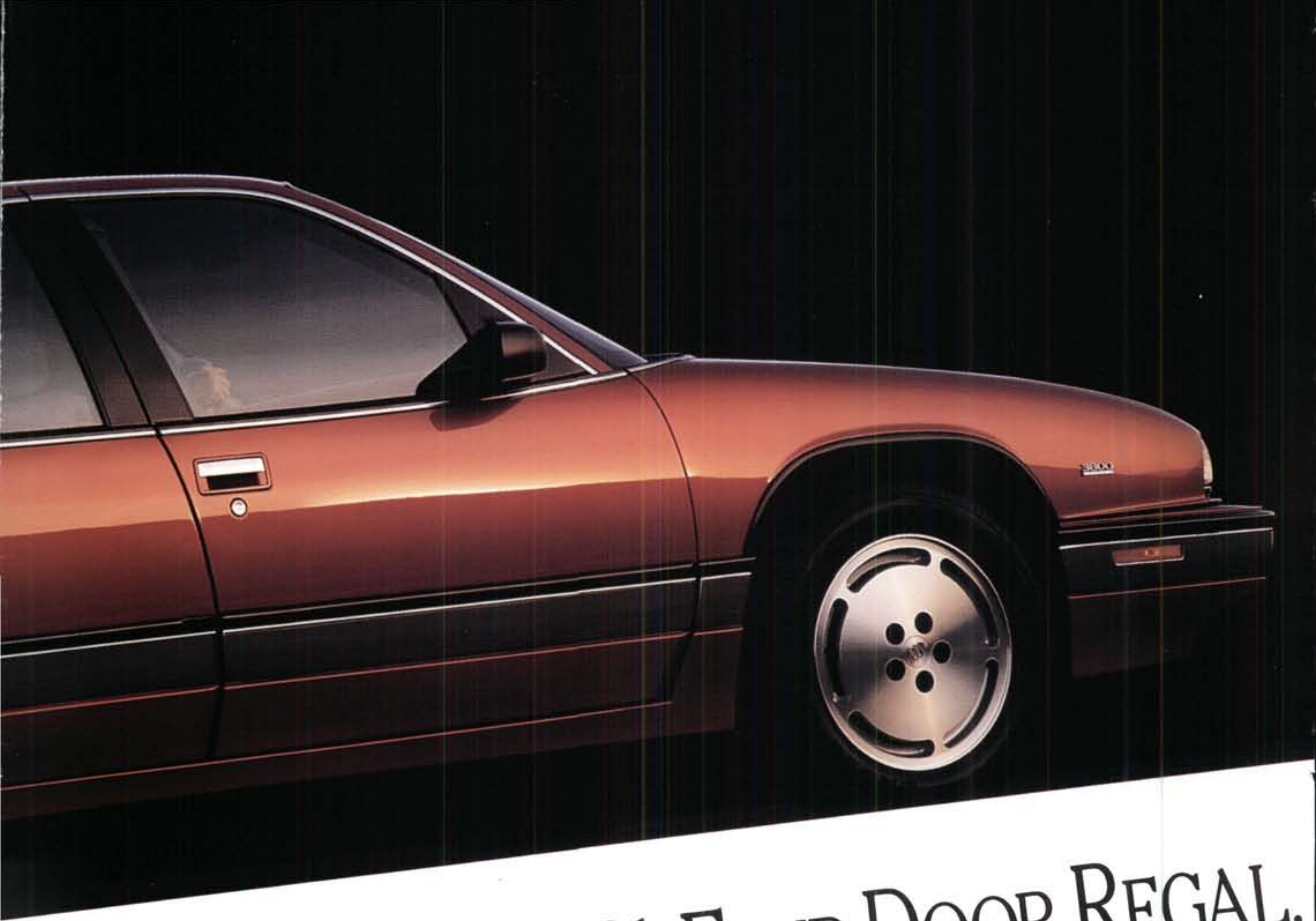

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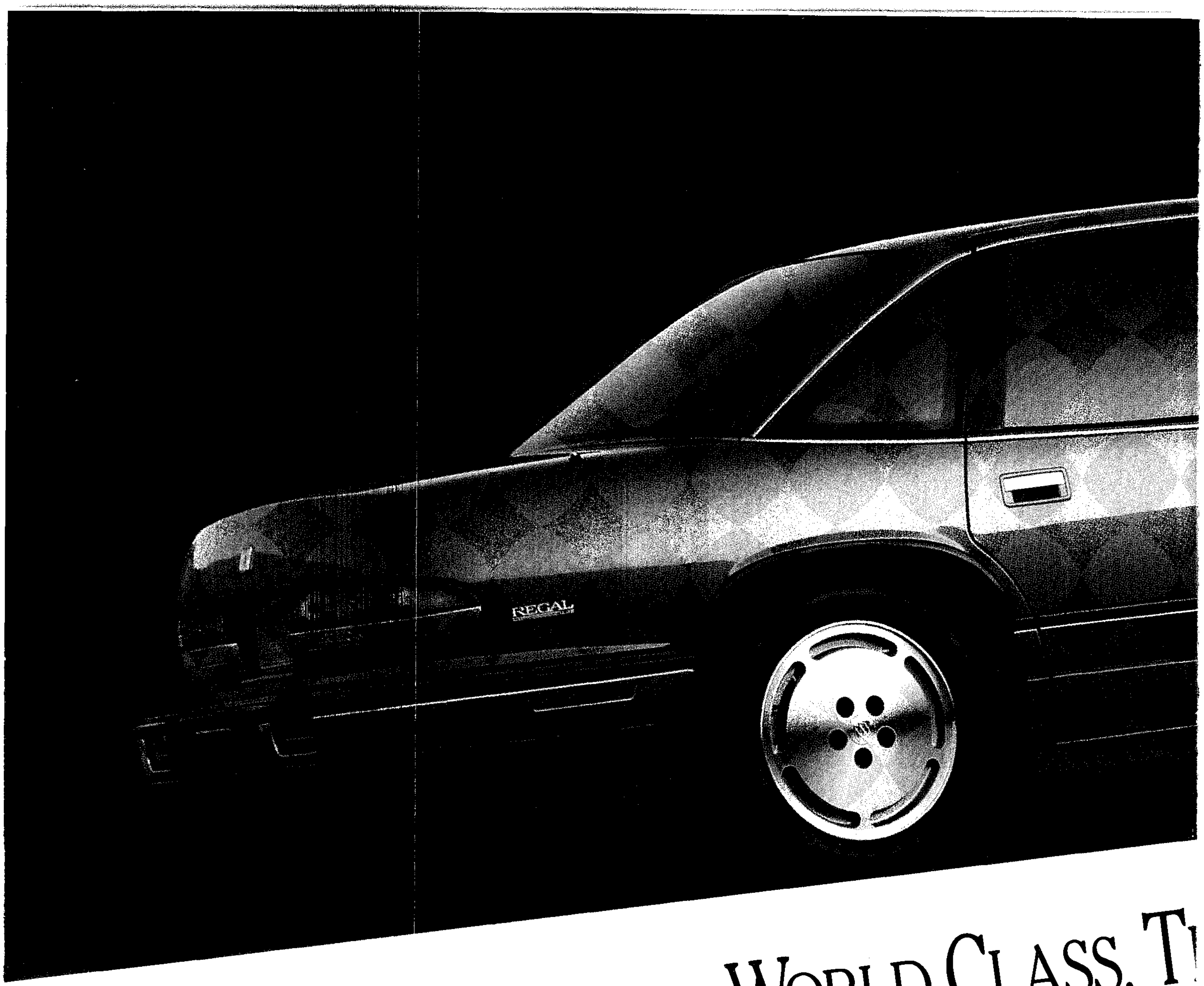

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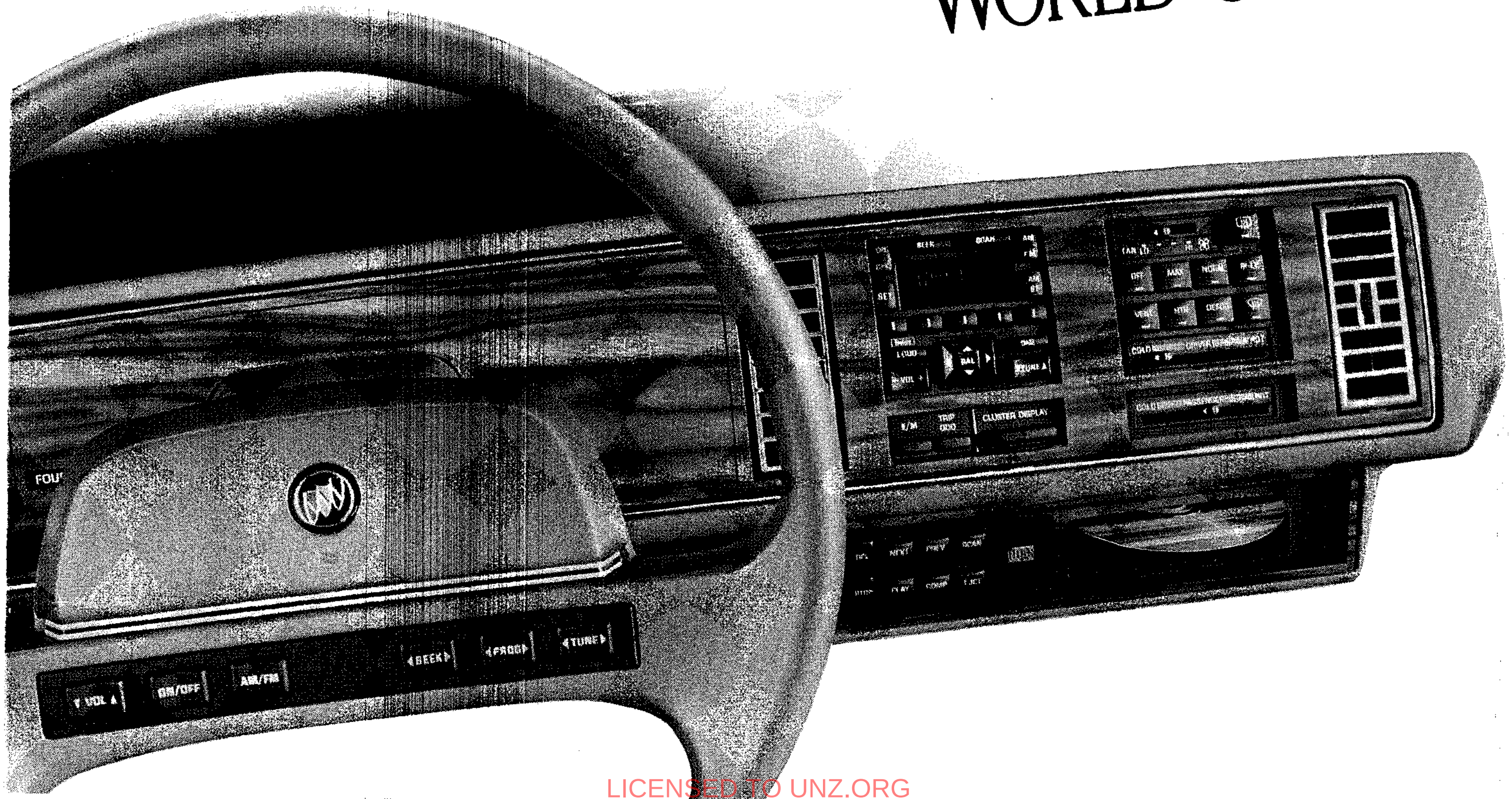
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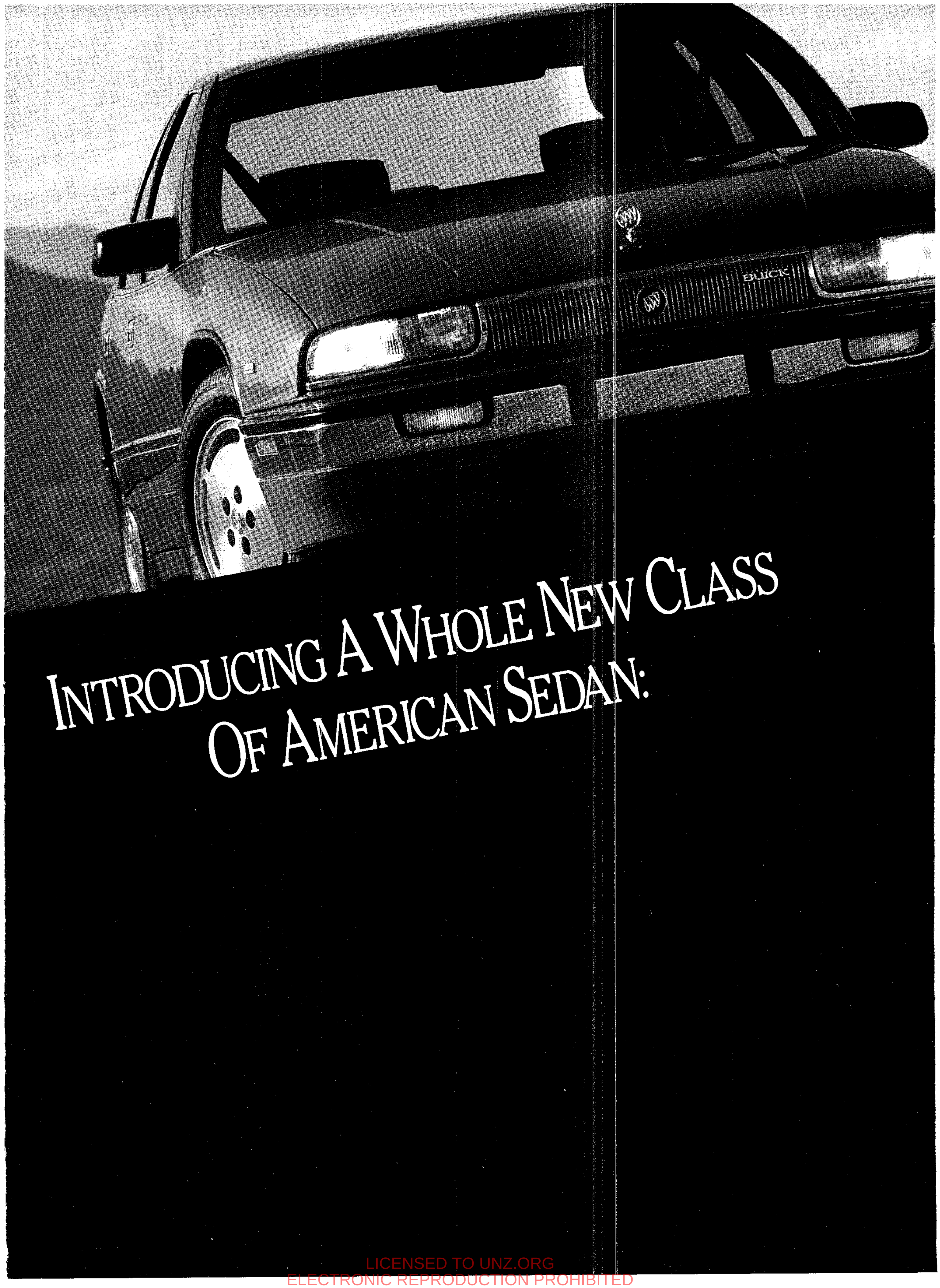
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

SO many of us, around this time of year, find ourselves asked by friends whom we meet in the lunch line or by the water cooler, "What are you doing for Bloomsday? Got any plans?" Not to get caught off guard, this year we began planning early.

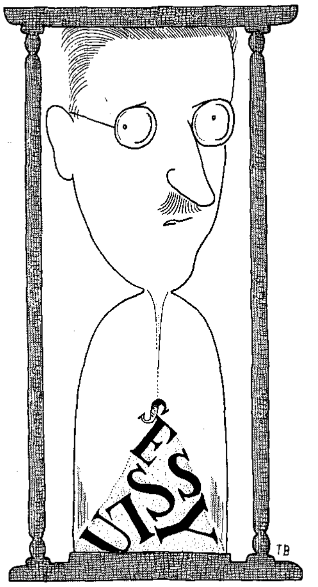
We rang the Irish Arts Center to see what sorts of events they had scheduled to commemorate the date of Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus's daylong odyssey through the city of Dublin in James Joyce's "Ulysses," and we were told that, while the Center wasn't actually sponsoring anything on June 16 (or in connection with Bloomsday), there was to be an Irish dance contest on the 17th, in Mineola.

We rang the Irish Rep and were told that, while the company had nothing specific on for Bloomsday, their better-than-flawless revival of Brian Friel's "Philadelphia, Here I Come!" would have just reopened on Theatre Row.

Trying to think creatively, we checked up on the Joyce Theatre to see if they had anything planned, and learned that, while Marsha Jackson's "Sisters" has nothing to do with "Ulysses" per se, it "won hoots of laughter and standing ovations at the 1988 National Black Arts Festival . . . and then again at the 1989 National Black Theatre Festival," and runs through June 24th.

Finally, we rang our friends at Symphony Space. There at his post was Isaiah Sheffer, having just printed out the schedule for the theatre's ninth annual Bloomsday marathon, which begins at 8 A.M., with Fritz Weaver intoning the words "Stately, plump Buck Mulligan," and finishes at 1 A.M., June 17, with Fionnula Flanagan reading Molly Bloom's soliloquy. Mr. Sheffer sounded tired but happy—like a man surrounded by yards and yards of computer printout. He told us that, as usual, the seventeen-hour reading would be broadcast live on WNYC-FM (93.9); that this year two of the hours (from noon to 2 P.M.) would be devoted to writing by the late Joycean Samuel Beckett; and also—because some things on radio understandably cannot be preempted (Garrison Keillor among them)—that from 6 to 8 P.M. there would be a section (unbroadcast) called "Bloomsborough," consisting of selections from "Dubliners."

This year, when somebody asks us, "What did you do for Bloomsday? Do anything nice?"—we'll have an answer ready.



A Bloomsday marathon

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

FALSETTOLAND—William Finn's new musical, with Michael Rupert, Stephen Bogardus, Faith Prince, and Chip Zien. Directed by James Lapine. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

MAIDS OF HONOR—Elizabeth McGovern, Kyra Sedgwick, and Laila Robins portray three sisters in this play by Joan Casademont. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!—A production by the Irish Repertory Theatre of Brian Friel's 1964 play. With Pauline Flanagan, W. B. Brydon. Patrick Fitzgerald, Madeleine Potter, and Ciaran O'Reilly. Reopens June 12 at 8. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

PRICE OF FAME—A play written by and starring Charles Grodin. With Lizbeth Mackay and Jeannie Berlin; directed by Gloria Muzio. Preview on June 12. Opens June 13 at 8. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION—A new play by John Guare, with Stockard Channing, Kelly Bishop, Paul McCrane, James McDaniel, and John Cunningham. Jerry Zaks has directed. Previews June 11-13. Opens June 14 at 6:30. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

ACCOMPLICE—This facetious thriller is one hundred per cent pure virgin plastic. Even the plentiful sight gags, which work well, cannot redeem the vacuity of the script. Rupert Holmes wrote the play, and Art Wolff directed it. With Natalia Nogulich and Pamela Brüll. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/14/90.) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

ASPECTS OF LOVE—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a sort of monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (4/23/90) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

BY AND FOR HAVEL—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—As Maggie the Cat, Kathleen Turner seems in desperate straits in this limp and hapless revival of Tennessee Williams' most playable family melodrama. (4/2/90) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

THE CEMETERY CLUB—Eileen Heckart, Elizabeth Franz, and Doris Belack are three Jewish widows who meet each month to visit the graves of their dear departed. Ivan Menchell's play is a situation comedy, and just a bit above run-of-the-mill. The fine actresses are anything but, and John Lee Beatty's settings give the proceedings great distinction, as do Lindsay W. Davis's costumes. (5/28/90) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

CITY OF ANGELS—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

CLOSER THAN EVER—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music). The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Closes July 1.)

ELLIOT LOVES—Jules Feiffer's new play, directed by Mike Nichols. With Anthony Heald and Christine Baranski. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE—Final performances of the 1990 marathon of one-act plays. "Stay Away a Little Closer," by John Ford Noonan; "Death and the Maiden," by Susan Kim; "Mere Mortals," by David Ives; and "Tonight We Love," by Romulus Linney. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes June 17.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

FOREVER PLAID—Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt, who also accompanies on piano) rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

FURTHER MO'—A musical about the demise of black vaudeville, put together by and starring Vernel Bagneris. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

GRAND HOTEL—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

GYPSY—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

HANNAH . . . 1939—Julie Wilson stars in a musical by Bob Merrill. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes June 17.)

LETTICE & LOVAGE—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Schaffer's merry comedy about an un-

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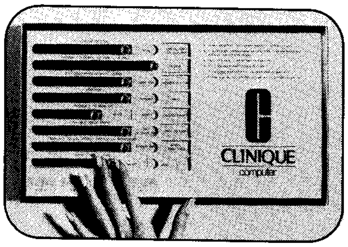

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

likely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Prin—Eileen Atkins in the American première of a play by Andrew Davies. John Tillinger was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

The Rothschilds—A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book). (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

***Sisters**—A play by Marsha A. Jackson, performed by Andrea Frye and Ms. Jackson.* (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Closes June 24.)

Some Americans Abroad—Richard Nelson's ruthlessly well-observed satire of American academics on a whirlwind theatre tour of England seems even better—and more engrossing—on a second viewing. Nathan Lane has recently joined the cast, somewhat changing the dynamics of the play; but ace acting—from Colin Stinton, Henderson Forsythe, Jane Hoffman, and Kate Burton, particularly—and ace direction (by Roger Michell) make this one a real gem. (2/26/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes June 17.)

Spunk—George C. Wolfe has adapted three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston, set in Harlem and the South, to make a gorgeous jazz-and-blues entertainment, giving them a powerful injection of his own mordant humor. Chic Street Man, singer and guitarist, wrote the dynamic score. With Ann Duquesnay (singer), and K. Todd Freeman, Reggie Montgomery, Kevin Jackson, and Danitra Vance (actors). Mr. Wolfe directed. (5/7/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Zoya's Apartment—What do you get when you mix hopelessly bad acting, ham-fisted direction, synthetic-fibre costumes, and eerie soap-opera synthesizer music with Soviet satire? Whatever it is, it's unspeakable. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes June 17.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

FRESH EYES

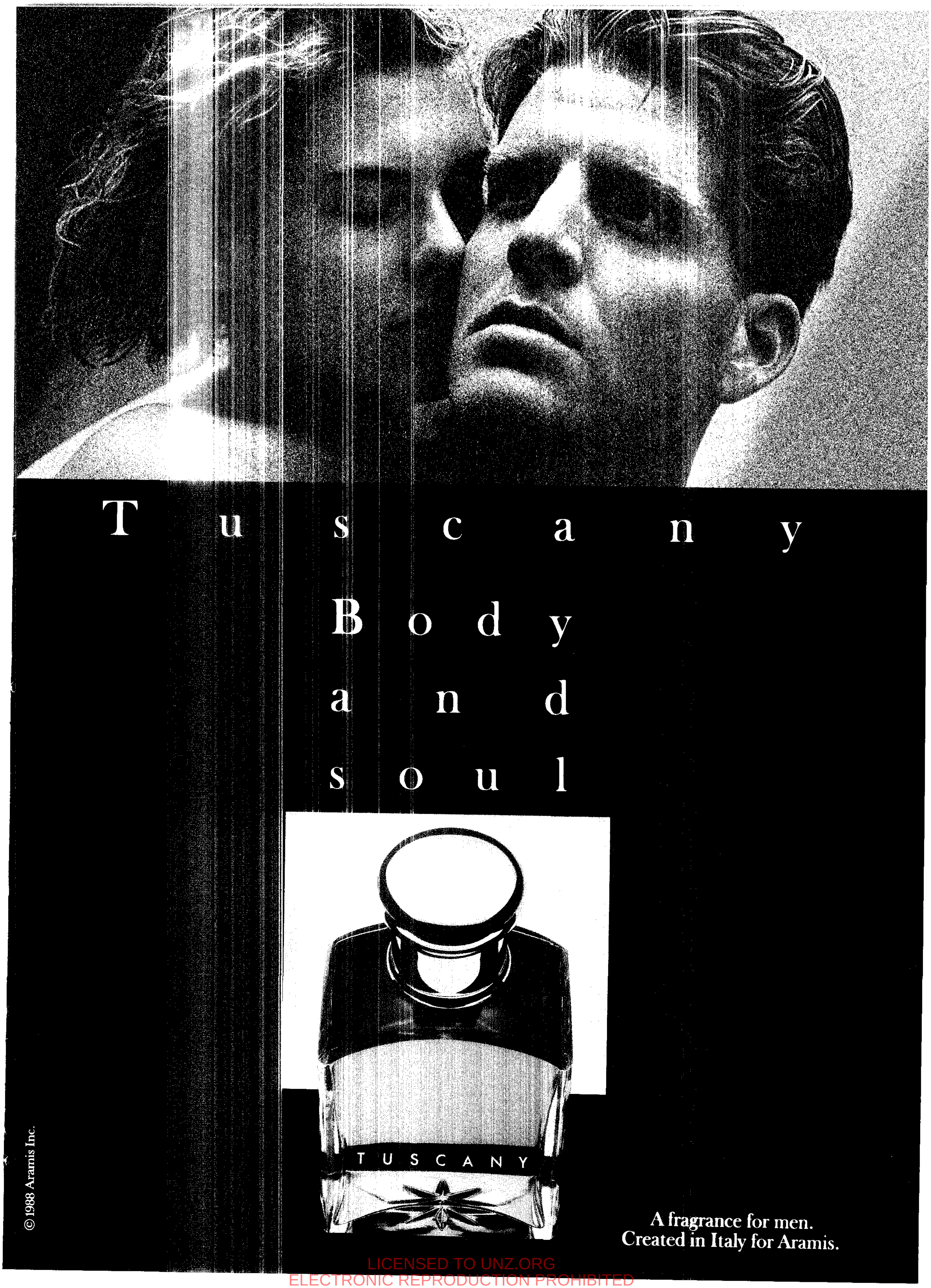
For the seventh year, "Our New York," one of the many subway-beautification projects sponsored by Arts for Transit, has invited children from kindergarten through high school to record their images of New York on rectangular "car cards." The work is then shown in the most public exhibition spaces in the city (a consideration that isn't lost on this post-Haring generation). The M.T.A. has reserved about thirty-five hundred advertising slots in trains and buses for the students' art work, affording straphangers glimpses of Gotham through younger eyes—in styles ranging from felt-tip-pen Impressionism and Klee-like whimsy to slice-of-life realism. One drawing in the new group documents a secret whispered between two mischievous students in class, and another re-creates a rollicking night at the Ritz, where the Red Hot Chili Peppers play to a gyrating audience on a red-checked dance floor. The cards are a relief from the tales of urban angst we normally find on public transportation, and they constitute a whole new genre: art on wheels.

DANCE

When we think of a tango, we picture a dance where an edgy, often competitive energy is given free rein, then suddenly checked. The rhythm of thrust and suppression lends the dance its dramatic character. Most tangos are placed in the erotic context of couple dancing, but, as "Tango Argentino" made clear several seasons back, there are also side-by-side challenge forms for members of the same sex. This kind of challenge tango, for two classical dancers, charged up the Met the other afternoon, during an American Ballet Theatre performance of Mark Morris's "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," a suite of storyless dances set to lively and acerbic piano studies by Virgil Thomson. The tango was riveting from its opening phrase, performed first by Julio Bocca and later by Ethan Brown. A triple pirouette *en dehors* is suddenly arrested by the braking action of the dancer lowering his heel; the way this is fitted to the music conveys the effect of something being slapped into place, yet cosseted at the same time. The movement leads directly into a different kind of turn, slow and big (a *grande promenade à la seconde*), and that is instantaneously converted into a third kind of circling (a *rond de jambe en l'air*), closing the phrase with a flourish. Nearly every dance element one wants from a tango is present—the inflected rhythm, the uncoiling drama, the glittering footwork. The fact that male virtuosity is being showcased through *terre-à-terre* steps, rather than through jump combinations, was a deeper message. The fact that the choreographer is a modern dancer seems just a point of added interest.

Mr. Morris's output is wildly diverse, but it always makes the music central; and the stage pictures, produced largely by dancers *dancing*, can be relied upon to confound expectations of what his "style" is. Everything he does seems to be answering the imperative "*Étonne-moi!*" The Monnaie Dance Group/Mark Morris, the company that Mr. Morris currently heads in Brussels, will be performing frequently in the United States through the fall. They begin their tour in Boston, at the Emerson Majestic, June 12-17, with a repertory program that includes the recent "Behemoth," which is not scheduled to be performed in New York. Then they move to the BAM Majestic, in Brooklyn, June 20-23, with Mr. Morris's staging of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," featuring the choreographer's dual performance as Dido and as the Sorceress.

New York City Ballet—Presenting a festival of Jerome Robbins' ballets through June 17. June 12 at 8: "Watermill" and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ June 13 at 8: "In G Major," "Moves," "Other Dances," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "Opus 19/"The Dreamer," "The Cage," "Quiet City," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ June 15 at 8: "Fancy Free," "Ives, Songs," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ June 16 at 2: "In G Major," "Moves," "Other Dances," and "Brahms/Handel." . . .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Isabella Padovani and Johan Renvall in A.B.T.'s "Nine Sinatra Songs"

¶ June 16 at 8: "Watermill" and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ June 17 at 1: "Interplay," "Concertino," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ June 17 at 7: The Robbins festival concludes with performances of "In the Night," "Les Noces," and other works. With guest artists from the Paris Opéra Ballet and American Ballet Theatre. . . . ¶ June 19 at 8: "Watermill" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ June 20 at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Moves," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Firebird." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through July 1.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—June 11-12 at 8 and June 13 at 2 and 8: "Giselle." . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "Push Comes to Shove," "Nine Sinatra Songs," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ June 15 and June 18-19 at 8, and June 16 and June 20 at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 30.)

"DIDO AND AENEAS"—A production of Henry Purcell's opera, staged and choreographed by Mark Morris. Performed by the Monnaie Dance Group/Mark Morris and the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, conducted by Nicholas McGegan. (Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. June 20-22 at 8 and June 23 at 3 and 8.)

PRINCETON BALLET—June 14 at 8: "Reflections," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Basics." . . . ¶ June 15 at 8: "Genesis," "Third Construction," "Still Lives," and "Prokofiev." . . . ¶ June 16 at 8: "Cereus," "Still Lives," "Upper and Outest," and "Mercuric." (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715.)

JOAN MILLER'S DANCE PLAYERS—Presenting four premières: "Life in the Purple Lane," "1-800-Rap Dance," "Still Life," and "Divertissement Romantique." Also on the bill are "Who's Who, What's What, and Who Cares?," "Bach Is Back," "Exuberance," and "Pass Fe White." (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. June 15 at 7:30, June 16 at 8, June 17 at 3.)

NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL BALLET COMPETITION—Thirty-four dancers from sixteen countries in the first two rounds of a competition that will run through June 24. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 19 at 7:30 and June 20 at 8.)

"THE FIELD FESTIVAL"—June 15 at 7: Mary Abrams, Carlo Adinolfi, Paulette Beauchamp, Sally Bomer, Sam Keany, Jodi Liss, Sara Pearson, Cass Watson, Sumie Yonei, and others. . . . ¶ June 16 at 7: Jenny Burill, Sarah Franklin, Sandra Kovacs, Susan Kraft, Fiona Marcotty, Brian Reich, Paul Trapani, and others. . . . ¶ June 17 at 8:30: Benefit performances by Kumiko Kimoto, Tere O'Connor, Susan Rethorst, and David Zambrano. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

NIGHT LIFE

THE jazz singer Carmen McRae has had Thelonious Monk on her mind for some time now. About five years ago, she told us recently, she got the idea of putting together an album of Monk tunes, and though she didn't know whether lyrics existed for more than a couple of his compositions, she began compiling a list of tunes she thought might work for voice. "Finally, I mentioned it to somebody, about a million years later," she said, "and I found out that there were a lot of lyrics by a lot of people." The resulting album, "Carmen Sings Monk," which was released earlier this year, was a challenge on several fronts. First there was the matter of wooing Monk's publishers, whose attitude was that if Monk had meant for his compositions to be sung he would have written lyrics; as part of the agreement, the titles had to be altered: "Straight, No Chaser" became "Get It Straight"; "Monk's Dream" was changed to "Man, That Was a Dream." And then the songs themselves, with their syncopated, tortuous melody lines and sneaky silences, are unusually difficult to master. "It was so great to have a challenge for a change," she said. "This business can become a little boring if you have to keep doing the same type of songs all the time. This gave me something to perk me up."

"Carmen Sings Monk" is a smart, coolly sensual record; Ms. McRae's smoky, sophisticated voice is a perfect match for Monk's music. Though Ms. McRae, who lives in Los Angeles, says she doesn't tour as much as she used to ("only when it's interesting"), New Yorkers will have a chance to see her at the Bottom Line on June 13, where she'll be joined by guest artist Roy Hargrove, a young, rising-star trumpeter of the neo-traditional school. We asked Ms. McRae what her plans are now that the Monk project has finally come to fruition. "I don't know what to do," she said. "I have to think of something as good as what I just thought of."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARGARET WHITING**, whose biggest hit was "A Tree in a Meadow," and whose voice doesn't sound much worse for wear since the day Johnny Mercer told her, "You sing like a trumpet," winds up her chatty, uplifting engagement here on June 16. The Oak Room will then close its doors for the summer. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesday through Saturday. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. Powerhouse drummer and onetime John Coltrane associate **ELVIN JONES**, who often makes loud guttural noises while walloping a cymbal or cracking a snare-drum accent, brings in a foursome June 12-17; the Barry Harris trio alternates sets. Bassist **RAY BROWN'S** trio kicks off on June 19; pianist and composer **DAVE FRISHBERG**, flying solo, fills out the bill. First set at nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. Singer **CARMEN MC RAE** and wunderkind trumpeter **ROY HARGROVE**, who recently released an album called "Diamond in the Rough," will be here June 13. **SHAWN COLVIN**, who made her first sally into the charts last year with a pleasant, pop-folk single called, oddly enough, "Diamond in the Rough," comes in on June 20. Ms. Colvin broke in singing backup for Suzanne Vega, and Vega returns the favor on Colvin's début album. Other Bottom Line news: **MAHLATINI AND THE MAHOTELLA QUEENS** perform June 15-16, and **DAVID BAERWALD** and **LORI CARSON** claim June 19. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and **BOBBY SHORT.** For those who plan ahead, Mr. Short's stay here ends on June 30. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal acts, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glide across the floor at a comfortable pace, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. The **STAN RUBIN** big band sets the pace on June 17. Music from eight to midnight.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. **RANDY WESTON**, who plays a deep, rumbling, rhythmic jazz piano that's influenced by the years he spent in Morocco, as well as by the music of Ellington and Monk, leads a trio June 12-17. Music after ten.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with the performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young saxophonist whose big, breathy sound might lead some listeners to believe they're hearing the ghost of swing-era great Ben Webster, goes to work with his quintet June 12-17. The **GIL GOLDSTEIN** quintet takes effect on June 19. On Mondays, guitarist **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The musicians who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. Bassist **JAY LEONHART** and pianist **LEE MUSIKER** lay claim to June 12-17; pianist **SIR CHARLES THOMPSON** begins a six-night engagement on June 19. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including **PETE MALINVERNI** through June 13; the Brooks Kerr duo June 14-16; Dave Berkman on June 17; and Billy Marcus beginning June 18.

INDIGO BLUES, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A sleek, modern jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison, with glass brick, space-age carpeting, and long stripes of cool-blue neon. **PIECES OF A DREAM**, a versatile (pop, jazz, funk) young group who were discovered as teens in Philadelphia by Grover Washington, Jr., are in action June 15-16.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. A piano-bass team consisting of **JOHN HICKS** and **DON PATE** will hold sway here June 12-16. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. **JOE ELY,** a Lubbock, Texas, rocker who sings unpretentious, amusing songs about the rambling life, stops in here June 14-15. Another Texan, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO,** is in evidence on June 18, along with local zydeco favorites **LOUP GAROU.** Music after eight-thirty. Dining.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club just off the West Side Highway (and no relation to the famed London venue). The scheme is black walls, a high ceiling, an upstairs with tables and a view, and a booming sound system that makes anything sound good. Upcoming events: the Wedding Present on June 14; T.S.O.L. on June 15; Seven Seconds on June 16; **THAT PETROL EMOTION** on June 19; and Inspiral Carpets on June 20.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—There's not much to look at here: Maxwell's is a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to decorate with papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists: Sonic Youth, Wire, and the Feelies came through not long ago, and R.E.M. and 10,000 Maniacs landed here before even *you* knew who they were. The schedule for the next week or so looks like this: Third Party and Airlines (June 14); Ben Vaughn and Untamed Youth (June 15); and Winter Hours, the A Bones, and the Creeping Pumpkins (June 16).

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes, panelled ceiling—has more of a country-club feel. **SID CAESAR** and **IMOGENE COCA** perform Tuesdays through Fridays at nine-thirty (shows June 19-20 at eight-forty-five) and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. **JOAN RIVERS,** whose stock went up recently when Angela Bowie spilled the beans about her ex and Mick on "The Joan Rivers Show," will be doing stand-up June 19-20 at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. When the band is swinging, and you and your dreamboat are cheek to cheek, everything can seem just swell. Mondays and Tuesdays are the property of **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** a band that relies on period instruments, old-fashioned felt-bannered music stands, and original-score arrangements to re-create the look and sound of a thirties swing outfit. Fridays belong to Rick Hardeman and the Basin Street Six, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Music begins at six on Sundays, at eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine Fridays and Saturdays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. If you're willing to endure proof-of-drinking-age wristbands, primitive notions of crowd control, and a staff of "I breaka you face" security people, you'll find some of the best rock bands around. **CHUCK BERRY,** who is, of course, Chuck Berry, will be here June 15. Our favorite take on the veteran gospel singer **AL GREEN,** who'll be doing his good work here on June 16, is the following from a 1978 *Times* article: "His personal life seemed contradictory, marked both by an emotional conversion to fundamentalist Christianity and by a bizarre incident a couple of years ago in which a girlfriend threw hot grits at him while he was in the bathtub, which hospitalized the singer for 11 days." Shows begin at eight.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. June 12 is the property of **YOMO TORO,** whose chief instrument is a ten-string Puerto Rican guitar called the cuatro, and whose credits in-

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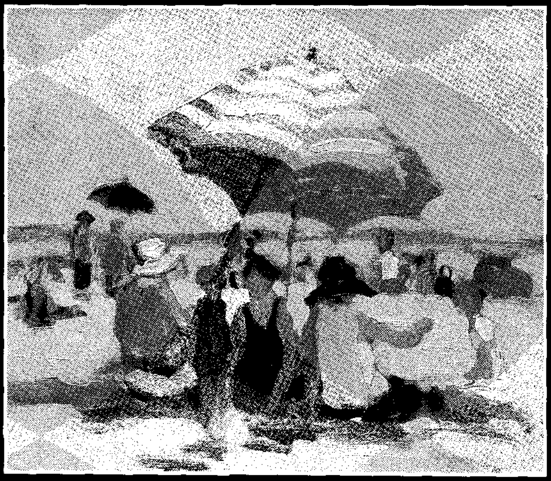
RUTH ANDERSON (1884-1939)



"Under the Beach Umbrella"
Oil on panel, 9" × 10½", circa 1935.

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clude recording with Carlos Santana and composing and recording the score for Woody Allen's "Bananas." **BAABA MAAL** claims June 13-14. Closed Sundays. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Pianist **MAL WALDRON**—a member of Charles Mingus's first Jazz Workshop, and Billie Holiday's last accompanist—leads a quintet here June 12-17. Playing with him will be **SONNY FORTUNE, RICKY FORD, REGGIE WORKMAN,** and **EDDIE MOORE.** An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**BILL MAYS** and **ED HOWARD** will be playing in the Terrace Bar June 12-17.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Mr. Gordon continued to run the place until his death last year, and always weathered the trials of club ownership with equanimity, whether it was Harry Belafonte's exposed navel (Max didn't approve, but the customers did) or the time Charles Mingus tore off the front door. **FRANK WESS,** the longtime Count Basie saxophonist and flutist, is on duty June 12-17, with a quartet. **CHARLES MC PHERSON,** a primarily bebop-minded alto saxophonist, will bring in his quartet for six nights beginning June 19. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music at ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

ALL this for a perfume. The permanently dilapidated entrance to the Palladium was transformed recently into a corner of the Amazon rain forest, minus piranhas (funny how nobody mentions saving *them* as part of the deal). The mammoth club's balcony was sealed off to create an intimate theatre that would accommodate a one-time-only performance of "Bolero," starring an arms-akimbo Sylvie Guillem, the elfin yet spectral prima of the Royal Ballet, on a raised, wine-soaked-peony-covered drum surrounded by just about every swarthy unemployed dancer who has ever picked up a copy of *Back Stage*. Dinner turned the front three-quarters of the dance floor into the city's most geometric alternative to the Huntington Town House, with black plates, raspberry and jonquil sateen tablecloths, and tic-tac-toe walls blaring coral as flatteringly as possible. The dress was high *ungepotchket*.

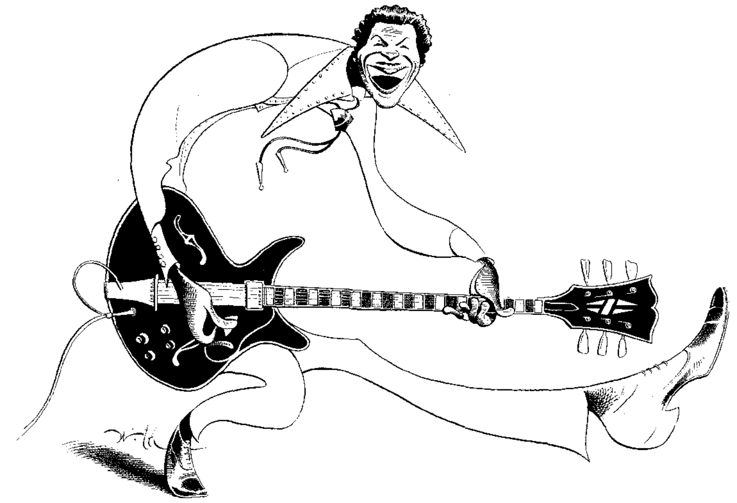
The last element was to be expected. The perfume: C'est la Vie. Its creator: Christian Lacroix. And though the slick-haired designer may have banished the pouf from his repertoire, the memory of its extravagance lingers on. Moët by the guzzleload, lobster by the saladful, veal in front of chocolate mousse, chandelier earrings in front of a different kind of mousse. The highlights: Miss Guillem's extension, Blaine Trump's vogueing, the claim by four people at our table that they were the first to discover both "Christian" and "those darling Gipsy Kings," the mortification experienced by two of them when they realized there was an even more exclusive dinner for Chris at the Time Café the next evening, and a center table of eight women in deep homage to Mercedes Ruehl in Jonathan Demme's "Married to the Mob." Best comment of the evening: the perennially pale night-club duenna Larissa, upon hearing the speakers blaring "I Got the Power," asks, "To do what?" Best final impression: a young woman walking down 14th Street with her boyfriend spots an early departer smelling her sample fragrance and says, "Ooh, could I have a sniff?" Upon whiffing, she responds, "Mmmm, nice. Tell whoever made this that it would make great bath-oil beads."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

CIRCUS OZ—A group from Melbourne, billed as "one of Australia's national treasures." The circus employs aboriginal music, Chinese acrobatics, performance art, and rock and roll, but no animals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Performances run through June 24.)

"THE DECADE SHOW PERFORMANCE SERIES"—Presented by the Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, the New Museum of Contemporary Art, and the Studio Museum in Harlem. June 15: Cecilia Vicuña, Roger Shimomura, Carmelita Tropicana, and David Wojnarowicz. . . . ¶ June 16: David Chung, Michael Smith, and Robbie McCauley and Jeannie Hutchins. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. 864-4500. Evenings at 8.)

P.S. 122—June 14-17 at 9:30: "Not Entirely Appropriate," by Linda Mancini, is about the private and the public self. Through June 24. . . . ¶ June 15-17 at 8: Linda Austin and others in "Whelm." . . . ¶ June 15-16 at 11: David Cale. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)



Chuck Berry at the Ritz

ART

WHEN Kiki Smith manages to corral her energies and operates at full tilt, she is a force to be reckoned with: a fey feminist, a laconic rebel, a queen of offbeat style. Over the past decade, both independently and in association with Colab, the epochal artists' federation, Smith in her far-flung body of work has encompassed functional and decorative objects such as chandeliers made of aluminum foil and tables of junk metal, as well as a series of paintings on the theme of cancer, not to mention a Caligari's cabinet full of X-rays, body parts, body fluids, and bodies in the making. This artist, you might say, ranges freely from process art to body art to body-process art. But no matter how visceral her subject, Smith has a light touch. In fact, her obvious fondness for translucence and for the ephemeral sometimes recalls the gossamer qualities of works by the late Eva Hesse.

Smith can be scattered and a bit sloppy. Her recent installation at the Clocktower—hanging paper figures and walls full of "blood"-stained sheets of paper—was a case in point. The figures just weren't very good. But her current show, at the Fawbush gallery (568 Broadway; through June 14), is tops. There's an upside-down Rapunzelish figure that somehow evokes Klimt and the Vienna Secession, and a skirt suspended in midair over a pair of glass feet. There are five full figures, all cast from the body of one of Smith's best friends, the artist Cara Perlman, that look young in one pose, old in another. But best of all are four plaster casts of pregnant women's bellies hanging as wall reliefs that, improbable as it may sound, resemble nothing so much as elegant, neo-minimalist shields. Smith has a genius for deadpan.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

MUSEUM MILE FESTIVAL—The twelfth annual open house takes place June 12, from six to nine in the evening. Fifth Avenue between 82nd and 104th Streets will be accessible to pedestrians and street performers only, and eight of the museums along the way will be free of charge.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"From Poussin to Matisse." The Russians seem to have entered the Western world by consuming French culture to the point of fetishization. This show—like so many the museum has mounted recently—celebrates not the great artists whose works are on display but the great amassers of French art, from Catherine the Great, who bought up vast collections whole and founded the Hermitage, to the non-aristocratic industrialists Shchukin and Morozov, who proved to be two of the world's most astute collectors of Post-Impressionist paintings. But the show does include some superb works among its fifty paintings, most notably Poussin's "Tancred and Ermina," Watteau's "The Savoyard," and Fragonard's "The Stolen Kiss." There are some kitschy paintings as well, like Boucher's bawdy "Hercules and Omphale" and Vernet's startlingly mysterious "The Death of Virginie." Yet, despite the over-all quality, the pick-hit format is not engaging; the show doesn't really get going until the end, where there is a room of ten glorious Matisses painted between 1908 and 1913, among his finest works. Through July 29. . . . ¶ When two-thirds of the frames in a show are empty, one knows to pay strict attention to the frame itself. That is the desired effect of "Italian Renaissance Frames," which in-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cludes more than a hundred of the carved and gilded beauties. In a few cases—a Botticelli, an El Greco—paintings enhance what are works of art in themselves. . . . ¶ Sixty-one nineteenth-century wooden power figures, masks, and royal objects from Central Africa, on loan from the Museum of Anthropology in Berlin. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective featuring fifty-nine paintings by Francis Bacon. (A complementary show is at the Marlborough gallery, 40 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A show of paintings, sculptures, collages, and photographs selected by Ellsworth Kelly. Included are works by Picabia, Brancusi, Malevich, and Matisse. Starts June 15. . . . ¶ Throughout this century, it has seemed that every kind of abstract painting, even the most radical, has been coöpted by commercial design. What a pleasure, then, to see an inversion of this formula in a small exhibition of fabric samples by Gunta Stölzl, the Bauhaus master weaver, and her student, the perhaps better-known Anni Albers. Both designers took advantage of the period's industrial advances and applied a purist approach to the technology of weaving to create undeniable classics. Stölzl and Albers helped form the craft tradition of the Bauhaus, where the distinctions between fine and applied art were blissfully blurred. Through July 8. . . . ¶ Huge monochromatic wood engravings, mostly of a young woman with an enigmatic stare, by Franz Gertsch, a Swiss version of Chuck Close. Through June 26. . . . ¶ Barbara Steinman is showing a site-specific installation incorporating photography and video. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Maurice Prendergast (1858-1924)." A retrospective of more than a hundred paintings by this popular artist and coörganizer of the legendary Armory Show demonstrates his ability to capture some very pretty moments of leisure with decorative mosaics of dabbed paint, but it also shows how he was trivialized by his own redundancy and overdependence upon tame Americana. Prendergast did what he did extremely well, but he was quick to emulate others' styles—Whistler, Cézanne, Puvis de Chavannes, and Matisse, to name the most obvious—without developing his own. Prendergast's identity seems hidden by a well-engineered and selfless storm of paint. . . . ¶ "Signs of Love," a large-scale installation work by Ree Morton (1936-77) that is the magnum opus of this pivotal and shamefully overlooked artist, looks as original and unsettling as it did when it was first exhibited, in the Whitney's 1977 Biennial. With its painted and swagged ladders, frilly ribbons and flowers, and postage-stamp portraits of a fairy-tale prince and princess, it is an irreverent celebration of sentimentality. Through July 22. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Intimate Interiors of Édouard Vuillard" includes more than a hundred paintings and works on paper, all completed between 1890 and 1900. Through July 30. . . . ¶ A companion exhibition of prints by the Nabis painters, including works by Vuillard, Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Félix Vallotton, and Ker-Xavier Roussel. . . . ¶ The exhibition "Facing History," a pure example of art illustrating history, traces the image of blacks in American art from 1710 to 1940. More often than not, as one might suspect, the images are primarily of servitude and the method used is caricature. The paintings, drawings, and occasional sculptures are best viewed from an iconographic point of view, and the purpose of the black man in John Singleton Copley's "Watson and the Shark," the best work on display, continues to be the source of heated disagreement. Through June 25. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Art from Northeastern Zaire" includes four hundred artifacts, such as sculptures, musical instruments, furniture, and weapons, along with many photographs and drawings, all from the museum's Lang-Chapin Expedition (1909-15). (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

CIVIL RITES

At the Conservatory Garden, in Central Park, you can spend one of the happiest afternoons of somebody else's life. Drop by on any temperate weekend and you'll find an array of wedding parties posing for photographs in every cranny of the gardens: beside a pool endowed by Frances Hodgson Burnett (author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy") and presided over by a boy statue wooing a girl statue with his flute; at the feet of fiendishly dancing neoclassical maidens cast in bronze; amid beds of tulips, arbors of wisteria, and fountains that burst up toward the sky in bold, slim peaks. On average, four wedding parties per hour flock to these backdrops. Limos line up at Vanderbilt Gate, on Fifth Avenue at 105th Street, and release streams of bouffanted, tulled, tiaraed, after-shaved, moussed, and lacy people, who flood the gardens in color-coördinated groups.

An informal survey conducted on a recent Saturday counted one violet, one flame, one turquoise, two gold, two peach, and two pink weddings. Looking like two tall glasses of milk, one bride and groom both wore white and sported long blond Botticelli curls; for the photos they hid their cigarettes behind the bridal bouquet. As bemused as the newlyweds, bikers wearing helmets like turtle shells stopped to watch. So did a Park ranger, in a truck loaded with dirt, and a woman wearing comfortable shoes and a T-shirt that elaborated on "Why Diets Are Better than Sex." Suddenly, five women in kiwi-green gowns, a fingertip-veiled bride, and her dad began to process. Ordinary visitors to the Park tagged along, like villagers at a feudal lord's wedding, and watched as the woman married a man with a rat's-tail hair style. "Tengo frío," *a bridesmaid said after the ceremony, and a bearded guy who'd been skateboarding by offered her his shirt. Just then, a scout from another wedding party, a black man resplendent in white tails and a purple cummerbund, arrived. Taking in the scene, he said, "God, I hope there'll be an open bar."*

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Clear as Crystal, Red as Flame" is an excellent primer on glassmaking in China from the fourteenth century through the early twentieth. Curiously, glass seems to be the only medium the Chinese used to mimic other materials. On view are vessels that look like porcelain, beads that approximate stones, and vases that ape celadon ware; the last have the lovely inner glow that can be achieved only with glass. Through June 16. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Twenty-four custom-built doghouses by contemporary architects and designers are on view in the museum's garden. Some of the materials used to create the homes for man's best friend are a large television console, dog biscuits, and Astroturf. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Writing boxes, tea caddies, and *sake* cups are among the forty pieces of Japanese lacquer ware on view. Through June 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"In the Court of the Sultan." In this comprehensive display on the life of the Sephardic Jews of the Ottoman Empire, most of the objects—even the ornate ones—are unspectacular. The period documented is from the mid-nineteenth century through the early twentieth, a time of decline for the Ottomans, of increased Western influence, and of growing intolerance toward Jews. From the velvet bedspreads that were remade into ark curtains to the ceremonial and everyday costumes (some decreed by law), the menorahs, and the furniture, a homey aesthetic dominates. But it is nonetheless a fascinating exhibition, one that effectively captures the spirit of daily life. Through June 28. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—From an exquisite portrait of a woman by Petrus Christus to a delicate watercolor of the Château Noir by Paul Cézanne, this superb exhibition of five centuries of master drawings from the Museum Boymans-van Beuningen (in Rotterdam) is a joy. Despite the fact that all the French and Italian drawings and many of the Dutch and Flemish ones originally owned by the Boymans were destroyed in a fire in 1864, since then the museum has put together one of the finest collections of its sort. There is a toe-curling drawing of feet by Dürer, a spellbinding allegory called "Temperance" by Bruegel, a mystifying and exceedingly rare Giorgione, and fine examples by Altdorfer, Grünewald, Rembrandt, Annibale Carracci, Pisanello, and Goya. There are Watteaus that could make you weep, as well as fine works by Ingres, Daumier, and Manet. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit devoted to Portugal's pioneering maritime exploration, notably of Brazil, and its impact on European culture. Maps, treaties, and navigational instruments from the mid-fifteenth century to the late sixteenth are on display, along with manuscripts, letters, and paintings. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"The Expressionist Surface" is a show of thirty-five paintings, sculptures, and installations, all incorporating plaster. Among the sixteen artists represented are George Segal, Susan Laufer, Peter Agostini, Grace Knowlton, and Jonathan Silver. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

The Decade Show—This show has a noble, anti-authoritarian ambition—the forced integration of the Eurocentric art scene through a review of the nineteen-eighties art world that embraces the "others" ignored by the mainstream. The exhibition is well intentioned, but it tries to do too many conflicting things, and it's richer for the issues it raises than for the art it contains. It is a collaborative event organized by three institutions (the Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, the Studio Museum in Harlem, and the New Museum), and it is divided according to themes, two per venue. By far the most cohesive installation is at the Studio Museum, where Group Mate-

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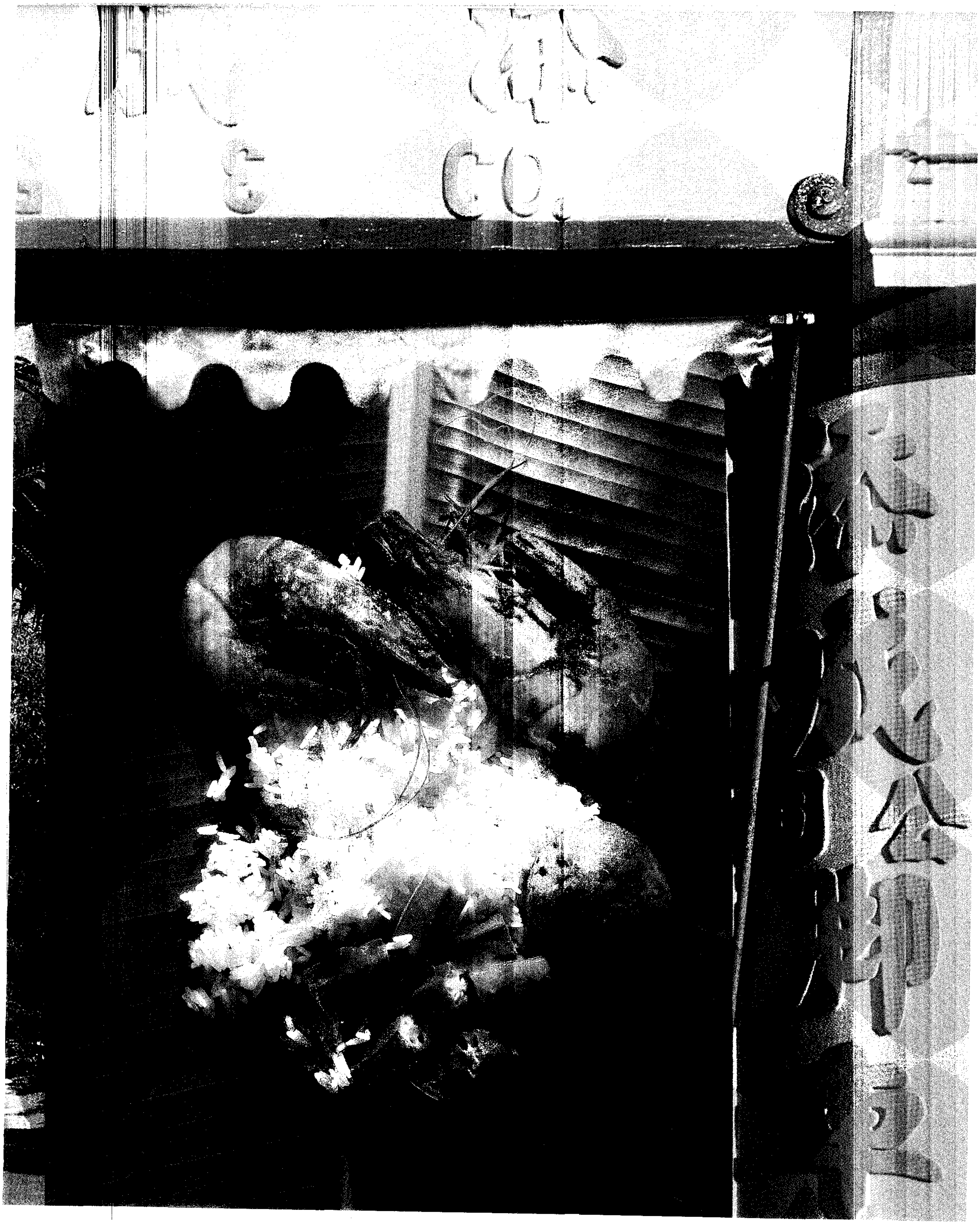

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ial and Barbara Kruger seem to be the only ones to have addressed the complex issues of the show, and where one work after another—by whites, African-Americans (Hammons, Colescott, Edwards), and Hispanics (Azaceta)—is installed to look as good as each is. What the show calls for, ultimately, is no less than the dismantling of the entire value structure upon which judgment is currently based: no more artist geniuses, no more masterpieces, no more connoisseurship, as they are known. However ideologically up to date the viewpoint may sound, it requires a much more radical redefinition of art than any the sytem would willingly adopt. The exhibition runs concurrently at the **NEW MUSEUM**, 583 Broadway (open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8); the **MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY HISPANIC ART**, 584 Broadway (open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 8); and the **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 144 W. 125th St. (open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6). A free shuttle bus runs between SoHo and Harlem on each Saturday during the show.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—These small drawings, from 1908 to 1912 and never before exhibited, trace Feininger's transformation from cartoonist to artist. The touch lightens, the palette softens, the figures become elongated, and—poof!—before your very eyes, a minor master is born. Through June 16. (Moeller, 52 E. 76th St.)

Short List—**MARSDEN HARTLEY**, Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through June 30); **LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN**, Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through June 29); **A. R. PENCK**, Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through July 21); **ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG**, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through June 27); **ANTONIO SEGUI**, Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through June 29).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Bellany—Densely packed narrative oil paintings, with surrealistic elements and carnival color, that are reminiscent of James Ensor. Through June 16. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Eugène Carrière (1849-1906)—An exquisite exhibition of nineteen sepia-toned paintings and one pastel by this underrated French symbolist. Carrière's figures are enveloped in a rapturous haze of sorrow; the Pietà-like "Death of Gauguin" depicts one of the most tender embraces ever painted. Through June 30. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Christopher Gerlach / Suzanne Pines—Well-executed realistic paintings of country roads. / Fussy paintings of the Amish, with a touch of Wyeth sappiness. Through June 16. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey (1903-88)—This artist depicted a rich cross-section of American life, with an emphasis on black subjects, especially in the forties and fifties—the period focussed on in this show. The best works are the less abstract, more centralized images, such as the tender "Lullaby," in which a mother sings to the child she cradles in her arms. Through June 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anselm Kiefer—In his ability to convey spatial illusions of breathtaking emotional sweep, Kiefer may very well be unmatched. In this theatrically dazzling, technically formidable show, we find him immersed in the mystical systems and apocryphal figures of the Cabbalah. What he offers is consummate and consuming Zeitgeist art. Through June 16. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

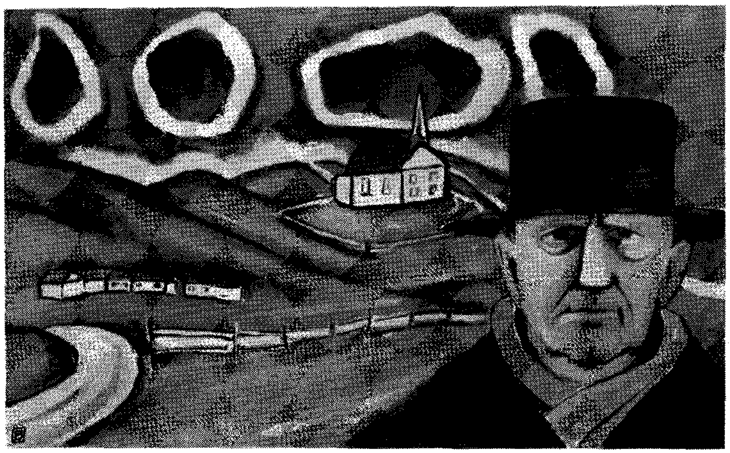
"Outsiders"—A fine display. Included are the childlike drawings of dogs, cats, and other animals by Bill Traylor, a former slave; Justin McCarthy's succulent paintings of cantaloupes, yellow puffball dahlias, and camels in the desert, which stand comparison to works by the better-trained Malcolm Morley; and maniacally obsessive phantasmagoric portrait drawings by Ted Gordon, who is so hard on his ballpoints that his patterned lines are literally carved into paperboard. Through June 22. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

Short List—**BROOKS ANDERSON**, Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 16); **FRANCIS BACON**, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 29); **ROMARE BEARDEN**, ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 16); **WILLIAM GARBE**, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, through July 13); **MARYANN HARMAN**, Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 29); **HANS HOFMANN**, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (closed Saturdays, through June 29); **DAVID LOWE**, Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St. (through June 30); **RENÉ MAGRITTE**, Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 30), and Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 29); **MARK TOBEY**, Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 16).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Donald Baechler—Drawings of the playing-card suits against collaged grounds that include an occasional printed ship, soldier, or flower. These works are quite impressive, much better than the artist's usual, faux-naïf fare. Through June 16. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Francesco Clemente / Ouattara—Ten intensely poetic drawings from 1981 entitled "Ten Bad Mothers," which display Clemente at his self-absorbed best—birth images, fetal adults, an occasional egg, and a man vomiting what could be an internal organ, a baby, or a phallus. / Large paintings with lots of sticks, tribal and church imagery, and ancient Egyptian motifs in earthen browns by an African Palladino. They are skillful and ambitious, but low on emotion. Through June 23. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway.)



Marsden Hartley

Pier Consagra—Paintings of overlapping, rapidly drawn swirls in all sorts of colors, with an emphasis on purples and greens. Through June 16. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Meg Cranston—A hundred and fifty toylike assembled objects pinned to the wall, each corresponding to a person, place, or art work in the artist's life. This matter-of-fact, tender encyclopedia, intentionally silly yet undeniably poignant, includes, among many other things, the number 1848 in street-address script, a sculpture of breasts in a black lace bra with little red books suspended from it, a mallet with a male doll beside it, and a long shelf filled with wire A's, B's, C's, D's, and F's that represent all the students Cranston ever graded. The show is no less than a portrait of the artist attempting to define herself. Through June 16. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Julio Galan—The artist's second one-man gallery show in New York is as affecting as his first (last season, at Nosei), and more knowing—if such a thing is possible. Galan, something of a professional enfant terrible, has been brushing up on his Francesco Clemente, it seems. Still, this show includes a split-mirror image in which the artist makes the best, most commonsensical use of a diptych format seen in some time. And with another painting—a hilarious, hyper-Proustian, oblong portrait of the artist as a young invalid—he weighs in with an absolutely original instant classic. Through June 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

David Hecht—Captivating mixed-media sculptures that are shamanistic riddles, displaying a performer's confidence and a poet's scars. The works include a small arrangement of bricks supported by an egg, a rock suspended over a glass bowl of dry leaves and paper money, and four Gordon's gin bottles, which appear either full or empty, depending upon the angle from which they are viewed. Through June 16. (Weber, 142 Greene St. . . . ¶ Newburg, 580 Broadway, has a concurrent show of Hecht's work.)

Ronald Jones—Sculptures consisting of objects combined in odd ways—a trestle with a model of the Jarvik artificial heart atop it, for example. While these works have a deeper political content than his earlier pieces, they are more visually remote: the use of color is more arbitrary and forced, the subject matter more rarefied and obscure. Through June 16. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Joyce Kozloff—The portrayal of copulating couples dates back to Egyptian tomb painting and pervades virtually every culture. For several years, this artist, best known for her exotic ceramic and mosaic decorations of public places, has been quietly developing a series of watercolors that are as finely detailed as manuscript illuminations and are amalgams of historically bona-fide art works of a sexually explicit nature. Kozloff throws Chinese, Indian, Japanese, European, and American images—high and low—into a luscious, bawdy stew of what she calls "Pornament." Her work makes all the uproar over Robert Mapplethorpe's most graphic sexual photographs seem silly. Through June 23. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)

Nicholas Krushenick—Airless, brashly colored, cartoonish Pop paintings, containing puns on art illusionism, but only of the most simplistically decorative sort. Through June 16. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Zofia Kulik—Collages made of photographs of nudes—mostly male—arranged in repetitive patterns to form carpets, pinwheels, and medals. The works by this young Polish artist mock different sorts of European authoritarianism, but they are pretty dull, especially when the over-all designs dominate. Pieces that incorporate an occasional bullet, seashell, or flag are more compelling. Through June 23. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Markus Lüpertz—Paintings that explore very complex and confusing spatial relationships, using images that are lifted from reproductions of paintings by Poussin and set against various grounds, primarily with militaristic-looking Cubist forms floating in them. The works are so skillfully executed that they have the presence of instant masterpieces, but somehow they remain remote. Through June 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

John McCracken—Three fine, surfboard-slick sculptures from the sixties and many straightforward drawings. Through June 23. (Wolff, 560 Broadway. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

Tatsuo Miyajima—A harsh, cold installation about information-age overload by a young Japanese artist. The piece consists of red and green LED signs flashing what appear to be intricately programmed, random numbers in an otherwise pitch-black room. Through June 29. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

Tony Oursler—These peculiar video sculptures use surrealism and camp to talk about environmental and psychic pollution. In their rickety assemblage they hark back to the halcyon late-seventies days of Colab, and despite their unevenness they are among the most original attempts to incorporate video into art-object-making. One particularly pungent work consists of a video text about workers' exposure to toxic chemicals, projected from a tipped-over oil drum onto a shiny, cast-glass spill on the floor, with the letters bending psychedelically to the contours of the spill. Through the simple elimination of the TV rectangle, Oursler has created a most effective sculptural work. Through June 30. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Carl Palazzolo—This talented and very deft painter is also a relentless processor of styles. Here, in the midst of lyrical-abstract passages that may remind viewers of recent work by Ross Bleckner, Terry Winters, and Pat Steir, among others, the artist also gives vent to his obsession with a single painting by John Singer Sargent—"The Daughters of Edward D. Boit," painted in 1882. Images of these Bostonian sisters and their appurtenances crop up as fully realized copies, as fragments, as pentimenti, and, ultimately, as question marks. Palazzolo's work is visually enjoyable, as always, but also so blithely arbitrary that it can set the marbles rattling in your head. Through June 23. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Julian Schnabel—The Pace gallery opens its new downtown outlet, in what had been Leo Castelli's Greene Street space, with the season's most ambitious exhibition, a Julian Schnabel Production of massive-scale sculptures, all in bronze. The walls are lined with nonfigurative "Tomb Panels," which are so resonant with emotion that they could be a postmodern version of the Medicis' final resting place. There's a funny piece called "Barbara Bush Skipping Down the Champs Élysées," and a history-of-art sculpture consisting of a Beuysian table with Indian dolls and a primitive sculpture of the sort favored by the early modernists, all supported by amphorae. Through June 29. (142 Greene St. . . . ¶ Another large Schnabel sculpture, a painted bronze piece titled "Ozymandias," has been installed in the plaza at the Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. Through August 15.)

"Newer Sculpture"—Perhaps an analogue to the Whitney's recent "New Sculpture" exhibition, this show features works by some fine artists, including four represented at the Whitney. It contains a knockout work or two—a Nancy Graves bone sculpture is the most notable—but it lacks substance and coherence. Through June 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

"American Masters of the 60s"—A power show in a new power space, similar in size and scale to a floor at the Whitney. Among the most resonant of these superb art works from the sixties, by all the expected blue-chip names, are those by Lichtenstein, Smith, Martin, Judd, Serra, Nauman, and Smithson. In most instances, older pieces are juxtaposed with more recent works by the same artists. Through June 23. (Shafrazi, 130 Prince St.)

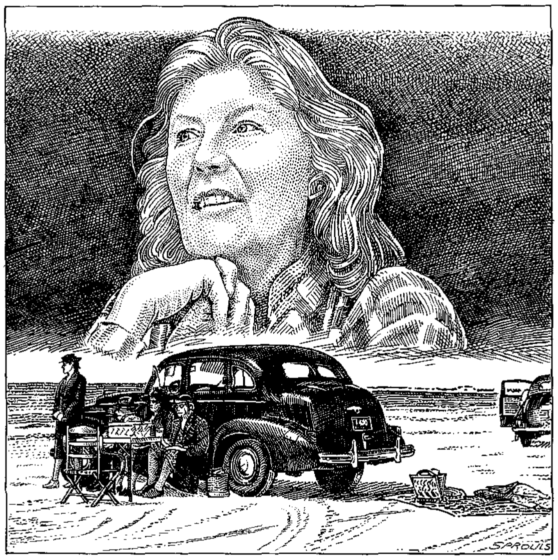
"The Work of Art in the Age of Perestroika"—This display of recent works from the Soviet Union has the kind of vibrant energy New York has not witnessed since the Mickey-and-Judy shows of Colab and the early East Village scene. The emphasis is on the younger generation, and while the overall quality of the work is high, there is something unsettling about the circumstances: it is an art that has risen through the cracks as a form of creative resistance, but it has now been seized by an alien marketplace that consumes first and thinks later. There are works that are reminiscent of what has been produced here over the past fifteen years, but to read too much into those connections would be to miss entirely the vitality of this new crop of artists. Through June 30. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Short List—**elaine anthony**, Haller, 415 West Broadway (through June 30); **georg baselitz**, Nolan, 560 Broadway (through July 21); **harrison burns**, Donahue, 560 Broadway (through June 30); **david chambard**, Facchetti, 476 Broadway (through July 7); **doriana chiarini**, Ala, 560 Broadway (through June 30); **claes eklundh**, Dolan Maxwell, 154 Wooster St. (through June 30); **max ferguson**, Henoch, 80 Wooster St. (through June 30); **ellsworth kelly**, 65 Thompson Street Gallery (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through July 31); **winifred lutz**, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through June 30); **david nash**, Louver, 130 Prince St. (through June 23); **nancy olivier**, 55 Mercer Street Gallery (through June 23); **lynda ray**, A.I.R., 63 Crosby St. (through June 23); **jacques roch**, Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through July 14); **jeanne silverthorne**, Burgin, 130 Prince St. (closed Saturdays, through June 29); **paul thek**, Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through June 30); **morihiro wada**, Milliken, 98 Prince St. (through July 20); **karsten wittke**, Good, 532 Broadway (through July 13).

OTHER GALLERIES

Karen Finley—A bumpy but important exhibition by the controversial performance artist, who passionately takes on issues of physical, emotional, and psychological violence, and who is the most recent victim of misinformed attempts to censor art. The show consists primarily of long essays about rape, abortion, AIDS and health insurance, and the Catholic Church and homophobia, which are painted directly on baby-pink and Lake Placid-blue colored walls. "It's my body / It's not Pepsi's body / It's not Nancy Reagan's body / It's not Congress's body / It's not the Supreme Court's body," she writes in one particularly potent passage. Most of the work is fuelled by anger, but some is quite poetic and hopeful, especially a set of drawings of women embracing children and planting trees, subtitled "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity." Through June 16. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

Outdoor Sculpture—The artist Maria Nordman has erected a small Japanese-style pavilion of interlocking cedar boards at the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Avenue and 60th Street. It consists of two chambers: one darkened, with light entering at the edges and through the floor; the other light-filled, with sliding glass panels. Nordman has invited visitors to rest, read, talk, look, and think in the pavilion at any hour through June 14, and over the subsequent three days to watch its disassembly—which the artist considers an integral part of the sculpture. The pavilion offers an excellent opportunity to experience anew the Park, the city, and their sights and sounds.



Marion Post Wolcott

PHOTOGRAPHY

When an artist friend of ours, Michael Hurson, walked into the Koury Wingate gallery, the first thing we heard him say was "They hung these too high."

Hurson's not tall, and we're not either, but we could see the pictures just fine, so we asked Hurson, "Too high for whom?"

"Lucy," he said, as if that were the most obvious answer in the world, and he looked down at his gallery-going companion, a short dog whom he describes as part basenji and part mystery.

Even though the photographs are hung too high for Lucy, we're sure she enjoyed herself. The exhibition, by Eric Fischl, is so physically charged that you can almost smell the sand, the sea, the oily bodies that run across the walls like a continuous ribbon, often punctuated by a pomegranate pink, the color of the umbrellas in many of the pictures. Fischl, an artist whom Freud would surely have smiled on, and who is known for his paintings and drawings, has given us a treat by letting us see pictures he took in Saint-Tropez between 1982 and 1988. His color photographs are rich, behind-the-scenes clues to his process. These are a painter's photographs; they have the fascination of an artist's notebook. In many of them, the colors and the compositions are so magnetic that it's almost as if Fischl had brushed them on. You can trace many of Fischl's paintings and drawings back to these pictures, and you can also see how he transformed what he originally found; how, for example, he took some seemingly dramaless moments between people and turned them into scenes of explosive psychological and sexual tension. The black-and-whites aren't as electric—they're more like "real" fine-art photographs.

Looking at these photographs, we thought about Degas, a connection we've made before with Fischl's work. Degas also used photography, and he also could be said to be an artist of erotics. But Degas was subtle: he chose the way of beauty and grace. Fischl goes for energy; he's blatant. His strategy works.

Bill Brandt (1904-83) / **Graham Nash**—A group of nudes by a photographer who revelled in the graphic power of black tones, in the warmth of grays, and in the burst of light that whites can bring. These photographs are so intimate that the models don't seem like strangers or like objects—and that purity is what makes the work trustworthy. / Although famous as a rock musician, Nash has been taking photographs since he was ten years old, and this show proves his seriousness and his visual talent. His least fussed-with portraits are strong and honest: there's a picture of his son peering into an aquarium—his eyes huge, his mouth open in wonder—that's a striking portrait of amazement. Through June 16. (Lowinsky, 584 Broadway.)

Jay Leviton—Portraits of Elvis on tour in Florida in 1956, when the King was just getting used to his throne. These photos make you understand why he drove his fans crazy. There are two shots of Presley sitting with a girl who has fainted—from adoration, one gathers. The look on Presley's face is one of wonder. It's as if he's amazed at his power as a conjurer of emotion. Through June 16. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Marion Post Wolcott—The photographs Wolcott took during the Depression, under the auspices of the Farm Securities Administration, add significantly to our vision of rural America of that time, but her most personal shots are those of her family: they are casual, full of feeling. Through June 24. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**cecil beaton**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through July 13); **marc cohen** (through July 7), and **pascal kern** (through June 30), Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays); **lois conner** and **joe maloney**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through June 23); **margaret courtney-clarke**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through July 13); **eric fischl**, Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway (through June 23); **david greenberg**, Sorkin, 596 Broadway (through June 30); **mauricio herrador**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through July 14); **barbara kasten**, Weber, 142 Greene St. (through June 16); **leon levinstein**, Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through June 29); **barbara norfleet**, Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (opens Saturdays at noon, through June 30); **wowe**, Engelhorn, 591 Broadway (through July 14).

MUSIC

EVERYONE who pays close attention to the scores of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas knows that they are musically first rate, quite on a par with the works of Donizetti and Rossini, shapely and elegant and sophisticated (in the right places). Anyone who reads up on the matter will find that Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote a great deal more music besides, and indeed that the serious musical press taxed him for spending his talent on the Savoy collaborations with Gilbert. So there is always a temptation to explore the largish realm of Sullivan Without Gilbert: the opera "Ivanhoe," overtures, miscellaneous instrumental music, songs, anthems, and oratorios.

It remains a temptation from one generation to the next because most explorers of this territory leave the music where they found it. It just isn't very good: so we have ruefully concluded, after trying various samples in score, on records, and in performance. "Onward, Christian Soldiers" does its job as a hymn; "The Lost Chord," "Orpheus with His Lute," and a few other songs work well; that is all we have found. But we have never heard "The Rose of Persia" (a comic opera) in toto, and an opportunity now presents itself. The Gilbert & Sullivan Society of New York will present the piece at CAMI Hall on June 16, and we think it worth a try. If it turns out to be one more disappointment, our recommended consolation is "Sweethearts," a compact disk issued by Northeastern Records, which includes fifteen Sullivan songs, very agreeably sung by Jeanne Ommerle and Sanford Sylvan.

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN: June 12 at 8 (rain date, June 14), "Rigoletto," with Ruth Ann Swenson, Taro Ichihara, and Alain Fondary; conducted by Marcello Panni. . . . ¶ June 19 at 8 (rain date, June 21), "La Traviata," with Marilyn Mims, Alfredo Kraus, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea. . . . **PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN:** June 13 at 8 (rain date, June 14), "La Traviata," with Karen Huffstodt, Alfredo Kraus, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea. . . . **DYKER BEACH PARK, BROOKLYN:** June 15 at 8 (rain date, June 17), "Rigoletto," with Ruth Ann Swenson, John Fowler, and Frederick Burchinal; Marcello Panni. . . . **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, THE BRONX:** June 20 at 8 (rain date, June 21), "Rigoletto," with Ruth Ann Swenson, Taro Ichihara, and Frederick Burchinal; Marcello Panni.

DANISH CHAMBER MUSIC—To honor the hundred and twenty-fifth birthday of Carl Nielsen, Denmark's Kontra Quartet joins with the American Catalina Piano Quartet in music of Nielsen, his student Herman D. Koppel, and Steen Pade. Though increasingly performed in the past twenty years, much of Nielsen's work remains little known. The concert includes the American première of his early G-Major String Quintet, as well as the celebrated "Chaconne," with Mr. Koppel as pianist. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 13 at 8.)

FLORILEGIUM CHAMBER CHOIR—JoAnn Rice conducts premières by Donald Grantham and David Kuperman, and works by Charles-Valentin Alkan, Franz Schöggl, and Franz Schubert. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 13 at 8.)

ELIZABETH WOLFF—Piano, playing sonatas by Beethoven, Schubert, and Andrzej Panufnik. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. June 14 at 8. For information about free tickets, call 355-6160.)

"VIVALDI'S VENICE"—Dino Anagnost conducts the Little Orchestra Society in the third concert of this series. The program is devoted to seven concertos, including two in their American premières. With instrumental soloists: three violinists, two trumpeters, a bassoonist, and the classical guitarist Angel Romero. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 14 at 8.)

GOLDEN FLEECE LTD.—Lou Rodgers stages short operatic/musical-theatre works by Michael Ward, Judith Shatin, Stuart Saunders Smith, Jeremy Beck, and Memrie Innerarity. (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. 691-6105. June 14-15 at 8, and June 16-17 at 2 and 8.)

GILBERT & SULLIVAN SOCIETY—Presenting a single concert performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's 1899 comic opera "The Rose of Persia, or the Story-Teller and the Slave." (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. June 16 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSIC FROM CHINA—June 15 at 7:30: A demonstration of Chinese composition and instruments by Susan Cheng and Yao An. . . . ¶ June 17 at 2:30: A performance of ancient music, folk songs, and contemporary works from China. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. No tickets necessary beyond museum admission.)

ORGANISTS AGAINST AIDS—Twenty-five of New York's notable organists in a twelve-hour benefit concert. Performers include Gwendolyn Toth, Gerre Hancock, Harold Stover, and Walter Hilse. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. June 16, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Tickets at the door on the day of the performance.)

OPERA EBONY—Wayne Sanders conducts a staged version of "The Outcast," a new opera by Noa Ain. With vocal soloists and a chamber ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall. 362-8719. June 19 at 8.)

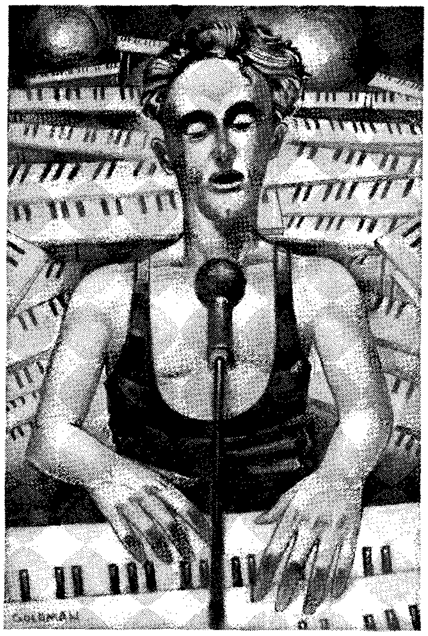
HESPERION XX TRIO—A chamber group, in a program called "Cantatas and Variations—1550-1750." (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. June 20 at 5:45.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

JULIO IGLESIAS—Bing Crosby and Elvis are the only solo performers who have sold more records than Julio José Iglesias de la Cueva, the son of a prominent Madrid gynecologist and the most widely recognized personification of the Latin lover since Valentino. In concert his modest and slightly self-mocking patter is a nice counterpoint to his music's grandiose and echoing simulacrum of passion. The most remarkable sound one might hear is the communal female lament that arises when Julio announces, as he sometimes does, that he enjoys singing more than lovemaking. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. June 11-12 at 8.)

MADONNA—"Strike a pose, there's nothing to it" —yeah, right. Well, if vogueing is how this cultural icon chooses to express herself, who's going to argue? Ms. Ciccone has been doing some exceptional posing for years, and she's certainly captured the public's imagination. But there's still something missing from her music. Her songs, mostly brittle dance tunes and tepid ballads, tend to date rather quickly (O.K., "Into the Groove" is the exception), and her current hit, "Vogue," has a built-in obsolescence. Her latest album, mostly music "inspired" by the film "Dick Tracy," is a disaster. She may be photographed like a chanteuse, but she can't sing like one. And her current look in concert is too harsh: some of the costumes, which were designed by Jean-Paul Gaultier, are out of a Fritz Lang nightmare. The tour has some captivating moments, but for the most part Madonna seems to have disappeared inside her own star-making machinery. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. June 11-13 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. June 20-21 and June 23-25 at 8.)

RICKIE LEE JONES AND LYLE LOVETT—This is an inspired pairing of American pop-music eccentrics. Lovett, a razor-thin Texan who wears a high ten-gallon haircut on top of his head, writes tremendously effective metasongs whose sentiments are completely undermined by perverse wit. He plays country swing thats tight and on the money but also hilarious; he's Randy Travis possessed by the soul of the comedian Steven Wright. Rickie Lee Jones, on the other hand, doesn't have an ironic bone in her body. She has always been nakedly self-expressive, sometimes to the point of mannered formlessness. After a troubled early career followed by a five-year break, she's back with the same slumming-Kewpie-doll voice and street-transcendental lyrics but with a lot more control and focus. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. June 13 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4777 . . . ¶ Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 15 at 8.)



Martin Gore of Depeche Mode

SUZANNE VEGA—Designer-folkie Vega talk-sings her inscrutable lines as carefully and dispassionately as a toddler picking up peas from a plate, and her "Theme from thirtysomething"-style band diligently avoids cooking. To promote her new album, "Days of Open Hand," Vega gave an interview to *Musician* that goes on for many thousands of words about her childhood and upbringing and about a recent reconciliation with a parent she never knew. Listening to the record after reading the interview is an eerie experience, because "Days" is a completely impersonal piece of work. This has not impeded Vega's success, however; as she told *Musician*, "At least if you're cold, you're respected." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 14 at 8.)

FRANK SINATRA—"Why are there people like Frank?" asks Kyle MacLachlan, about another Frank, in "Blue Velvet." To answer the question in the matter of Sinatra: surely, among other reasons, to give deep pleasure, not all of it nostalgic, to a great many swingers and sad hearts; and surely to create a mood that somehow encompasses both the spirit of a sunny-blue sail with J.F.K. and the silence of the back seat of a limo on the parkway to Atlantic City on a rainy night. In 1983, President Reagan told him, "You have spent your life casting a magnificent and powerful shadow," a judgment that even Frank's detractors would have to agree with. (Radio City Music Hall. June 14-17 at 8.)

DEPECHE MODE—Unless you're listening to a new-music station, you probably haven't heard much from this tremendously popular four-man band. (It took ten years, but the electronic boom of the early eighties seems about ready to conquer America.) D.M.'s songs of teen-age angst (sometimes innovative, sometimes overwrought, and usually written by Martin Gore) have won them a dedicated following. In concert, their machines whir and sputter in syncopated rhythm while the lead singer, Dave Gahan, shakes his fanny and preens as if he were Shaun Cassidy. Still, for all their sampled and synthesized effects, Depeche Mode can be beautifully textured, dramatic, danceable fun. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. June 16 at 8.)

THE WINANS—Their music is filed under "Gospel," but the rhythms are strictly pop, with dashes of new jack swing and funk. It's apparently a successful recipe, to judge by the four Grammys and three Doves (gospel awards) the group has won. Along with brothers Marvin, Carvin, Michael, and Ronald—four of ten singing siblings from Detroit —Marvin's wife, Vickie Winans, a fine gospel vocalist in her own right, is also on the bill. Can we get a witness? (Beacon Theatre. June 16 at 8 and June 17 at 7:30.)

Barry White—An unlikely but true sex symbol of the seventies, Barry White made a career out of moaning lush ballads with his deep, attractive voice. In the early seventies, he was everywhere. As a singer, songwriter, and producer he was responsible for hits by Love Unlimited (a female vocal trio) and the Love Unlimited Orchestra. His own pre-disco classics, like "Never, Never Gonna Give Ya Up," are the essence of dark, dreamy evening music. His sound is popular again—Lisa Stanfield's recent million-selling smash, "All Around the World," owes a great deal to White's "Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe." It's retro romance music, sexually uninhibited and quite easy to fall for. Bring a date. (Pier 84. June 19 at 7:30.)

Tears for Fears—Their platinum disks from 1985's "Songs from the Big Chair" (which sold about eight million copies) came at you as fast as Frisbees. It took four years for the follow-up, "The Seeds of Love," to be completed, and it hasn't done as well. The arrangements are more accomplished, but the record has a dearth of snappy radio tunes—the group has moved away from a pop-soul product toward a more satisfying blend of rock and soul. By adding Oleta Adams on vocals, Roland Orzabal and Curt Smith have created a group that delivers sophisticated, challenging music: lovely stuff. (Pier 84. June 20 at 7:30.)

Alice Cooper—With Sam Kinison. (Pier 84. June 14 at 7:30.)

George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. June 14-15 at 8.

Gipsy Kings—Pier 84. June 15 at 7:30.

Vanessa Bell Armstrong—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. June 16 at 4 and 8.

Curtis Mayfield, Jerry Butler, and the Impressions—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. June 16 at 4 and 8.

Jazz Festival—Final performances. June 12 at 7: The Joanne Brackeen trio. . . . ¶ June 16 at 7: The Uptown String Quartet. . . . ¶ June 17 at 3: The Henry Street Settlement Symphony Orchestra, with Elena Heimur, soprano. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. For information about tickets, call 598-0400.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the St. Louis Cardinals, June 18-19 at 7:35, and June 20 at 1:35.

Yankees—Vs. the Boston Red Sox, June 12-14 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, June 15-16 at 7:30, and June 17 at 1:30. (The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

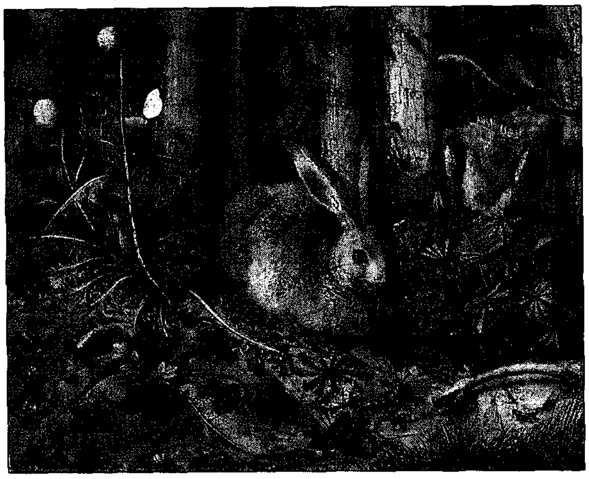
ABOVE AND BEYOND

"Bloomsday on Broadway"—This year, the celebration at Symphony Space starts at 8 A.M., and ends at about 1 A.M., with Fionnula Flanagan's rendition of the Molly Bloom monologue. Other readers include Claire Bloom, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Lois Smith, John Rubinstein, and Stephen Lang. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 16.)

Garbage—A new exhibition at the Urban Center addresses the problem of solid waste, and how to get rid of it. Visitors can experience the subject firsthand—minus the olfactory aspect—by walking through an enclosed thirty-foot slice of the Fresh Kills Landfill, which gives way to a green and growing park (the landfill's forthcoming permutation). (457 Madison Ave., at 48th St. Daily, except Sundays, 11 to 5. Through Sept. 12.)

Poetry Readings—June 13: William Matthews. . . . ¶ June 14: Richard Howard. . . . ¶ June 18: Judith Baumel and Leslie Miller. (Earl Auditorium, Columbia University, Earl Hall, second floor, Broadway at 116th St. Evenings at 6. No tickets necessary.)

SOTHEBY'S SCHEDULES MAJOR ART AUCTIONS IN EUROPE



Commissioned by the Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II, this oil painting, *The Hare in a Forest* by Hans Hoffmann (1530-1591/2), was one of the first in Western art to focus on an animal in its natural environment. A highlight of our Old Master Paintings auction on 4th July, the estimate is $3,300,000-4,900,000.

London auctions in July:

Old Master Drawings, 2nd July
Old Master Paintings, 4th July
Important Tribal Art, 2nd July
The Visser Collection of Fine Arms, 3rd July
European Sculpture & Works of Art, 5th July
English Furniture, 6th & 13th July
Antiquities, 9th & 10th July
Silver, Portrait Miniatures & Vertu, 10th July
British Paintings 1500-1850, 11th July
British Drawings & Watercolours, 11th July
Modern British & Irish Paintings & Sculpture, 18th July
The Dallas Collection of Postage Stamps, 18th, 19th & 20th July
English Literature & History, 19th July

Each sale is on exhibition at 34-35 New Bond Street, London for three days before the auction. Entry is free.

For further information please contact Caroline Sclater in London on (4471) 408 5359 or Bronwyn Albrecht in New York on (212) 606 7272. To order a catalogue, call (800) 44-SOTHEBY'S; outside the continental U.S., call (203) 847-0465.

THE WORLD'S LEADING FINE ART AUCTIONEER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Blue Velvet" (†). From June 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 3: "Longtime Companion" (†).
Theatre 4: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†).
Theatre 5: "How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (directed by Jacques W. Benoit; in French), with Isaach De Bankolé.
Theatre 6: The 22nd International Tournée of Animation.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through June 14: (Separate admissions) Five short films by Peter Greenaway; "A Zed and Two Noughts" (1986, Greenaway); and three films about Malcolm X.
From June 15: The first programs in a series of formerly banned Czech films, 1963-90.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 2: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 14: "Total Recall" (†). From June 15: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, and John Glover.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Bird on a Wire" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 2: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 3: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 4: "Another 48 Hrs."
Theatre 5: "Another 48 Hrs."
Theatre 6: "Cadillac Man" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 14: "Pretty Woman" (†).
From June 15: "Dick Tracy" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Madonna, Glenne Headly, Charles Durning, Mandy Patinkin, and William Forsythe.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Bird on a Wire" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, *238 E. 34th. (532-5544)*
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 2: "Another 48 Hrs."
Theatre 3: "Cadillac Man" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Back to the Future Part III" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 14: "Q & A" (†).
From June 15: "Happily Ever After."

Sutton 1 and 2, *3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)*
Theatre 1: From June 15: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, and John Glover.
Theatre 2: From June 15: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch."

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed" (Coline Serrau; in French), with Daniel Auteuil and Firmine Richard.
Theatre 2: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Pretty Woman" (†). From June 15: "Dick Tracy" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty.
Theatre 2: "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.
Theatre 3: Through June 12: "Torn Apart" (Jack Fisher), with Adrian Pasdar and Cecilia Peck. From June 13: "Imported Bridegroom" (Pamela Berger), with Greta Cowan and Avi Hoffman.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 2: "Total Recall" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Bird on a Wire" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 2: "Another 48 Hrs."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Monsieur Hire" (Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Cadillac Man" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Back to the Future Part III" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 2: "Another 48 Hrs."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "My Left Foot" (†). From June 15: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, and John Glover.
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Pretty Woman" (†). From June 15: "Dick Tracy" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Monsieur Hire" (directed by Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet; and "Going Places" (1974, Blier; in French), with Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.
Theatre 2: "Another 48 Hrs."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bird on a Wire" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "The Mahabharata" (Peter Brook). From June 15: "Dick Tracy" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Madonna, Glenne Headly, Charles Durning, Mandy Patinkin, and William Forsythe.
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Pretty Woman" (†). From June 15: "Dick Tracy."
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 4: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda. From June 15: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, and John Glover.
Theatre 3: "Bird on a Wire" (†).
Theatre 4: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 6: "Longtime Companion" (†).
Theatre 7: "Bird on a Wire" (†).
Theatre 8: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 9: "Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed" (Coline Serreau; in French), with Daniel Auteuil and Firmine Richard.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.
Theatre 2: "Q & A" (†).
Theatre 3: "My Left Foot" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 13: "Pretty Woman" (†).
June 14: Theatre closed.
From June 15: "Dick Tracy" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 3: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.
Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 6: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St. (765-7600)
"Bird on a Wire" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"My Left Foot" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (Jacques W. Benoit; in French), with Isaach De Bankolé.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Longtime Companion" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Jesus of Montreal" (Denys Arcand; in French), with Lothaire Bluteau.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Henry V" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Cadillac Man" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Bird on a Wire" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, *Bernie Casey, and Tisha* Campbell.
Theatre 2: "Another 48 Hrs."
Theatre 3: Through June 14: "Pretty Woman" (†). From June 15: "Dick Tracy" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty.
Theatre 4: Through June 14: "Q & A" (†). From June 15: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, and John Glover.
Theatre 5: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 6: "Total Recall" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).
Theatre 2: "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 2: "Class of 1999" (directed by Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Theatre 3: Through June 14: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove. From June 15: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, and John Glover.
Theatre 4: "Q & A" (†).
Theatre 5: Through June 14: "The Game." From June 15: "Happily Ever After."
Theatre 6: "Total Recall" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through June 13: "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.
June 14: Theatre closed.
From June 15: "Dick Tracy" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 13: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin. From June 14: "Pretty Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 13: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips. From June 14: "Fire Birds" (David Green), with Nicolas Cage, Tommy Lee Jones, and Sean Young.
Theatre 4: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (Jacques W. Benoit), with Isaach De Bankolé.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal; and "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through June 17: The 1990 New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Film.
June 18-19: "Stella Dallas" (†); and "The Sea Wolf" (1941, directed by Michael Curtiz), with Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield.
From June 20: "Miracle Woman" (†) and "Little Caesar" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 12: "Stage Fright" (1950, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "I Confess" (1953, Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.
June 13-14: "Repo Man" (1984, Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton; and "Nothing Lasts Forever."
June 15-16: "Blue Velvet" (†); and "Body Heat" (1981, Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, Richard Crenna, and Mickey Rourke.
June 17: "Carnal Knowledge" (†); and "The Graduate" (1967, Mike Nichols), with Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman, and Katharine Ross.
June 18-19: "A Star Is Born" (†).
From June 20: "The Honeymoon Killers" (†); and "Tales from the Gimli Hospital" (1988, Guy Maddin).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through June 12: "Reporters" (1981, Raymond Depardon), a documentary; and "Faits Divers" (1983, Depardon), a documentary.
June 13-14: "And Then There Were None" (1945, René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Louis Hayward; and "Death on the Nile" (1978, John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot.
June 15-16: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Les Enfants Terribles" (†).
June 17: "Lovers and Thieves" (†); and "How NOT to Rob a Department Store" (1965, Pierre Brimblat; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy and Marie Laforêt.
June 18-19: "He Walked by Night" (1949, Alfred Werker), with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady; "The Chase" (1946, Arthur Ripley), with Robert Cummings; and "Port of New York" (1950, Laslo Benedek), with Brady and K. T. Stevens.
From June 20: "Lord Love a Duck" (1966, George Axelrod), with Tuesday Weld and Roddy McDowall; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970, Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 11: "Osaka Elegy" (1936) and "Sisters of the Gion" (1936), both in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
June 12: "Odd Man Out" (1946, Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "An Outcast of the Islands" (1952, Reed), with Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson.
June 13: "Harold and Maude" (1971, Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970, Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.
June 14: "The Formula" (1980, John G. Avildsen), with George C. Scott, Marlon Brando, and Marthe Keller; and "Morituri" (1965, Bernhard Wicki), with Brando, Yul Brynner, Janet Margolin, and Trevor Howard.
June 15-16: "Wuthering Heights" (1939, William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Jane Eyre" (1944, Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.
June 17: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944, Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea.
June 18: "Jean de Florette" (1985, Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, and Elisabeth Depardieu; and "Manon of the Spring" (1987, Berri; in French), with Montand, Daniel Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart.
June 19: "The Awful Truth" (1937, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938, Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
June 20: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954, Vittorio De Sica), with Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift; and "Gold of Naples" (†).

Warren Beatty in "Dick Tracy"

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
Theatre 1: June 11 at 2:30: "Goodbye, Boys" (1966, directed by Mikhail Kulik; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 11 at 6: "A Familiar Face" (1929, Nikolai Shpikovsky; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "The Jew on the Land" (1926, Abram Room; a Russian silent film) and "Frontier" (1936, Mikhail Dubson; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 12 at 6: "New Babylon" (1929, Grigori Kozintsev and Leonid Trauberg; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ June 14 at 2:30: "Two-Buldi-Two" (1929, Lev Kuleshov; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ June 14 at 6: "The Jew on the Land" and "Frontier." . . . ¶ June 15 at 2:30 and 6, June 16-17 at 2 and 5, and June 18-19 at 2:30 and 6: Five different programs of silent films starring Stan Laurel, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his birth.
Theatre 2: June 11 at 3: "Chronicle" (1970, Mark Rappoport) and "8½ x 11" (1974, James Benning). . . . ¶ June 11 at 6: "Back and Forth" (1969, Michael Snow) and "Serene Velocity" (1970, Ernie Gehr). . . . ¶ June 14 at 3 and 6: "Joe Leahy's Neighbors" (1988, Bob Connelly and Robin Anderson), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "Clair de Femme" (1979, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand and Romy Schneider. . . . ¶ June 16 at 5 and June 17 at 2:30: "The Killers" (1946, Robert Siodmak), with Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ June 17 at 5: "Clair de Femme." . . . ¶ June 18 at 3: "Good Times, Wonderful Times" (1965, Lionel Rogosin), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: "On the Bowery" (1956, Rogosin), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 19 at 3: "Woodcutters of the Deep South" (1973, Rogosin), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 19 at 6: "Black Roots" (1970, Rogosin), a documentary.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on television over the past thirty years. June 12-16: Henrik Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" (1963, CBS), with Ingrid Bergman, Ralph Richardson, Trevor Howard, and Michael Redgrave. . . . From June 19: Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" (1966, CBS), with Lee J. Cobb, Mildred Dunnock, and Gene Wilder. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." June 12-16: "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" (1986, Hans Hulscher), featuring Jiri Kylian's Nederlands Dans Theatre. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . June 12-16: "Cendrillon" (1989, Maans Reuterswaard), performed by the Lyon Opera Ballet. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15. . . . From June 19: "From East to West: The Magic Carpet" (1986, Barrie Gavin). Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . From June 19: "Pierre Boulez" (1983, Gavin), a documentary. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Films showing in the Riklis Theatre. June 13-15 and June 20 at 2:30, and June 16-17 at 2 and 4:30: Six different programs of short comedies, 1925-35, featuring Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chase, Billy Gilbert, Harry Langdon, W. C. Fields, Thelma Todd, ZaSu Pitts, and others.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. June 13 at 7: A program of films by Peter Kubelka. . . . ¶ June 13 at 9: A program of short films by Georges Méliès. . . . ¶ June 14-16 at 7 and June 17 at 5: "Heat and Sunlight" (1987, Rob Nilsson). . . . ¶ June 14-16 at 7 and June 17 at 5: "Winter Adé" (1988, Helke Misselwitz). . . . ¶ June 14 at 9: Three short films by Piero Heliczer. . . . ¶ June 14 and 16 at 9: A program of works by Stuart Sherman. . . . ¶ June 15-16 at 9: "Cocksucker Blues" (1972, Robert Frank). . . . ¶ June 15 at 9 and June 17 at 7: Another program of works by Sherman. . . . ¶ June 15-16 at 10:30 and June 17 at 7: "Death of the Gorilla" (1966, Peter Mays) and "Sister Midnight" (1974, Mays). . . . ¶ June 20 at 7: Another program of short films by Méliès. . . . ¶ June 20 at 9: "Menilmontant" (1925, Dimitri Kirsanoff; silent) and "The Old House, Passing" (1966, Larry Jordan).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of films on which Takeo Kimura worked as art director. June 11 at 6: "Tampopo" (1985, Juzo Itami; in Japanese), with Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki; and "Preparation for the Festival" (1975, Kazuo Kuroki; in Japanese). . . .

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

¶ June 15 at 6: "Preparation for the Festival"; and "Himatsuri" (1985, Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: "Zigeunerweisen" (1980, Seijun Suzuki; in Japanese) and "The Young Rebel" (1963, Suzuki; in Japanese).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 13 at 12:30 and 6: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930, René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean, Pola Illery, Gaston Modot, and Edmond Gréville. . . . ¶ June 13 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Le Million" (1931, Clair; in French), with René Lefèvre, Annabella, Louis Allibert, and Wanda Gréville. . . . ¶ June 20 at 12:30 and 6: "Gervaise" (1956, René Clément; in French), with Maria Schell, François Périer, Suzy Delair, and Armand Mestral. . . . ¶ June 20 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Nana" (1934, Dorothy Azner), with Anna Sten, Mae Clark, Philip Holmes, and Lionel Atwill.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—June 19 at 2 and 6: "Ganja and Hess" (1973, Bill Gunn). . . . ¶ June 20 at noon: "Personal Problems" (1980-82, Gunn).

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—June 15 at 7: "Camille" (1936, George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ June 16 at 7: "Sweet Charity" (1969, Bob Fosse), with Shirley MacLaine, Ricardo Montalban, and Sammy Davis, Jr.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Back to the Future Part III—With Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, and Mary Steenburgen; directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Baronet, Coronet, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Bird on a Wire—Goldie Hawn being crushingly cute.—P.K. (Bijou Cinema, Bay Cinema, Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

Blue Velvet (1986)—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The charged erotic atmosphere makes the film something of a trance-out, but Lynch's humor keeps breaking through, too. His fantasies may come from his unconscious, but he recognizes them for what they are, and he's tickled by them. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. Lynch skimps on commercial-movie basics and fouls up on them, too. But his use of irrational material works the way it's supposed to: at some not fully conscious level we read his images. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. The cinematography is by Frederick Elmes; the production designer is Patricia Norris; the sound design is by Alan Aplet; the score is by Angelo Badalamenti.—P.K. (Angelika Film Center; through June 14. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; June 15-16.)

Cadillac Man—This shaggy comedy about a Queens auto salesman is full of small, accidental-seeming pleasures—the joys of resourcefulness. It's a movie of bits and pieces, a patchwork of motions and wayward inspirations, and it probably shouldn't work at all. But it's more than funny enough to wear down our resistance. The screenwriter, Ken Friedman, has peopled his story with more than a dozen vivid characters, and the director, Roger Donaldson, has given the actors plenty of room; everyone in this movie makes an impression. As the salesman, Joey O'Brien, Robin Williams is brilliant throughout, and he's surrounded by strong actors in sharply written roles—each one gives him something different to react to. Joey, whose passions are sex and selling, has an ex-wife, a teen-age daughter, and two girlfriends; he owes twenty thousand dollars to a mobster; and he's in danger of losing his job. All the characters are making demands on him, and, good salesman that he is, he does his best to satisfy them. Fran Drescher is hilarious as one of the girlfriends, Joy: she combines sexy wheedling and flat-out nagging in a completely original way. And Pamela Reed, as Joey's ex-wife, is splendid. Funniest of all is Tim Robbins, who plays Larry, the jealous husband of the dealership's receptionist (Annabella Sciorra); halfway through the picture, he drives his motorcycle through the showroom's plate-glass window and takes everyone hostage. Robbins' acting is explosive—totally unpredictable; watching the way he moves and listening to how he reads his lines, we keep asking ourselves, "Where did *that* come from?" Wherever this performance comes from, it's sensational. Also with Lori Petty, Paul Guilfoyle, Zack Norman, Lauren Tom, and Elaine Stritch.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/4/90.) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—Jules Feiffer, who wrote the screenplay, had what sounds like a promising idea: to take two college roommates in the mid-nineteen-forties and follow their sexual attitudes and activities through to their middle age in the early seventies. But Feiffer rigged the case and wrote a grimly purposeful tract on depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in the director Mike Nichols' cold, slick style, the movie is like a neon sign spelling out the soullessness of neon. Glowering Jack Nicholson (who becomes a tax lawyer) is a jock with a big-breast fixation, and we watch him over the years yelling at his mistress, Ann-Margaret, and exploding in frustration as he becomes more and more impotent, until finally he's being lied to and serviced by a prostitute (Rita Moreno). Arthur Garfunkel (who becomes a doctor) is a mild drip who goes from a dull, proper marriage with Candice Bergen to an affair with a snooty bitch (Cynthia O'Neal) and winds up with a curly-haired, teen-age hippie (Carol Kane). It's a parallel history of dissatisfaction and emptiness, and as the men age the picture scores off them repeatedly and never lets them win a round. In the film's politicized morality, if well-heeled Americans have sex it must be vile, because how could they possibly know anything about love? As Mike Nichols has directed the material, the effects are almost all achieved through the line readings, and the cleverness is unpleasant—it's all surface and whacking emphasis. This surefire, hit-it-on-the-button comedy style has about the same relationship to humor that belting has to singing.—P.K. (Cinema Village; June 17.)

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover—A movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh restaurant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish protagonist than he thinks. He obviously regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe that Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism, the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces. Also with Alan Howard (the Lover) and Richard Bohringer (the Cook). Cinematography by Sacha Vierny.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Angelika Film Center, 59th Street East Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1949; "The Strange Ones")—The director, Jean Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy. The movie glides along, gathering intensity, as the characters move—compulsively, as in a dream—toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Édouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; and Jacques Bernard as Gérard. Almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, this film was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. When Melville was ill, Cocteau directed the summer beach scene in Montmorency, under snow. Cocteau also provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the rare effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) Cinematography by Henri Decaë. In French.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 15-16.)

The Gold of Naples (1956)—Vittorio De Sica directed this collection of Neapolitan episodes, featuring Totò as a little clown imposed on by a bullying racketeer, Silvana Mangano as a prostitute, Sophia Loren in her celebrated comic turn as a pizza seller, and De Sica himself as a gambler—which the whole world knows he was. He was also a director who could combine melancholy and wit. It's an uneven film, but Loren walking and De Sica gambling are works of art. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 20.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Cinema 3.)

The Honeymoon Killers (1970)—Based on the lives of the multiple murderers Martha Beck

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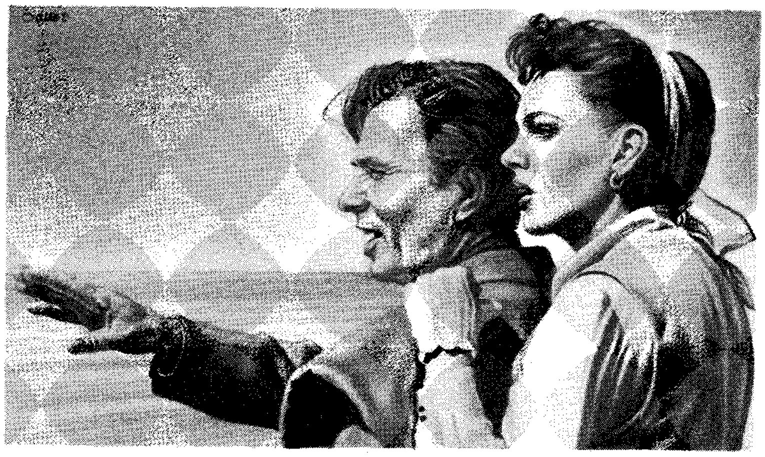


James Mason and Judy Garland

"A Star is Born," the thrice-filmed Hollywood tearjerker that taps into Americans' anxiety over success, receives its most ravaging rendition in the 1954 version directed by George Cukor. The movie takes whole pieces of dialogue and even a couple of images from William Wellman's tight, shrewd 1937 original. Wellman's movie featured the incisive, moving Fredric March as Norman Maine, the alcoholic leading man who discovers the fresh face of Esther Blodgett (Janet Gaynor) and helps turn her into a star named Vicki Lester while his own career goes on the skids. With James Mason in March's role, Judy Garland as Vicki, Jack Carson as a brutal publicist, songs that include "The Man That Got Away," and Sam Leavitt's voluptuous, wide-screen color cinematography, Cukor generates a manic-depressive energy that leaves the audience spent and swept away.

Norman Maine, who knows he's corrupted but takes one more chance on love and instinct anyway, provides Mason with a showcase for his tenderness and sensitivity as well as his elegant menace. From the moment he drunkenly stumbles upon a rodeo act backstage at a benefit and quips, "My kingdom for a horse," he gives off an aura of fallen royalty. In his alcoholic state he's an out-of-control sport. Sober, he focusses his close-to-the-skin emotions on boosting Vicki Lester's star quality. Garland may have too much of that quality, but, like everything else about Cukor's movie (especially in its 1983 restoration, playing June 18-19 at the Cinema Village), her performance is both over the top and wonderful. A film that is partly an indictment of Tinseltown ruthlessness has become a monument to its craftsmanship.

and Raymond Fernandez, who met their victims through lonely-hearts clubs, and who were put to death at Sing Sing in 1951. This low-budget black-and-white movie is so literal-minded that it resembles a *True Detective* account of the case; it's as if someone re-created the grade-Z pictures of the forties and did so in absolute seriousness. The movie goes through the chronicle of the Beck-Fernandez crimes with pedestrian relentlessness; it's paced as if the actors were walking in lockstep. After the almost incredible lack of depth of the first half hour, the film begins to acquire a fascination *because* of its total superficiality—it becomes something resembling minimal art. The writer-director, Leonard Kastle, whose first (and thus far only) picture this was, keeps the images so brightly lighted and so exactly planned and worked out that every ugly detail is in place—the hammer blow on the head, the trickle of blood, the ludicrous tongues sticking out of dead faces. As the two-hundred-pound Martha Beck, Shirley Stoler is much too shrill at the start, but quiets down and improves as the movie plods on; as the sleazy charmer Ray Fernandez, Tony LoBianco is alarmingly authentic to the pulpy genre. The women victims include Marilyn Chris, Barbara Cason, and Mary Jane Higby. The film uses music by Gustav Mahler.—P.K. (Cinema Village; June 18-19.)

Last Exit to Brooklyn—A reverent, lugubrious adaptation of the famous 1965 book by Hubert Selby, Jr. Selby's stories about dead-end lives in a working-class Brooklyn neighborhood were presented in the book as discrete vignettes of urban alienation, linked only by their common air of desperation and the nervous bebop rhythms of the prose. The screenwriter, Desmond Nakano, and the director, Uli Edel, have done a cut-and-paste job on the material, so all the sad tales now unfold simultaneously. The movie jumps from one unhappy character to another as they proceed toward their climactic martyrdoms, low-life Christ figures racing each other up Calvary. And although the picture uses Brooklyn locations, it rarely looks as if it were taking place in America: the filmmakers seem to have missed their exit and wound up in some never-never land of romanticized wretchedness—a disenchanted forest. Most of the actors are ground down by the film's maudlin, heavy spirit; only Jennifer Jason Leigh, as a young streetwalker, and Jerry Orbach, in the small role of a union leader, manage to resemble actual human beings. Also with Stephen Lang, Burt Young, and Alexis Arquette.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, Manhattan Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is one of the major prototypes of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glenda Farrell, George E. Stone, Sidney Blackmer, William Collier, Jr., and Stanley Fields. From a novel by W. R. Burnett, adapted by Francis Faragoh.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; starting June 20.)

Longtime Companion—The screenwriter, Craig Lucas, and the director, Norman René, track the effects of AIDS on the lives of eight people: seven gay men and a straight woman who is a lifelong friend of one of the men. The filmmakers focus on one day in each year of the epidemic, from 1981 through 1989, and the mournful progress of the decade is expressed by the gaps betwen the annual episodes: the cast of characters keeps getting smaller, and at the end only the woman and three of the men are left. The movie is sometimes very effective, but it's often blander and more simplistic than it should be. It seems determined to convey a wholesome, "normal" image of gay life to straight America—so all its characters are pleasant and good-looking, and they're all white, too. The only really interesting characters are a middle-aged couple, David (Bruce Davison) and Sean (Mark Lamos). The natural protagonist of the drama is David, who, when Sean gets sick, cares for him with extraordinary patience and tenderness. Davison's performance (in probably the best role he has ever had) is wonderfully dry and precise. There's a strange reserve in his demeanor even when he's being goofy, so the strength he shows at the bedside of his dying lover is both heartbreaking and absolutely convincing. It's a well-written role, and Davison does a beautiful piece of acting. After he, too, disappears—between episodes—the movie seems to have lost the best part of itself. Also with Campbell Scott, Stephen Caffrey, Patrick Cassidy, Mary-Louise Parker, John Dossett, and Dermot Mulroney.—T.R. (5/21/90) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Lovers and Thieves (1957)—In the year he died, Sacha Guitry, who was seventy-two, made a couple of films. This sly detective comedy, which he wrote and then directed from a wheelchair, is one of them. The old master of casual, ironic wit had intended to play the leading role himself, but old age had at last caught up with him, and he appeared only in a bit part. In 1936, in Guitry's "The Story of a Cheat," the narrator provided a cynical and witty counterpoint to the action. (The technique was to become familiar to a later generation through the English comedy "Kind Hearts and Coronets.") This approach, to which Guitry returned in "Lovers and Thieves," permitted him to treat the film medium with nonchalant intimacy—there are freakish interruptions, changes of subject and pace. He teases the classic unities as well as the classic virtues: in his offhand way, he seems to say, "Look how easy it is to make a movie—one just begins and then improvises." He directed an extended romantic sequence that is one of the most impudent ever filmed: Magali Noel, the enchanting, stylish murder victim, loathes her husband so much that she and her lover make love all over Paris, so that everyone will know the husband is a cuckold. The lover, who is also the narrator (Jean Poiret), inadvertently commits a murder for which an innocent thief (Michel Serrault) is sent to prison. Conscience-stricken, the lover takes over the occupation of the thief. But all this is only the loose framework; Guitry makes a sortie into a great loony bin, provides an audacious painting theft, and stops everything while a mad beatnik (Darry Cowl) addresses a courtroom. It's a fresh, lovely movie. Clément Duhour helped on the directing. (Jean Poiret later wrote the play "La Cage aux Folles" and Michel Serrault appeared in it as the female impersonator, on the stage and in the movie.) In French.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 17.)

The Miracle Woman (1931)—Barbara Stanwyck gives a peerless performance as a young evangelist—a girl from a religious background who is taken over by a carny promoter (Sam Hardy) and is developed into a big-time shear-the-sheep phenomenon, with her own church. Frank Capra directed this fictionalized version of the life of Aimee Semple McPherson. It was softened by a mawkish love story: the heroine is redeemed through her unselfish love for a blind aviator (David Manners, God help us all). But it's still a beauty, well staged and handsomely lighted (Joseph Walker was the cinematographer), and with some intermittent good writing; the screenplay is by Jo Swerling, from the play "Bless You Sister," by John Meehan and Robert Riskin. With Beryl Mercer and Russell Hopton.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; starting June 20.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (23rd St. West Triplex, Worldwide Cinemas, and Festival. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through June 14.)

PRETTY WOMAN—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, Ralph Bellamy, and Hector Elizondo. The screenplay is by J. F. Lawton.—T.R. (Guild; through June 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 14. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting June 14.)

Q & A—Sidney Lumet has made some exciting, dramatic New York movies ("Serpico," "Dog Day Afternoon"). He also made the hard-to-sit-through "Prince of the City," a murky indictment of big-city graft, which he co-scripted. This is in the same mode: it's about the city's ethnic humor and anger, and about police corruption. Lumet wrote the script alone, and he's so busy laying on the rancorous, bantering atmosphere that he waits too long to get to the plot: the movie becomes torpid. (You have to concentrate to figure out what's supposed to be going on—that's the only suspense.) Nick Nolte, in dark hair that makes him look like a vampire, is a big, bulky Irish cop with a vicious streak; a repressed homosexual, he especially enjoys intimidating and murdering transvestites. The co-star is Timothy Hutton as an assistant D.A., also Irish, who's expected to cover up one of the cop's killings. But the standout performance is given by Luis Guzman as a Hispanic police detective who's pressured to be "dirty." Also with Patrick O'Neal, Armand Assante, Lee Richardson, Charles Dutton, Jenny Lumet, Fyvush Finkel, Paul Calderon, and International Chrysis. Cinematography by Andrzej Bartowiak; music by Rubèn Blades. Based on the book by Edwin Torres.—P.K. (23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 14.)

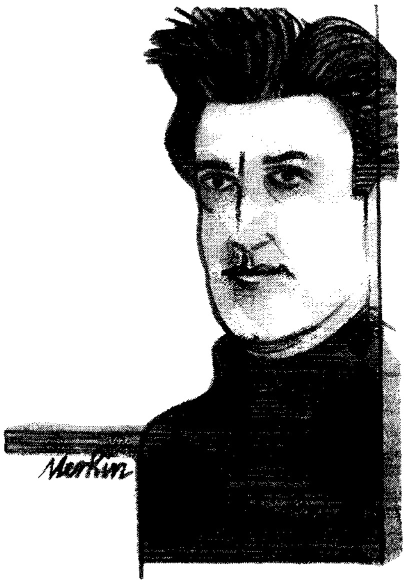
STELLA DALLAS (1937)—A celebrated tearjerker of the stage and screen, particularly effective in this version, starring Barbara Stanwyck and directed by King Vidor. Stanwyck plays the uncouth, down-to-earth young woman who can't live up to the socially prominent fellow (John Boles) she marries; they separate. Stella is loud and overdressed, but she's also sensitive, and when she realizes that she's an embarrassment to the daughter she loves (Anne Shirley), she gives her up to the husband. Tim Holt, Marjorie Main, Alan Hale, and Barbara O'Neil are also in the cast, but the picture is all Stanwyck's and worth seeing for her brassy, touching, all-out performance (possibly her greatest), even if pictures about maternal love and self-sacrifice give you the heebie-jeebies. Also with Nella Walker, Ann Shoemaker, and, in a bit at a soda fountain, Laraine Day. Adapted from the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty and also from a theatre version; screenplay by Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. Cinematography by Rudolph Maté.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; June 18-19.)

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES—A tacky, lighthearted parody of crime-wave movies—camp for kiddies. As babies, the four turtles were let loose in radioactive muck; they mutated into hip, English-speaking people-size turtles who live in the dark sewers of New York City and send out for pizza. Their mentor, the wise old rat Splinter, has trained them in the martial arts, and they fight the criminal legions led by the Japanese, Darth Vader-like Shredder. Their human friends are the TV newswoman April O'Neil (Judith Hoag) and the daredevil Casey Jones (Elias Koteas). Everything in the movie has a playful, pop familiarity, and the jokey allusions to other movies are easy for young kids to grasp. The four turtles (stuntmen in getups devised by Jim Henson's Creature Shop) are not as individualized as one might hope, but Splinter has an Alice-in-Wonderland creepiness. The director, Steve Barron, is casual with Hoag and Koteas, who blend in gracefully; he can't do much for the preachy subplot involving a father and son who misunderstand each other. (The flashbacks are the most fun.) The story is based on the comic-book characters devised in 1983 by Peter Laird and Kevin Eastman.—P.K. (23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas. Matinées only.)

TIE ME UP! TIE ME DOWN!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. Also with Francisco Rabal, Loles Leon, and Lola Cardona. Screenplay by Almodóvar. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (8th St. Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza.)

TOTAL RECALL—With Arnold Schwarzenegger, directed by Paul Verhoeven. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THE WAR OF THE ROSES—Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner play Oliver and Barbara Rose, a yuppie couple whose banally "perfect" marriage isn't strong enough to survive their individual mid-life crises. When they decide to divorce, things get real ugly: the Roses' hatred and pettiness keep escalating, to the point of absurdity and far beyond. These successful, eighties-style people are revealed as greedy, self-centered, infantile: they'd rather die than have to sacrifice either their egos or their possessions. (This social observation may not come as a surprise to everybody.) "The War of the Roses," written by Michael Leeson (from a novel by Warren Adler), is one of Hollywood's periodic attempts at black comedy, and, like most of its predecessors, it's not quite black enough and not quite funny enough. The director, Danny DeVito, who also acts in the film, seems a bit too pleased with his own outrageousness. The picture has a peculiar, not very satisfying tone: smugly savage.—T.R. (Gotham Cinema.)



David Lynch,
director of "Blue Velvet"

Direct

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

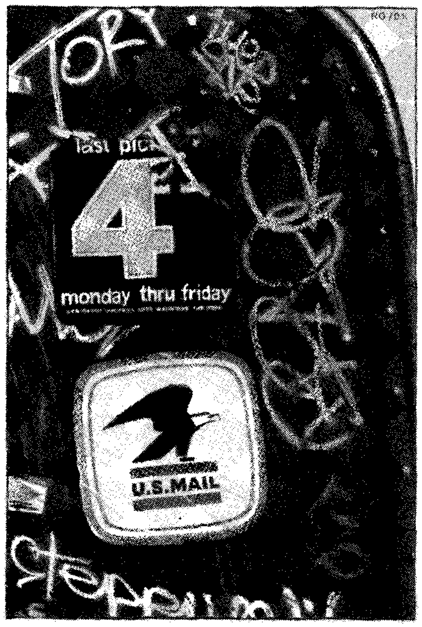
Notes and Comment

ON Earth Day, many people wondered if the tree planting, the folksinging, the protest marching, and the heartfelt-sentiment declaring really marked the dawn of a new relationship with the world. In the weeks since, the answer has begun to emerge. In Colorado's Mesa Verde National Park, last month, Manuel Lujan, the Secretary of the Interior, suggested that Congress weaken the Endangered Species Act, a law, enacted under Richard Nixon, that he is charged with enforcing. The law as it stands could block construction of a telescope on top of an Arizona mountain that is the only home of a species of red squirrel which has been evolving in isolation for eleven thousand years. "Nobody's told me the difference between a red squirrel, a black one, or a brown one," Lujan said.

In Cambridge, Richard Darman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, took an evening off from contemplating our nation's hundred-and-forty-billion-dollar deficit to tell a Harvard audience that the term "environmentalist" was "a green mask under which different faces of politico-economic ideology can hide," and that "now that East-West conflict is in decline, the green mask is one under which competing ideologies will continue their global struggle." He added, "Americans did not fight and win the wars of the twentieth century to make the world safe for green vegetables."

And in Portland, Oregon, President Bush told a thousand-dollar-a-head breakfast that while he was concerned about the few remaining chunks of old-growth woods in the Pacific Northwest and about the northern spotted owl, which will die out if those ancient forests are cut, he wanted to "balance" the mandates of the Endangered Species Act with "the economic consequences" of enforcing it. "I'm interested in the owl, but I'm also interested in the American family," he said. "I want to be known as the environmental President. I also want to be concerned about a person's ability to hold a job and have a job."

It's Bush's misfortune that he is President at the precise moment when being an environmentalist is getting difficult. He can (and should) help loggers find new jobs, and take care of them in the interim, but he can't cut the forest down and have it, too. Oregon's ancient forests are disappearing, so saving the northern spotted owl there means altering the part of the state's economy which depends on cutting old-growth timber from the public lands, just as saving the rain forest in Brazil means standing up to the cattle ranchers who make a good living cutting it down. Similarly, retarding the greenhouse effect means reducing emissions of carbon dioxide, and to do that we have to burn less fossil fuel, and such a change may indeed slow our economic growth. Everyone is for recycling, but recycling alone won't carry the day. The things that will are painful and difficult, and all of them can get voters upset and taxpayers angry.



One of the biggest environmental battles in the nation has just begun over the Adirondack Park, in upstate New York—a six-million-acre area that includes the largest stretches of wilderness land left east of the Mississippi. About forty per cent of the park's land is owned by the state and, under the state constitution, is "forever kept wild." The rest is in private hands, but development is restricted under a set of laws enacted in the late sixties. For a while, the laws worked, but a few years ago entrepreneurs began bulldozing through every loophole, building ski condos and lakefront lodges and giant hotels, and the timber companies started selling off their vast holdings to developers. Early last year, Governor Cuomo appointed a committee to look into it. Unfortunately for him, the committee responded with a profoundly far-reaching document, a list of two hundred and forty-five recommendations that would protect the Adirondacks from runaway development and expand the public holdings in the park by more than six hundred thousand acres—room enough so that the wolf and the cougar and other original inhabitants of the park could conceivably return. Turning the report's wilderness recommendations into laws would be among the greatest acts of environmental preservation in the history of the eastern United States.

But preservation would come, of course, at a cost. First, voters this fall would be asked to approve Governor Cuomo's two-billion-dollar environmental-bond proposal, which would provide funding for land acquisition in the park. And—what is more significant—the hundred and thirty thousand people who live in the Adirondacks would no longer be able to do all the things with their land that they can do now. Those who wanted to build condominium developments might find it impossible; some of the prosperity that might come from unbounded exploitation of the land would be forgone. The freedom of Adirondackers would be limited in other respects, too—absurdly limited in some cases. Provisions of the report call for removing junked cars from people's yards, for instance, and regulating the colors they can paint their roofs—a kind of aesthetic dictatorship. The Adirondackers are angry about the proposed limitations, and they are protesting, with some justification, that the recommended changes are undemocratic, and are demanding the heads of politicians. The politicians, for their part, can make sure that the people who live in the Adirondacks are compensated for what they give up, and can make sure that it's still possible for Adirondackers to earn a living, but a glance at the map shows how little room there is for compromise or delay. The Adirondacks, by historical chance, are the only big Eastern wilderness left. "Environmental considerations must be set ahead of any other in the park," the commission says. You can't get much blunter than that.

So far, Governor Cuomo and the state legislature have been equivocating as hard as President Bush. And who can blame them? They are used to environmentalism that is popular and easy. So are the rest of us. We want a forgiving environment—an environment that unfailingly understands balance, compromise, human desire. Last month, the White House reneged on a promise to contribute twenty-five million dollars to an international fund that would help poor countries wean themselves from dependence on the chemicals eroding the ozone layer. The reason, Administration officials told the papers, was a fear that providing such help would lead to demands that we do something similar about global warming, and *that* might limit economic growth. A week earlier, Darman, in his Harvard speech, had called limits on growth impossible. "The human spirit—by definition—will not be limited to an aspiration for 'stasis,' " he said. But chlorine compounds scavenge oxygen atoms from ozone molecules, opening the planet to a new bath of ultraviolet light. We don't live where Darman thinks we live. We don't live in an "environment," a place where we can tell carbon dioxide how to behave or can discuss sensible relocations with spotted owls. We live on a planet run by physical rules and filled with life that is not only glorious but stubborn.

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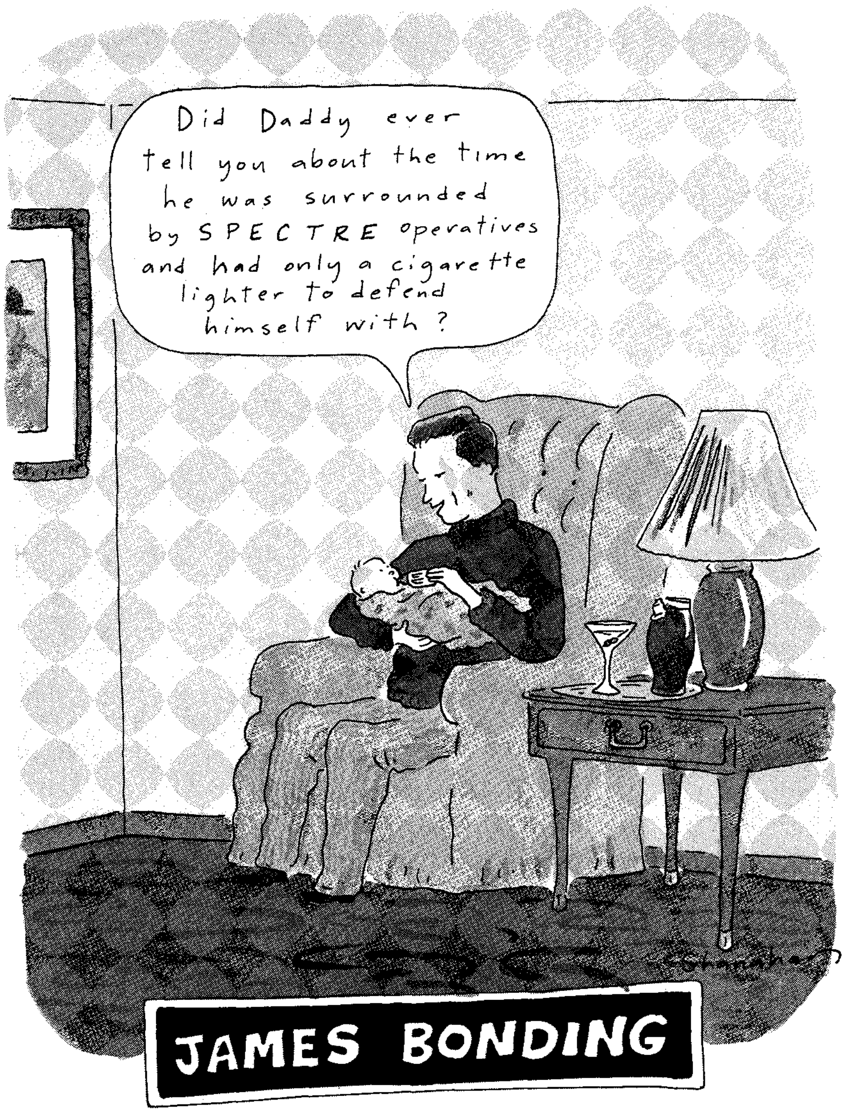

Did Daddy ever tell you about the time he was surrounded by SPECTRE operatives and had only a cigarette lighter to defend himself with?
JAMES BONDING

Perekhod

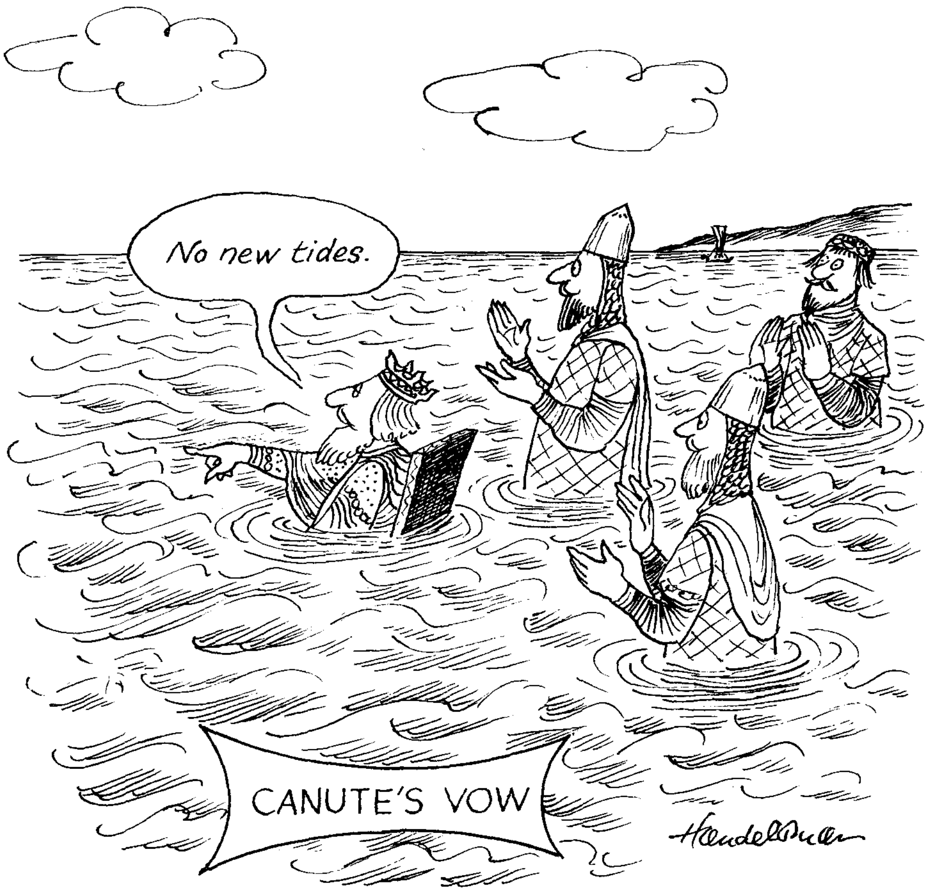
WE'VE heard from a friend visiting Russia:

Leningrad, May 30th: This is the first time I've been in a place where the language makes no sense to me. All I've got is a handful of Russian words picked up in the course of learning the alphabet and the Moscow metro system: there's *znachok*, for example, which my alphabet book translates as "insignia," but which hasn't come up much in ordinary conversation. (I keep wondering, though, if the chestfuls of painted-tin achievement medals worn by metal-toothed old Communists on Sundays count as *znachki.*) There's also *perekhod*, which means "transfer" in the metro system and appears all the time in Gorbachev's speeches, as in the phrase "*perekhod k rinochnoi ekonomike*," or "transition to a market economy." Useful, but not really enough for small talk, so I've found myself having the same dialogue over and over.

"Gorbachev?" I ask the taxi-driver, the museum guard, the bread-cutting person in a bakery.

The response is always essentially the same: thumbs down, a grimace, a brief pantomime of someone getting his throat slit.

"*Gorbachev nyet khorosho*?" I say, meaning "Gorbachev no good?"



"Nyet khorosho!"

And that's it. I can't ask the obvious follow-up, which is how one can feel so strongly against the very person who made it possible for Soviet citizens to express their political opinions in the first place.

I took a tour of this city, which many of its people would like to see renamed St. Petersburg, and our Intourist guide lectured at length on the sorry state of the ecology and the economy and of political life in general. During a stop, some of us asked her why she disliked President Gorbachev so much, and she answered that it was because he was the one who, as the head of agriculture and the protégé of "the Old Men," had ruined the Soviet economy. Yet she seemed to miss "the Old Men," and what she resented most about the current situation was the breakdown of order and discipline. "Now everything is discussions," she said in explaining how the government was currently deadlocked over whether to build an ecologically unsound dike along the Neva River or to continue to suffer floods. "Every problem gets discussed and nothing ever gets done." Later, she apologized for the peddlers and illegal money changers who surrounded our bus. "It's because life has got so hard for us under this government," she said. "Have you seen the stores?"

I have seen the stores. There was a run on them last week, following an announcement that the market *perekhod* would start with steep price increases of most consumer goods. There hadn't been much in the stores to begin with—rice, tinned meats, crates of Cuban grapefruit juice, some sickly carrots, and more turnips than you would ever want to buy—but after the panic there was nothing left except packets of undrinkable Romanian tea and the smell of old onions. The bitterness in people's eyes as they hurried through the doors, surveyed the empty shelves, and hurried out again has stayed with me, and it has inspired the only other conversation I've practiced.

"Sotsializm?" I ask.

"Nyet!"

"Kapitalizm?"

"Da!"

Russia never had real capitalism before the Revolution, and, what with the ban on foreign travel, few Russians have any practical knowledge of how the system works. The kind of capitalism that people seem to envision doesn't have to do with market-related prices or with working even when you don't feel like it. The pioneers of the free market currently scurrying over the ruins of the Soviet economy are dedicated exclusively to perfecting the art of the hustle, and, in my languageless state, I have been their constant prey. There is full-scale hustling even in the main restaurant of the Leningrad Hotel, which is the city's largest hotel, and which, like every other hotel for foreigners, used to be monitored as closely as a nuclear submarine. Now waiters systematically deny my request for a menu, and the other evening one offered a friend and me "something wonderful—smoked fish, Georgian champagne, maybe a little salmon."

"How much?" we asked.

"Twenty dollars."

Seeing our surprise, the waiter instantly bargained himself down. "O.K., for you fifteen dollars. Both."

The hearty buffet dinner in the next room, we learned too late, cost the ruble equivalent of sixty cents.

I've felt safer at the hotel's coffee shops, one of which is to be found in a corner of every odd-numbered floor. The prices are posted—twelve kopeks for a bottle of water (never drink the nasty-smelling stuff from the tap), twenty-three kopeks for a slice of cheese—and the service is grouchy but swift. A coffee shop is where I headed yesterday after Boris Yeltsin's election. My Moscow friends don't like Yeltsin. They think he is inconsistent, incoherent, dangerously nationalistic, and much too vain, but the more I see of Russia the more it seems to me that such considerations are irrelevant when a people has never known a proper election. A lot of the older generation still like Stalin, all Russians love Peter the Great, and they will probably take to anyone else who looks big and daring and promises to harness their energies. I had been watching, on and off, the special session of the Russian Congress, which had gone on for days as Yeltsin failed to win a sufficiently large majority, and yesterday I flipped on the television in my room just in time for a closeup of his big, fleshy face. The camera panned to a tense crowd of reporters, then to an electronic panel on one side of the platform, which was flashing the last seconds of a countdown, and then back to Yeltsin, as a chairman announced something over the speaker system. I caught the words "Boris Nikolaevich Yeltsin," and saw his face convulse with what seemed to be the conflicting claims of a sob and a war whoop. Now the camera moved back, to show Yeltsin lumbering toward the platform (with a brief detour to lay a bunch of flowers on a woman delegate's desk) while the members of the Congress rose in a standing ovation to the first freely elected opposition leader in the Soviet Union's history.

I hadn't realized that the sessions were on delayed transmission, and that Yeltsin had been President of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic for hours by the time I found out he had won. The only people in the coffee shop when I got there were a quiet middle-aged couple sipping Armenian brandy.

"*Nomer votos*?" I gibbered. "*Nomer elektoralny*?"

The man blinked, and, taking out a pencil, scribbled the size of Yeltsin's majority on a piece of paper.

A phrase from the alphabet book flashed through my mind. "*My radi*?" ("Are we happy?")

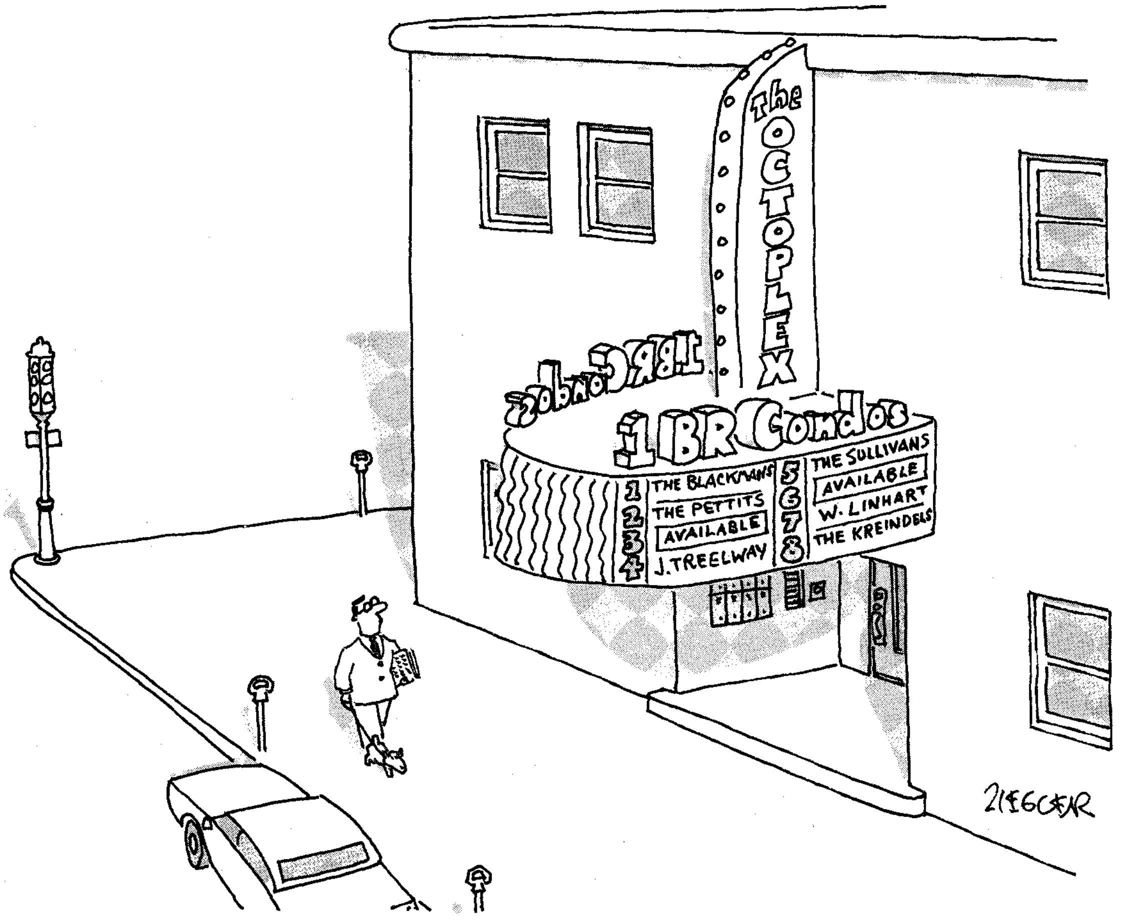
Oh, yes, the couple answered at once, talking over each other and at length until they saw incomprehension in my face. The man turned to his wife and asked her for a word in English. She didn't know it, and they couldn't think of it in French, either. Then the man snapped his fingers and, taking out his pencil again, wrote slowly, in enormous capital letters, "VICTORIA."

Absolute

AMONG the phrases that the audiophile Harry Pearson can inflect with a bitter irony unexampled even in these bitter and ironic times are "jewel box," "digital strings," and "perfect sound forever." These phrases (you learn in the course of an afternoon's conversation) are associated in Harry's mind with the propaganda by which (he thinks) music lovers have been hypnotized over the past few years into accepting the absurd notion that the digital sound of compact disks is better than the analogue sound of old vinyl records. "Jewel box" is the industry's official name for the little plastic case the disk comes in; "digital strings" is what Harry calls the brilliant or (as he hears it) unbearably harsh sound of massed violins playing fortissimo on CDs; and "perfect sound forever" was the millennial slogan by which an unholy alliance of Dutch engineers and American entrepreneurs killed off analogue records for reasons that (Harry is totally convinced) they would much sooner the public never found out. Harry, a passionate and ferociously learned and opinionated man, is the editor and publisher of a magazine called *The Absolute Sound*. He is known to other audiophiles as the Pope of Sea Cliff (he lives in Sea Cliff, Long Island), the Master, and Old Golden Ears.

"Digital is simply a human disaster," he said equably the other morning, in his home, a Victorian house near the harbor at Sea Cliff. The house was dark, as it often is, even in the middle of the day; one of Harry's other beliefs is that looking at audio equipment while listening to music is distracting. "When sound is cut off too quickly, some primitive mechanism is tripped in our minds," he went on. "Think of the forest, filled with life; it goes dead silent only in the presence of some horrible threat—a predator. That treasured CD 'silence'—its deadness between notes; its complete absence of any ambient sound, of the gentle, sustained decay of the violin, of the long, sighing afterbreath that follows the piano's percussive bang; its brutal indifference to the acoustic envelope in which music takes place—affects our limbic system in a profound way. Each time that silence occurs, our whole system panics, looking for the predator. No wonder bad digital sound is so horribly exhausting to listen to. After I listen to one of those CDs, I usually have to go and take a nap."

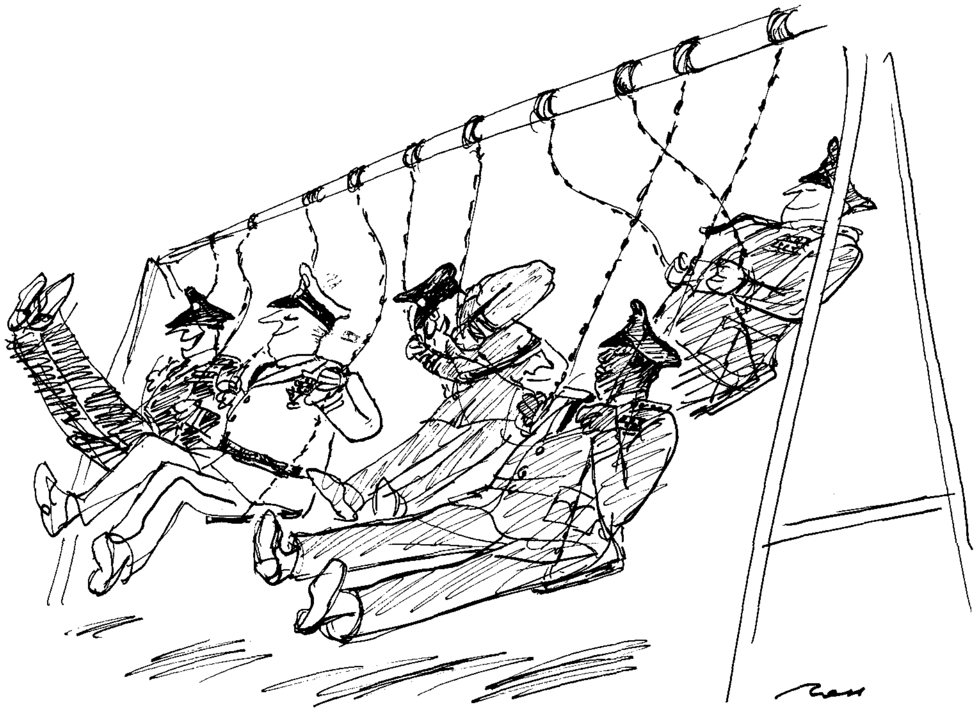
Harry is the Bill James of what is called the High End—a phrase Harry invented about ten years ago to refer to audio equipment that went out in search of the Absolute Sound (another of Harry's phrases). High Enders inhabit a world of exquisitely engineered



and calibrated audio equipment whose goal is to reproduce exactly the sound that, say, Alfred Brendel makes playing a Beethoven sonata in Symphony Hall—that sound alone, and not the sound of any other pianist playing any other piece in any other place. To achieve this goal, High Enders are accustomed to spending money on a scale that sooner or later begins to compare unfavorably with the price of just buying a piano and hiring Alfred Brendel to come over and play nights.

High Enders believe in a Paradise and a Fall. They are convinced that the best recorded sound there has ever been was made within a few years of the introduction of stereo recording—back in the late fifties and early sixties. "Analogue sound, especially as it was recorded by the engineers at places like Mercury and RCA in the early sixties, was simply the attempt to capture the vibrations of music as they occurred, in all their complexity and infinite nuance," Harry says. "Digital sound is, by its very nature, a partial, biased, tendentious account of those vibrations. The digital sampling of a sound is basically a way for a machine to jot down notes about what it's hearing. No matter how many you write down—and the current standard of forty-four thousand one hundred per second is, as even the digital Flat Earthers themselves admit, ridiculously low—at some point you stop. The thing shuts off, and you lose information. Real music never shuts off."

Harry's first record player was a Sears, Roebuck Silvertone portable, which his parents gave him when he was a teen-ager in North Carolina. "Somehow, in the South the hi-fi people seemed to be the only unbigoted people around," he recalls. After college, he became an environmental reporter for *Newsday*, when Bill Moyers was its publisher. After Moyers lost his job, Harry stayed on for a while, but he also began publishing *The Absolute Sound*. "I was regarded as frankly crazy when I started," he says. "I introduced the concept of the soundstage. That is, I insisted that recorded music has depth and width as well as clarity. Everyone accepts this now, but at the time it was regarded as crazy. 'What will he suggest next?' they jeered. 'That sound has *height*?' And then I realized that, yes, that was *precisely* the missing axis I was in search of."



The Joint Chiefs of Staff Taking Advantage of a Lull in World Affairs

• •

Some sounds are more absolute than others. High End taste in music runs to late-Romantic masterpieces: Shostakovich, Ravel, Mahler, Sibelius, Strauss. Faith in the Absolute Sound also involves belief in a doctrine of Mysterious Grace: certain old records, often produced by smallish orchestras on mid-price labels, seem for unknown reasons to have come closer than any others to achieving Absoluteness. One of those legendary records is a version of Rachmaninoff's "Symphonic Dances" recorded by the Dallas Symphony at S.M.U. in the early sixties. Audiophiles admire this record so much that one of their number, a Staten Island truck driver named Robert Marino, founded a new record company—Athena Records—whose entire catalogue consists of a re-release of the Dallas Symphony recording of Rachmaninoff's "Symphonic Dances." If Absolutism has a holy record, however, it is the original-soundtrack recording of Burt Bacharach's music for the 1967 James Bond spoof "Casino Royale." Photographs appear in *The Absolute Sound* of audiophiles clutching their newly found original pressings of "Casino Royale." The record's highlight—the absolute Absolute—is Dusty Springfield singing "The Look of Love."

After two decades of searching for the Absolute Sound, Harry has learned two things. "We have learned two principles: first, that no sound is absolute, and, second, that everything is audible," he told us. "The room, the walls, the baseboards of the original studio or hall all affect the sound; and then the ambient sound of the room you're listening in—its baseboards and plaster walls and the box of the speaker and the floor it sits on—*that's* all audible, too. Everything in the world vibrates at its own little musical resonance. Turntables have a sound, cables have a sound—the whole world sings. The endless impingings and overlappings and collisions of all those sounds are music, and we're searching for the absolute truth about performances within it. Recordings are witnesses, simple and modest or false and technical—each one with a different view of what happened. There were three billion analogue disks out there, and they didn't die a natural death. It was those three words, the most brilliant three-word Big Lie in modern history—'perfect sound forever.' You might have thought that every journalist would know that two of those words—'perfect' and 'forever'—were lies. I didn't expect them to know anything about the third word."

THE NEW RABELAISIANS

THEY'RE the ones who pay the bill—cash—after the cops bust in and shut down the bar and the all-nite glaziers arrive with the new plate-glass window.

They're The New Rabelaisians. They're not us, and we're not them. They're not anybody you know. Or maybe they're everybody you don't know.

Nobody knows but The New Rabelaisians.

The New Rabelaisians. Hear that jingle-jangle? It's the sound of their discretionary dollars, looking for new thrillways, new spillways.

The New Rabelaisians. And that spillway is called a whole new kind of magazine-involvement experience.

Or should we say, that *used* to be called a whole new kind of magazine-involvement experience.

Because since we started printing this, somebody came in and trashed the whole late-last-night world of—The New Rabelaisians? They're what *was*.

Now you can see a cleaner, leaner day a-dawning. And you can feel it in your teeth.

There. That $28k+ stud with the breakfast drink running down his shirt? That college-educated babe with the chocolate-croissant crumbs all over her kisser?

Meet The Young Slipshods.

They get their shut-eye only after The New Rabelaisians are already up and at 'em.

Greet The Young Slipshods.

They're the ones who believe—with 99 per cent of their net being—beliefs that make the rest of the world go "Huh?"

The Young Slipshods.

They'll take it crummy and they'll take it half-baked. But they got to take it now.

The Young Slipshods.

But a market can suddenly go cold, and lifemodes can suddenly grow old. So bid sayonara to The Young Slipshods. And subscribe to a whole rich new way of seeing, being, he-ing, she-ing, bopping, shopping.

Because The Post-Impulsives are here. Or were just a second ago.

The Post-Impulsives. They can't even remember what an attention span is. The Post-Impulsives. They haven't got time for instant gratification.

The Post-Impulsives. The first buying generation that's sold before it's told. And won't hang around to listen.

Think knee-jerk. Think hip-shot. Think? Not The Post-Impulsives. They act.

And for The Post-Impulsives there's only one place to be. To be seen to be. To be seen to be seen to be.

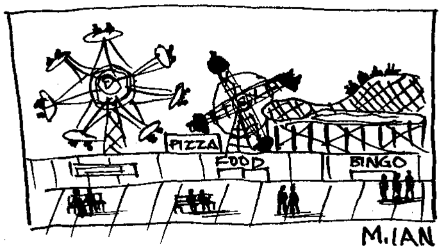
But now think again. Know what? Suddenly, nobody's looking anymore.

Because about one paragraph ago, today's Post-Impulsive segued into tomorrow's carer. Sharer. Marrier. Hod-carrying childbearer with a fox terrier.

And only one publication is out-front enough to know they're racing back the other way at a mile and $1.67 million of spendable grocery dollars a minute. Where mind-set meets money in a hard-edged, soft-toned downtown wonderworld of urban *individualismo* revolving around The Retro Metros.

The Retro-Metros. The collectors. The connectors. The Deco-Streamline-Populuxe taste vectors. Affluent (12 CD players per household) style arbiters at the prime of their decision-making peak. Men and women, women and men, age 29-30. They look over their shoulders only to see who's following them.

But don't look now, 'cause here come The Urban Visigoths, spending!



The take-charge, take-over, take-it-now 99.5-per-cent-male consumer cadre, half biker gang, half demographic bonanza. From Harleys to handguns, from motor oil to mescaline, The Urban Visigoths know what they want. Want what they know. And six out of ten of 'em want to know it when we want them to. Every other month.

Or *thought* they did—until you read this sentence.

Which *this* sentence just made obsolete.

Here they come, moving at 22 malls per hour through Mid-America in mid-stride: The Midlife Spendthrifts. Moving to the beat of today like there's no tomorrow. And what a tomorrow, with $50 billion of net worth and no place to spend it—till now.

Or should we say, till then?

Because one new magazine knows older is bolder. And starting here, starting now, they're starting all over again. Every day they pick apart the pecking order. Make monkey business out of master plans. And give the old heave-ho to hierarchies.

They can afford to. They're The Higher-Archies. The gilded ($345,876 billion spent on brown goods in 1989 alone) new generation of granddads and grandmoms, geriatric go-getters who won't take No Sale for an answer.

And they're already gone. Pushed aside by the sheer economic clout of The Gray Nineties. America's 44.5 million nonagenarians with too much disposable income. And not enough time.

But you knew it had to happen, and now it has. The new kind of magazine aimed at the last, vast, untapped audience.

And they've got all the time in the cosmos for your message.

All the time that ever was and ever will be for your message.

All the time until the end of time. Just for your message.

—BRUCE MCCALL

IN THESE ISLANDS

IN the winter of 1949, in the Antipodes, Julia Bogle wrote to her lover.

"We are on a height here, with mist in the mornings. The house is large, humid, sunless. The garden, damper still, is shaded by trees, chiefly beech, and enclosed against the incessant wind by a hedge of yews. No flower beds, but many plants and bushes of the cool-flowering kind—fuchsia, hydrangea. Camellias have bloomed since we arrived, in streaks of colors such as you never saw. There are ferns, and bunchy groves where violets and lily of the valley will appear when September comes round. On the north, with some sun, a wistaria in woolly bud is strangling a derelict arbor. All this gets the attention of Jimsy, from Dumfries, who does the neighborhood gardens; and also of Miss Fry, who occasionally comes to sew for my mother and to make expert repairs to the moldered curtains, lace mats, furniture, and even carpets of the absent owners. Miss Fry brings a hush. Swift at her work, infinitely polite, she observes us; but of herself tells nothing. A dozen ready sources inform us, however, that her name is Elinor, that she speaks French (which makes her a prodigy in this land), and that she lost her fiancé in 1914. She is nearing sixty, and lives with widowed mum in Kelburn, a suburb adjoining ours. Miss Fry has a good face—handsome, yet somehow bare, perhaps from giving so much unreciprocated attention. Spare, also, in build; well dressed always, in one or the other of two 'costumes,' as they're called: jacket, skirt, and blouse of discreet and Fry-like tones."

Reading over, she saw that she had been too knowing about Elinor Fry, and added: "What she brings is not 'hush,' but calm. She is the best thing that happens."

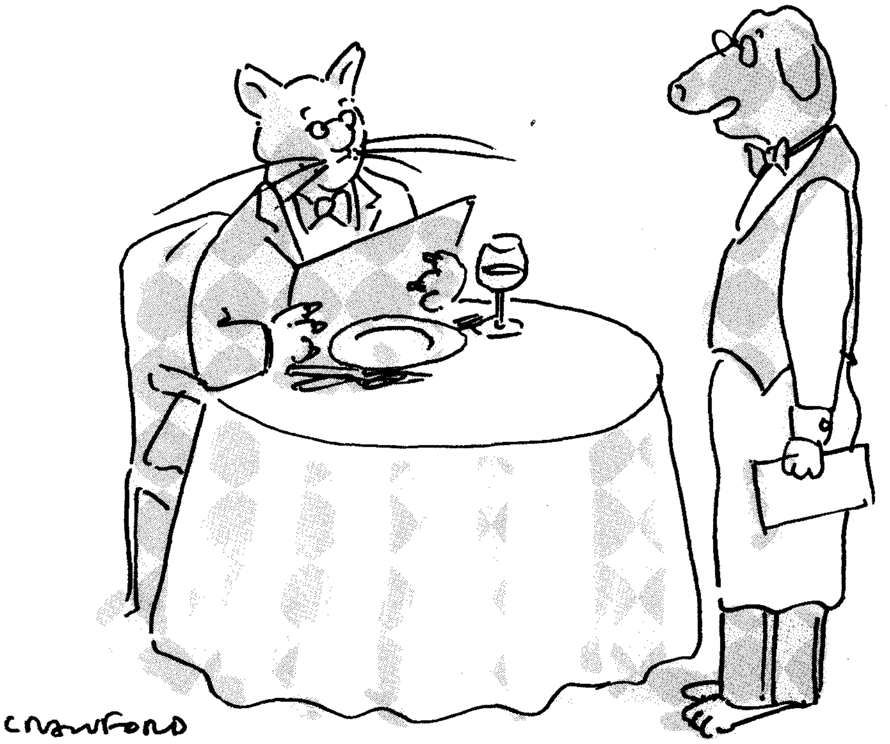
On Sunday afternoons, writing her letter, Julia Bogle herself grew calm and repossessed of powers. It was the sole occasion of her exile—the hour of affinities preserved from and for another life. Existence, distilled in that exercise, was emblematic in its materials: a pad of blue imported paper, a good black Parker pen, the envelopes marked "Air," for freedom, on which she wrote his name; and the tiny Florentine leather box with its flutter of New Zealand stamps. If the incidents of intervening days were weighed, and even experienced, for possible recounting in the letter, that was less for their interest than as an opportunity for artistry: to demonstrate that a girl of eighteen, helplessly transported to the last place on earth, might yet write what an eminent man would read with pleasure in a self-sufficient northern metropolis at the heart of the great world. The love that moved her then became nearly joyful, subsumed as it was into inspiration.

The need for cleverness stood guard over a more reckless impulse toward simplicity.

Miss Fry's time was afternoon. It was Julia who prepared the tea tray and carried it to where Miss Fry, in an overall of ochre linen, sat at her work: always the small circular black tin tray, the white-and-gold Rockingham cup, and two ginger snaps poised like coins on the saucer. Miss Fry—who said, "Thank you, how kind," as the tray arrived, and "Thank you, delicious," when it was removed—one day looked up over a porcelain rim with receptivity. Additional words came to be exchanged—although never, as the weeks wore on, very many words at one time; for Elinor Fry dealt with friendship as with some quick creature, lizard or leveret, that might dart from an obtrusive hand.

"Miss Fry has invited me. Next Sunday at four, while my parents are still at the roast lamb, I make my way to Nightingale Road. Her mother is said to be a personality, although that, here at Wellington, might signify the least quiver of animation. Did I tell you"—knowing she had not—"that I wore my rose-colored coat in the town and was stared at? In these islands, where virtue begins with self-effacement, any sign of life is dangerously flashy. Decent persons are home by six, when the streets of the capital fall silent. Despite this, there is, maddeningly, enough true decency to make dislike impossible."

ON the Sunday, Julia set out in small rain, wearing a mackintosh and stout shoes that could draw no glance. Devoid of glances, suburban streets undulated on a Jurassic rise. No car or person passed. There was the indoor bark of a bored dog, and a crystal shake of drops from low branches. Weatherboard houses stood back from the footpath, insubstantial: you might have displaced them with the flat of one hand. Roofs of corrugated iron had been painted dully red. Behind low palings or a hedge of box, gardens laid out like military grids were unlikely to grow riotous with summer. Air of uninhabited freshness rushed at



"We're out of the cat food. Permit me to recommend the dog food."

curves and inclines with its southern chill. There was, too, a southward vision of cold sea, and of the distant, gorse-grown hills that shaped the bay. Across the strait, and beyond the flung skein of farther land, the sole matter of consequence was the South Pole, to whose white magnet the nation was drawn, even while directing its thoughts elsewhere.

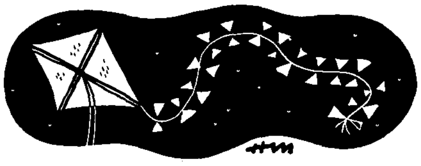
In the large setting, the city was small, rickety, irrelevant: unresponsive to destiny. And the girl saw herself creeping, Lilliputian, over the disregarded topography of the lower globe; walking to Kelburn, with no expectation of change.

She was soon dreaming, once more, the only possible dream.

Near Nightingale Road, a cyclist saluted her. This waterproofed boy—who steadied a basket, precious, between handlebars—was Sid Briggs, whose parents helped with dinners. Cooking and serving, the Briggses also rented out for an evening not only tableware but, for a set fee, a centerpiece of hothouse fruit that could be returned next day with additional payment for items consumed by any inconsiderate or vindictive guest. (The grapes, snipped and dusted, might do another round or two; while a softening of pears or peaches could be disguised by greenery.) As to parties, the father—in youth a boxer, and known yet as Tiger Briggs—would arrive early to set up drinks, while Sid, in the kitchen, deftly chopped and spread. It was Mrs. Briggs, however, who ran the show, gave tongue, and cultivated her legend. Of short, pouting build, her liveliness ever within bounds, she had sized up the situation and was content to be a character—who knew, at the grander gatherings, what the Prime Minister would drink, and was mindful of the ulcer of the High Commissioner; who rallied to the greetings of Sir Keith or Sir Patrick, but never quite took a liberty—liberty being, to her, of no importance. A small measure of power, benign but attestable, was what she was after, in her black rayon dress, apron scalloped in organdie, and cuffs white as the paws of some immaculate pet. At home she recounted to her men what she had heard and overheard, and reigned in consequence.

At No. 12, Julia pushed a solid gate. A roof was visible above old trees. Shrubs in prodigious bloom gave place to a cloud of spring flowers. The house was slate blue, and otherwise distinctive, being large and high, with fretted woodwork about the eaves. Upstairs and down, bay windows shone like mirrors, displaying curtains of white gauze. And Miss Fry was in the doorway, mildly smiling and extending her mild hand.

The girl gave up coat and umbrella: "They're not really wet." Because she had not opened the umbrella, her hair hung flat and dark on her shoulders. At such moments, Julia Bogle recovered her youth, which had been overwhelmed by her adult sorrows; and was shy. Miss Fry, however, would not assume authority, as people are apt to do on their own ground. And they were thus briefly immobilized.



The living room smelt of freesias and floor wax. Charcoal briquettes the size of duck eggs were burning in the grate. There was expansiveness, quite free of that cut crystal and walnut veneer on which the neighborhood

WORLD WITHOUT END

If you believe the various records and registers,
on the very morning that the Genoese, in the commission
of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Castile, set
foot on the island of Guanahani–San Salvador–Watling,
Piero della Francesca died at the Via Aggiunti,
in the town of his birth, Borgo Sansepolcro.
If you believe Vasari he was blind. The works
lead us to believe that this Euclidean scholar's
round-bellied women turned finally,
in the "Madonna of the Birth,"
into a sort of Riemannian proposition of beauty.
That enormous-bellied woman in Monterchi
may have been homage to Piero's own mother,
called Francesca or Romana, depending
on whom you believe. And she may have been
buried in the adjoining graveyard the year before
Piero drew the curtains open, held by his familiars,
his constant angels draped in red and green
with alternating, matching socks and wings.
They present one more enigma of Piero—
this utterly peculiar image, a single maternal face
of fear, peace, desperation, patience, exhaustion.
Beneath the bursting drapery of her blue dress,
a slit of white underdress covers a belly
expectant, low and round like the globe.
I believe the third Book of the Dead
of the Confraternity of San Benedetto,
which registers the end on 12 October 1492, and
I believe he left this world in peace at the very moment
that Columbus was confounded by the roundness of the earth.
And so believe that the master of perspective
closed his part of the Renaissance, a birth
in the Old World and a life that so loved
the even older East of Constantinople,
by ceding spirit to the new one, mother
of all manner of strange round fruit,
its baskets of tomatoes, corn kernels, potatoes,
and to what was being born there, a new form of innocence,
three dimensions of roundness where everything converges
without parallel lines. And where the son of my
future was, remains, and becomes a mystery of flesh.

—Judith Baumel

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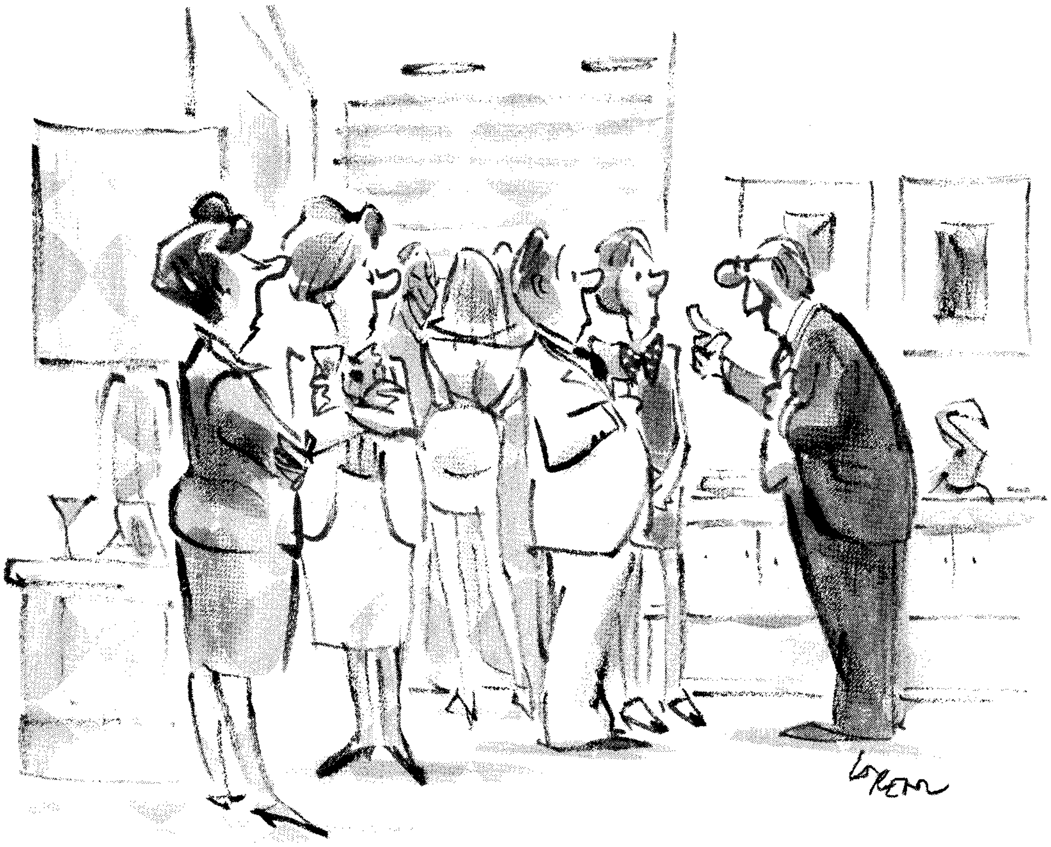


"David writes all his own speeches."

liked to insist. Chairs, a desk, a sofa, all aged and admirable, came, clearly, from the great elsewhere. There was a large rug from the Indies. A pair of glazed cases held the leather colors of old books. In a farther room, on open shelves, books lined a wall. Everything appeared to be in an agreeable state of use. On a table, a lamp was lit against the dark day; and, overhead, a glass disk hung from three bright chains.

"You found Nightingale Road." Mrs. Fry had come, startling, out of a chair.

Her daughter explained, "Mother tends to materialize."

"So you've come to enliven us."

Julia said, "That wasn't made a condition of acceptance."

"It is understood." Mrs. Fry was a straight stem, flowering into a nimbus of white hair. When she sat, her dark dress spread on sofa cushions that were the texture of fine sand. Beauty, long drained of its erotic appeal, had remained a habit. She went on, "Whoever comes here from the outer world brings novelty. Above all, a young person and pretty."

"Mother, you're perhaps too personal." Miss Fry had taken a workbasket on her lap. In becoming a daughter, she had not relinquished personality. She herself began, now, to be beautiful—the gray hair in a coil, the thoughtful brow and pliant wrist.

"You have fine eyes, which is lucky, because the eyes last." Mrs. Fry's own dark eyes, now soft, now bright, had lasted. "I have my father's eyes. He was bishop of Wellington, my parents came out by reason of his appointment. It was four months, then, from Britain, on the sea." She said, "Like your own parents, they came for a fixed term. But life will not always abide by such arrangements."

Both women had low, clear speech, unhesitating.

"My father had this house built to his taste—taste not being otherwise procurable. There were woods here then, we were in countryside. I remember, on our land, a great stand of kauri that was felled, when I was seven, to make houses. Buildings were all of wood at that time, even in the town, for fear of the earthquakes. Strangely, it was only after the great earthquake at Napier, not twenty years ago, that they started in earnest with their concrete and bricks. Men," she said, "feel compelled to test their fate: to learn, once and for all, who is master."

"Where we are," said the girl, "it's mainly beech."

"Native birch, as they call it, I don't know why."

"*Nothofagus*." Miss Fry was stitching a geometrical design, blood red, on a fold of canvas.

"The road itself was made after we came. And named, of course, for the heroine rather than the bird. Miss Nightingale then was still living; but died, mercifully, just before the Great War. Elinor is named for her—Elinor Florence."

Miss Fry observed that the name had been current in past ages, but had lapsed for a time: "It was revived in the last century by English travellers to Italy. Such gestures were in fashion. Shelley, too, gave the name of Florence to a son born there." She drew new silk from a crimson twist.

"I was born upstairs," said Mrs. Fry, taking up her own thread, "in the room over this. The house had been intended as a second residence for the bishop; but my father loved it, and, when his term was out, he arranged to buy. We stayed on. My poor mother was dying of tuberculosis, and could not undertake the journey home. After her death, my father and I set sail, and the house was rented for many years." She said, "Elinor's impatient, having heard it all."

"She doesn't look impatient."

"And am not," said Miss Fry. "But will bring the tea."

"Sometimes she says, 'Mother, don't start on the memories.' "

"Only when the theme is painful to either or both of us." The daughter had laid down her work. "There's Indian, of course, but we have excellent China."

"Thank you, China."

WHEN Miss Fry had gone, her mother remarked, "Why not tell one's story? There are so few stories here, or perhaps a fear of telling. I myself forget much of the forty years I spent in England after my marriage. In all that time I came here only twice. The voyage was so long, whether by the Red Sea or the Cape route. As it is still."

On the waterfront there was the office of the Shaw Savill line. In a window on the street, black hull and red funnels made their stately getaway. People went in to get brochures, to inquire, to embellish the fantasy. Durban, Cape Town, Las Palmas—the stations of pilgrimage were known by heart to all the nation.

Julia Bogle was thinking, So long, so far. Like others before her, she began to doubt that she would ever leave.

Mrs. Fry said, "Don't grieve. You will change it all. Luck is always welcome—but one must make the great changes for oneself or it doesn't amount to destiny." On this word, the house fell profoundly silent, as it one day would without her. In the distant kitchen, Elinor Fry made no sign. The old woman said, "Some possibilities are open to you. What is terrible is to be quite helpless under events. As in those wars."

Over the mantel, there was a fine picture, a tall seascape that was mostly sky. Julia was looking up at this with unblinking eyes, which, at the sound of kindness, had filled with tears.

"I made the trip alone, soon after I was widowed. That was early in 1914. The year having become an epoch, and terrible, one forgets that it was largely passed in peace. Elinor was in the south of France. She had fallen in love with a Frenchman, a landowner from the Var, and his parents said, 'Stay.' So she remained. A decrepit old house they had: the *mas*, as they call it—handsome but not comfortable, like the man himself. He was killed that October, at the Ypres salient. And Elinor stayed on in the Var."

Elinor Fry came back, impassive, with a large teak tray.

"How good, Elinor, the smell of that tea. It must be a new caddy."

Miss Fry, seated, told Julia, "There's an importer—"

"The only one," put in her mother.

"—on Customhouse Quay, upstairs, in a room without windows."

"He is quite concealed. Elinor found him, through those people who rent out fruit and flowers."

"The Briggses."

They all smiled.

"This man has pâté, spices, and interesting preserves. Small pleasures must diffuse themselves by stealth, here. The Scots heritage is strong: mortification of flesh and spirit."

"Mother, surely an exaggeration."

"I am half Scots myself, and may say so. My mother was a MacPherson, from Fife. How good these patties are, Elinor."

Julia said, "Everything's good—a feast. High tea."

"My dear, not quite. High tea, to be correct, must include meat—pressed tongue, at the very least, or smoked fish. It should include, we used to say, that which has drawn breath. Ham sandwiches can scarcely qualify, still less sardines. Our present cakes, too, are of a somewhat frivolous kind for a true high tea. All are made by Elinor with the exception of the frothy one, concocted by our Italian maid and called *zuppa inglese*. Said to be modelled on trifle—if one blob may serve as model for another. Elinor, now we need hot water." When her daughter had departed, the old woman went on, "To have been on earth, merely, during the First World War is to have experienced hell. Afterwards, everywhere, the excruciating sense of mourning. In France, when I would visit Elinor in her slavery down in the Var, it seemed nearly audible: a world in tears. It was that, I daresay, set me to thinking of coming home—not to this country but to this house, which in memory had remained a shelter. I am saying, Elinor, that I put it to you, in 1927, would you come with me?"

"It was a venture," said Elinor, returning. "I was ready for something of the kind."

"Of the kind!" her mother exclaimed. "A removal to New Zealand has no kindred." She said, "Elinor had, however, nothing to lose but the drudgery of staying where she was."

"I had learned to be of use." For all her composure, it was not difficult, in Elinor's case, to imagine wild weeping.

"She had re-made that house in France: rugs, furniture, the very pictures, retrieved from ancient squalor. Garden, orchard—even pigpen—had become beautiful. There was an *allée*, of indescribable romance, where peacocks walked at evening, going up at dusk to roost in the cedars."

"I had nothing to do with that. There were peacocks long before my time." The daughter reached again for her work, extending the smooth arm that had carried swill to pigs. "I never changed the growth of that path, which was sublime. As to the rest, the work was a satisfaction."

"She had learned to care for things." Some emphasis on the word.

YOU ARE HERE
STEVENSON

“For their own sake,” said Elinor. “Not from acquisitiveness.”

The mother gestured grandly. It was the first such movement of her hands. “Everything here is of her creation, indoors and out. Even my dress.” Fingering a fold. “Repair especially is her genius.”

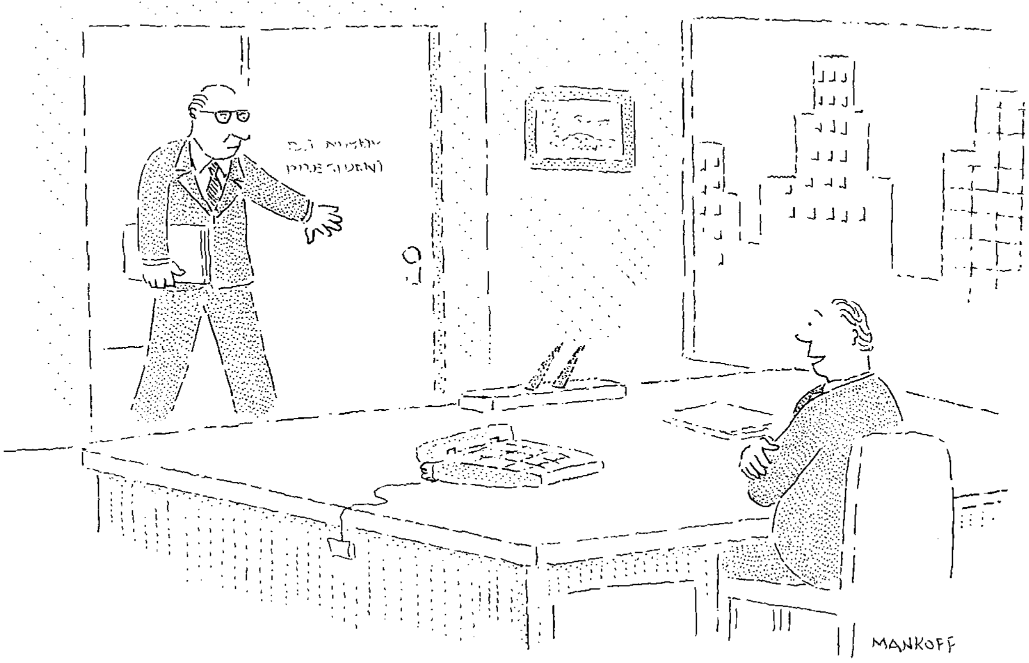
“I enjoy, simply, the civility of what is well made.”

“It’s the need to love,” said the mother. “Balked of love, women will turn to religion, to pets or plants, to things inanimate. Elinor’s generation was cut off from loving by the Great War. ‘Thy sword hath made women childless,’ says the Bible.”

Miss Fry had the sewing-box on her lap.

“Afterwards, in the dreadful aftermath, one found those women teaching in the schools, working in hospital wards. For some, perhaps, life even gained in meaning; they were spared certain other cruelties. But that is a hypothesis, whereas the denial of love is a fact.”

EVERYTHING HE NEEDED TO KNOW HE LEARNED IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL



“Tough noogies, chief—you forgot to call ‘Reserved’ when you left your desk.”

“But the men,” said Julia. “It was the men who died.”

“They were deluded,” said Elinor Fry, “by their own desire for motion. These outermost lands, in particular, promised no other experience, offered no other escape. They did not call it death, they called it action.”

“Killed in action.” This was Mrs. Fry.

The girl said, “It’s in Thucydides. That the young men longed to see far places, and couldn’t believe they might die.” Julia, who had been indistinct, was recovering line and color. Her hair, having dried, fell loose and fair. She looked more like herself—a self that was yet to be. “All the youth of Athens was drawing the map of Sicily on the ground. In imagination they were already conquerors.”

At that moment, all three women were passive, relieved by immemorial truth.

Mrs. Fry said, but languidly: “In their thoughts, all men are conquerors.” Mother and daughter were breathing in quiet sighs. They were thinking, The Sicilian expedition, the Dardanelles, the Somme. While the girl wondered, When shall I sail?—and in her mind sketched the map of the world.

The old lady, with a second gesture, seemed to indicate the heavens.

Elinor Fry said, “A tremor.”

Overhead, the lamp swung lightly on three chains. In the grate, the white-hot eggs collapsed in ash.

The vibration, infinitesimal but absolute, passed through the room, and on, on through all the decorous suburbs: shivering some plaster, fracturing an ornament or two; and bringing down, in a parlor in Thompson Street, a dim painting of Mt. Egmont.

Miss Fry asked, “Shall I clear away?”

“I should like something more,” said her mother, “but cannot think what it would be.” As the dishes were assembled, she went on, “We might read the passage this evening, Elinor, in Thucydides.” Having closed her eyes as if to doze, she suddenly said, “They are more frequent this year,” in reference to the tremor.

WALKING home in rain, Julia Bogle thought, I didn’t enliven them: it was all the other way. She went over it in thought—the world of women, the lovely room, and how the daughter held her own with the swift mother. Although the bishop had been commended, husband and father had gone unmentioned. These lives had been suspended in the legendary summer of 1914. But Mrs. Fry had laughed with the laugh of a merry girl; and Elinor had used the word “sublime.”

When Elinor Fry put away the dishes, she sat again in her chair. Her mother said, “Let us not read tonight, after all, about the Sicilian expedition”; and the daughter, in agreement, took up her work from habit. Later, however, she sat with idle hands and thought of matters, pure or terrible, that were known to her alone; and of how, at evening, the peacocks parading in the *allée* were led by the eldest, the doyen, who would one day be supplanted in a duel to the death.

When they roused themselves to go upstairs, as they had done at that hour for more than twenty years, Mrs. Fry said: “Perhaps, at this moment, Julia is writing a love letter.”

“I hope so,” said Elinor Fry.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

LETTER FROM GERMANY

Peter Schmidt always wanted to leave East Germany. He did not so much want to go to West Germany as he wanted to get away from East Germany and from his angry father and his anxious mother and from all the policemen and plant managers and Party proselytizers whose job it was to undermine a dreamy teen-age boy with a box of Jefferson Airplane tapes under the bed and a thirdhand motorcycle chained to the bannister. He wanted to be free, although he didn't really know what "freedom" meant besides freedom to stop school and never have to apprentice in a people's factory or play war games in the rain for the draft army of the German Democratic Republic. Peter was what the Germans call a *Schlüsselkind*—a latchkey child. He thought of himself as a "child of rock," but he was really more like one of those lonely, wistful boys sent into the world each morning with a key on a string around their necks and orders to stay in school until the janitor locked up and then to play in the parking lot and otherwise pass the time until a parent came home from work, or a neighbor arrived to make the cocoa, or the weather forced them to use their keys and wait indoors, in a small, cramped flat in a "new town" that was cut off from the city, and from the life of the city, by a four-lane ring road no one was allowed to cross. Peter did not have much of an education. He left school at sixteen to apprentice. He worked in a big Rostock garage, overhauling armored cars for the Warsaw Pact, and his ambition was to lie around all day and listen to his sixties tapes, from America, while his mother fussed over him and washed his jeans and maybe braised a juicy Polish ham—his mother was from Gdansk, and ham and potatoes were her specialty—or to get on his motorcycle and head west into the never-never land beyond the Schlutup-Selmsdorf checkpoint.

He would wait for his morning train at the South Rostock S-Bahn station and watch the Copenhagen express speed by on its special "transit" tracks, next to the subway tracks, and see the young Danes in their compartments, drinking, laughing, kissing, waving to *him*, and he would think about borders. Once, when he was visiting his grandmother—she lives in a village I'll call Baumberg, on the Baltic coast, forty miles from the border—he picked up a Swedish hitchhiker with long hair and a Walkman and drove him on his motorcycle to the checkpoint and watched him walk across, whistling to the sound of Elton John, and saw for himself, he says, "where my world ended and his did not." That was when Peter decided to leave East Germany. It was April 10, 1981. The whole family knows the day. It marks their troubles, more than the day he actually tried to leave and was arrested, or the day he was sentenced and was sent to prison in a boxcar, or the day he was "bought" by West Germany for fifty thousand Deutsche marks, or the day he left for Hamburg, or even the day, this spring, he made his first trip home. "April 10, 1981," his mother, Hannelore, will say. "The day Peter met the Swedish hitchhiker." "April 10, 1981," his brother, Rainer, will say. "The day Peter was sad because the Swedish hitchhiker could go to Lübeck and he could not." (Most of the names in this article have been changed, and some details have been disguised.)

"The 'Times' gave my book a favorable review, which is the last thing in the world I wanted."

What Peter wanted in the West was not money or democracy, or even record stores with aisles devoted entirely to the Stones and the Grateful Dead and the other sounds that had arrived in the German Democratic Republic twenty years past their moment. He wanted something East Germany had lost, and he could not have described it except as a longing that was really a longing for himself, for an energy, an adequacy, a confidence that would connect him with the world. East Germany, trying to teach him *what* he was—trying to produce a worker for a workers' state, someone not too smart, not too skeptical, someone coöperative—had neglected to teach him anything about *who* he was or how to get to be himself. He longed for himself the way the boys he eventually got to know in Hamburg longed for girls or jobs or BMWs. It produced in him a deep passivity. He told his Hamburg friends that West Germany was too ambitious, too aggressive—he missed what he called the "closer, dirtier life" at home. At first, they thought he was exotic. They did not know what else to make of him. They thought he was laid back and supercool—that suffering had "detached" him, that it had given him a special claim on truth, which was unavailable to the radical sons and daughters of the Hamburg bourgeoisie, whose most defiant gestures had to do with drinking beer with the skinheads at their squats on the St. Pauli Hafenstrasse. But in the end they got impatient with Peter. They decided he was lazy, indolent, maybe a little strange. They did not know what he was waiting *for*, or why he expected to be taken care of—why he did not get up and go out and participate, like his roommate, Rudolf Klaassen, who was getting a doctorate in history and played guitar with a heavy-metal band and, whenever he was broke, went out and found himself a job. Rudolf was a proper Hamburg radical. It didn't matter to him if he made his money teaching typists how to use computers or hauling sacks at the post office or hawking the *Morgenpost* at traffic lights on the Reeperbahn or changing the labels on expired cans of mushrooms and tomatoes at a Hamburg wholesaler's warehouse. He could handle the system, whereas Peter Schmidt refused to take a job in the system. Peter refused to study in the system, or find a girl in the system, or even do the dishes in the system if he was not instructed to do the dishes. He could follow instructions, but it turned out that he could not easily be free. The freedom he dreamed of was always across some border, on the other side, away from prison or distress or the dinner dishes. It had as little to do with West Germany, with its strident competence, as it had to do with East Germany, with its strident apathy. Peter says that maybe the problem of being East German, the pity of being East German, is that you are always at your best, and your clearest, standing at a wall or a border or a prison door, reflecting on the other side.

BONDINO
THE
AMAZING
WOODMAN

"Any checks, dear?"

• •

GERMANS talk about themselves. They talk about their pursuit of "Germanness" and their brooding interest in what being German means. They talk about *Innerlichkeit*. They say they want to find the space in their heads, the appropriate "innerness," where the German soul is located—where Germany is located—and in the end that space is so compelling that they tend to see it everywhere, to regard the world around them as a natural correlative of themselves. Whether they arrive as armies or as teen-age refugees, like Peter, they carry with them a kind of blind entitlement. In their enthusiasm for themselves, they turn everything desirable into "Germany" and everything not Germany into a problem. They do not use the word *Lebensraum* anymore—they know that Hitler used it—but they think about *Lebensraum*. They talk about that space in their heads, with *its* borders, the way Helmut Kohl talked a couple of months ago about reviewing the status of the German-Polish border—as if the frustrations of a deepening, expanding, incorporating identity were their appropriate condition, the condition of being German. They talk about it the way Frenchmen talk about drinking wine as a condition of being French, and Englishmen talk about brawling at soccer matches as a condition of being English. Peter says he is "against nationalisms," but he talks about Germanness, too. He says that he never felt "so German" as he did in prison—which may be why he was so lost, and disappointed, outside. Being down and out at twenty-five in the city of Hamburg was not the kind of freedom he had come to believe in when he looked across the bay toward Lübeck—or, indeed, out the window of his prison cell. He had thought that "Peter Schmidt" left East Germany with the Swedish hitchhiker and was waiting for him across the border, emblematic and complete, like one of the Baltic pines on the hill behind his grandmother's farmhouse. He had thought that "Peter Schmidt" was there, waiting to be claimed.

THERE are sixteen million East Germans and sixty-two million West Germans—which means that by

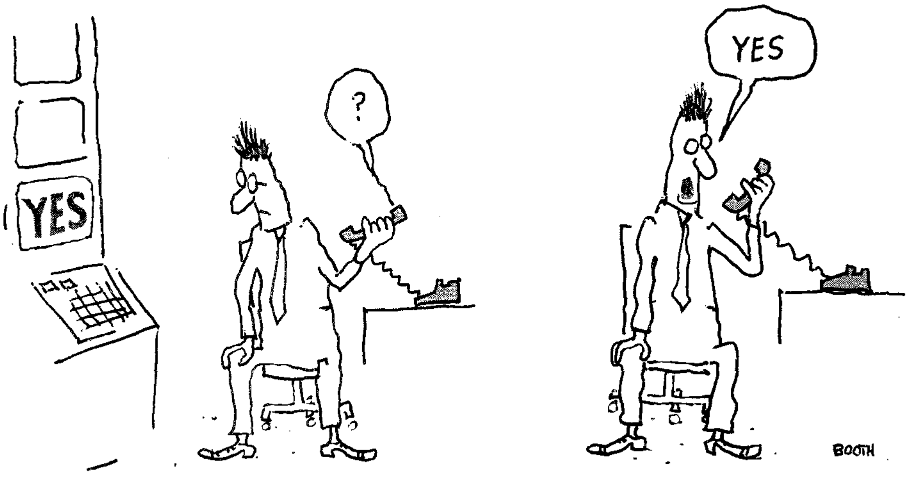
WHEELER, ARE YOU GOING TO LUNCH?

the end of the year there will be seventy-eight million new "German" citizens. There will be no more Bundis (West Germans are known in the G.D.R. as Bundis, because they come from the Bundesrepublik) crossing for the weekend in their Mercedeses, wearing Italian leather and designer jeans and wielding video cameras and fresh fruit and hard currency, like wampum, at the natives, trying to buy a piece of backward, "unspoiled" landscape for themselves. There will be no more Ossis (for *Ost*) like Peter, coming west on motorbikes or in their noxious, sputtering pink and blue Trabants, demanding housing allowances and health allowances and hardship allowances and, finally, the jobs and flats that Bundis claim were meant for them. There will be seventy-eight million "Germans" in the country that was properly theirs for less than seventy-five years. They will settle down with each other, and try to ignore their antipathy, wondering if the bargain they struck for each other is something good, something restorative, or a mail-order marriage of contentious strangers who have travelled too far and said too much—and spent too much—to separate.

It does not much matter in the end if the Ostmark and the Deutsche mark are exchanged at parity, which is what the East Germans demanded and got, or at a rate of two to one, which is what the West Germans (who are for all practical purposes buying East Germany) tried to propose. It does not much matter if the country unites according to Article 146 of the Basic Law—the law that has been West Germany's "provisional" constitution for forty years—and convokes constituent assemblies in Bonn or in Berlin and drafts a new German constitution, or according to Article 23, which establishes the right of the five old German states incorporated now as "East Germany" to vote themselves into existence again and then to "leave" East Germany and "adhere to Germany" (the way the Saarland did when it "left" France in 1957) and declare the Basic Law the official German constitution. It does not much matter if half the new democrats in East Germany were informers for the Stasi—the secret police in the G.D.R. was called the Staatssicherheitsdienst—or if the politicians in Bonn or Berlin or in a united Germany decide to destroy their files or expose them. (There are five million Stasi files in the hands of East German citizens' committees like Neues Forum, and everybody is arguing about their political uses.) What does matter is that the seventy-eight million Germans take a look at each other, fifty-seven years after Weimar, and try to decide what they mean by being German, and by being Germany. It is not entirely clear to many of them that they belong together, or even that they want to belong together.

When the Wall came down, in November—it was November 9th, and while the date was familiar not many people in either Germany seemed to remember why it was familiar, or what had happened on Kristallnacht, fifty-one years earlier—it was, arguably, to keep East Germans in East Germany by offering them the freedom to go. No one talked then, at least in public, about uniting Germany. East Germans said that there was no question of uniting. They were going to find a "third way" and build a free new country that would be better and more humane—"softer"—than the Bundesrepublik, and it is interesting that even now no one in East Germany can say for sure who talked first about unification, or when, or which side of the Wall he came from. All they can say is that sometime last fall demonstrators in Leipzig stopped chanting "We are the people!" and started chanting "We are one people!," and after that the only real question was how much money it was going to cost West Germany to persuade Gorbachev. But after twenty-eight years of a wall Germans did not know each other anymore. They did not know—whatever their claims to "Germanness"—if they would get along. They had different priorities. They did not mean the same things by the words they used to describe themselves. (The East German Christian Democrats are Protestants, for example, and they were shocked to discover that the West German Christian Democrats, many of them Catholic, expected them to oppose abortion or, being conservatives, to save state money by shutting down their day-care centers.) Two hundred thousand people moved west in the first two months after the Wall came down, and another two hundred thousand have moved this year, which would seem to suggest that some East Germans would rather *be* West Germans right away (and forget about getting along with West Germans) than wait at home to join West Germany as poor relations with their hands out and their embarrassing failure to account for.

In the end, it was mainly the West Germans who wanted them to stay in the G.D.R. The politicians were slow to admit it, even when workers in West Germany started trashing East German cars and blocking checkpoints and occupying the school gyms where some of the refugees were housed. Oskar Lafontaine, who is the Social Democrats' candidate for Chancellor, got up at a meeting in December and talked about the social cost of the immigration, but he was the first impor-



tant West German politician who talked so bluntly. He said that there was no "German" reason to be enthusiastic about taking hundreds of thousands of East Germans into the Bundesrepublik, about offering them jobs and housing and all the costly blessings of West Germany's bountiful welfare state. He had lived his life in the West, and he felt as close to people in, say, Austria as he did to East Germans. He had grown up knowing Austrians, but he had never known many East Germans. The fact is that after the Wall went up not many West Germans had an interest in visiting East Germany. The trip was too difficult. The wait at the checkpoints was too long. The surveillance was too harrowing.

Willy Brandt, who was the West German Chancellor from 1969 to 1974, had an interest in East Germany. Brandt and his ambassador in East Berlin, Günter Gaus, made a commitment to Ostpolitik. They wanted to keep lifelines open, though those lines were mainly for the East Germans, and had to do with a faith that somewhere, maybe in the old workers' cafés on the dim-lit streets of East Berlin, there were still socialists dreaming of a better world—that if those old socialists were acknowledged, and not abandoned, some of their dreams would survive, and even temper, the ideology of "economic miracle" in the Bundesrepublik. Ostpolitik did not do much for ordinary West Germans. It made a lot of businessmen rich and gave West Germany seven or eight billion Deutsche marks a year in East German markets, but the most that West Germany actually saw of East Germany was the relatives who got to visit once a year and the pensioners who were permitted, and even encouraged, to emigrate when they retired, so that West Germany would have to pay their social security. For years, the only important West German presence in the G.D.R. was the garbage that the City of West Berlin (with nowhere else to put it) paid a fortune in hard currency to dump there. Some of the East Germans knew West Germany from the programs they picked up at night from West German television, but the West Germans didn't "know" East Germany. The myth in the West about the G.D.R. was always that it was in fact another "Germany"—the industrial power of Comecon, the vanguard of the East bloc. No one in the West except the businessmen who went to East Germany really knew the extent to which Communism had turned Germans into Russians. No one seemed to guess the depth of the disaffection, or the incompetence at the heart of Prussia. West Germans should have known. No country in Europe was more analyzed and observed and worried over than East Germany. The Allies, still formally in occupation, spied on East Germany for the West Germans, and the West Germans spied on East Germany for the Allies, and prisoners were "bought West," and spies were exchanged, and pensioners came with their lifetimes in a van, and businessmen went every year to the Leipzig Trade Fair and saw the pollution and the poverty and the corruption—and everyone still maintained the fiction that East Germans were the goose-step vanguard of the Communist world, drilled to obedience and production. No one anticipated how damaged East Germany still was. No one anticipated Peter Schmidt.

Peter does not need much to get along. His brother, Rainer, who is married to a West German and lives in Hamburg now, says that Peter goes to the flea market every year and buys a pair of jeans, for one mark, "and with that he is happy." His jeans this year are black, faded to an enviable worn, smudgy color but intact, and every morning he puts them on, along with an old pink T-shirt and a purple sweatshirt and a pair of tan Jum Jog running shoes and, if it is cold, the old black motorcycle jacket he was wearing on January 29, 1984, the night he was arrested trying to cross the border to Lübeck. His mother bought him the motorcycle jacket, and his brother gave him the pink T-shirt after it shrank at the laundromat, and the purple sweatshirt is a hand-me-down from his roommate, Rudolf. Peter doesn't remember where he got the shoes. He thinks that somebody visiting from Berlin may have left them. He does not like to think about "things," he says, or worry about things, or even own things. He says that West Germans are "things people," that they live with what Ulrike Meinhof once called *Konsumterrorismus*—"the terrorism of things"—and know their neighbors not as neighbors but by the cars they drive and the size of their television sets. Peter likes watching television, but he would never want to own a television set. Rudolf had a television once. Peter would sit in the living room and watch it all day long while Rudolf was at school or playing with his band or working at one of his extra jobs, but then the picture started going, and Peter told Rudolf about it and waited for Rudolf to get it fixed, and every once in a while brought it up—"It'll be nice when the television is fixed," Peter would say—and never really understood why Rudolf got mad one night and picked up the television set and carried it down four flights of stairs and put it out with the garbage.

Rudolf says that it never occurred to Peter to fix the television set himself. "Peter expects everything and nothing at the same time" is the way Rudolf explains it. He calls it the East German disease. Peter's dark-brown hair will get long and flop into his eyes, and his mustache will droop into his mug of coffee, and Peter will wait until somebody—his brother's wife, maybe, or one of Rudolf's girlfriends—sees him and sighs and shakes her head and offers to cut his hair for him. If there is food in the house, he eats it. Otherwise, he forgets. He gets listless and scrawny, and eventually a friend comes to the flat and sees how terrible he looks—he was thin to begin with—and takes him out for a big meal, and even orders for him, because, as Peter says, "I don't think much about food." His brother says that Peter is "humble and shy, and his needs are small," and his mother, in Rostock, says, "Poor Peter, he can't take care of himself." But Rudolf Klaassen says that he's negative and arrogant and self-indulgent—that he has "a pain-in-the-ass East German purity." Rudolf does not see why his girlfriends should have to cut his roommate's hair just because his roommate is a refugee from the G.D.R. He thinks that Peter should get his own girlfriend, but he says that Peter is "shy *and* proud"—Peter thinks he's too good, and has suffered too profoundly, for a girl to understand.

AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

It is early in the afternoon, and we are waiting
In our rooms at Marlborough House.
It is early in the afternoon, and we are
Waiting for our nurses to bring us our injections,
Which steady the temperament and stay the tear.
Jake, the head gardener, is telling everyone the
Dahlias and peonies will be lovely this summer.
Perhaps we can persuade Dr. Levitz
To have morning group on the south lawn.
The workmen will be on their way to the mines,
And we can admire their bare chests.
Today in art therapy I am going
To invent a new religion.
But I did that yesterday, and Dr. Levitz said
Religion is just a kind of schizophrenia.
I was so happy here until Dr. Levitz said
I could read Christopher Smart only once a month
And only when Mother was in the room with me.
But I got some Blake and Ginsberg from the
Library the other day.
The new librarian has a crush on me—
She says I'm a version of Stendhal—so she'll do
Anything I ask of her, and I do ask a lot.
They are going to open the Terrace Club tonight,
And we boys will swim in our nylon jockstraps.
Then movies.
They always show movies with dead stars in them.
I said I'd like to see something new with Dustin Hoffman,
But Dr. Levitz said Dustin Hoffman gave autism a bad name.
It is early in the afternoon, and I am lying
Here having sex with my Polish sitter, who
Lets me drink a little Scotch.
It is early in the afternoon, and we are waiting for our
Nurses to bring us our injections of cyanide so the pain and
Boredom and drain on our fathers' estates will finally end.

—Michael Swift

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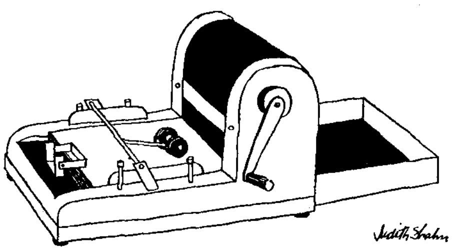
THE Schmidts are an old Mecklenburg family. They talk to each other in Mecklenburg Plattdeutsch and hang Mecklenburg flags—red-yellow-and-blue striped flags—above their farmhouse doors and defer to Peter's elderly cousin Otto, the pig master at the Baumberg livestock coöperative, because of his cranky and successful resistance to uttering a word in High German. Otto used to say that one day all the Schmidts' Mecklenburg farms would be one big farm, and he was prescient. When the Russians came, in 1945, Schmidts had been farming the Baltic coast between Wismar and Rostock for two hundred years, and some of them had got rich on pigs and turnips and sugar beets, and had added land, to the south, and all the Russians had to do to secure the Schmidts for Communism was call the family together, declare their farms a coöperative, and make the village of Baumberg, where they had their barns and their houses, its headquarters.

There were six Schmidt brothers in Baumberg. They came drifting back from the front, or from prisoner-of-war camps, to learn that their sugar-beet beds were being put in grass for grazing, and their barns were being converted into feedlots and their family grange into a Party center for ideological education, and that all but fifty acres of the Schmidt land was now "the property of the people." They came back to find that the oaks they had planted for Hitler in 1934, when the Vaterland Chauvinistischer Verein was in the village recruiting, were thriving but the plaques that marked them were in the mud on the bottom of the pond behind Peter's grandmother's house—which was just as well, because their children had already learned at school that the Baumberg Schmidts were never Nazis. The Baumberg Schmidts were always brave Communists, or would have been brave Communists if anyone had asked them. They were "Hitler's victims," not his followers. Hitler was an imperialist from "over there," in the Western Sector.



Of course, most of the villagers remembered very clearly how they had planted their Hitler oaks, and how enthusiastic they were—how everybody had a glass of sweet homemade cherry wine to toast the Führer, and how Cousin Otto, who was a boy then, attempted a stanza of "Deutschland Über Alles" in Mecklenburg Platt, and how that night the Baumberg Schmidts went to work on a family tree that took up twenty-eight pages of the village ledger, with six pages of addenda, to prove to the new "racial bureau" at the Wismar Rathaus that the Schmidts were an entirely unsullied Aryan clan. No one thought then that Schmidts would ever be leaving Baumberg. But after the war Otto's brother Erich came home from a prisoner-of-war camp in America, collected his young wife, and left the village for Baden-Württemberg, and a few years later a cousin left, and by the time the Wall went up six more Schmidts had left Baumberg. Peter's father, Stefan, did not go west, but he left the farm for school in Rostock, where the only Schmidts were a family of apostate anthroposophists. Peter's Great-Uncle Horst went to America and got rich, everybody in the family says. His Great-Aunt Antraud, who had never found a husband (despite her dowry of fifty pigs and her trousseau chests full of linen and her turn-of-the-century feather beds), decided that she would never find one now, at forty-five, on a Communist livestock coöperative, and left for Bonn to answer the telephone at the Ministry of Agriculture.

Most of the Schmidts stayed. They started milking the cows and herding the pigs and plowing the beet fields and cleaning the stalls, and doing all the other steamy barnyard jobs that in the family's heyday had been left for Polish workers. They put their beautiful leather books in boxes in the attic and closed their upright pianos and stopped quoting Schiller and Goethe and started quoting Fritz Reuter, who wrote Mecklenburg genre novels, and telling nonsense stories in Mecklenburg Platt—stories that began with questions like "Do geese in America walk barefoot?" and ended with answers like "My shirt is full of boils." They went to church Sundays, the way they always had—they had a famous church, at the top of the village hill, which was as beckoning and severe as the sea beyond it—and after church the children would tumble down the hill to the stony beach and roll up their skirts or their trousers and wade into the lapping tide and hunt for shells. At night, on dares, the children would brave the small stone crypt that was dug into the hillside centuries ago, when there were priests instead of pastors in the church, and everybody worshipped statues, and dead children met their Maker with their own images carved, sleeping, into the marble lids of their coffins.

The Schmidts kept Pastor Busch busy, and Pastor Femfert, and, finally, Pastor Müller, who lives in the parsonage now and has one of Baumberg's three telephones. Every day, after the last milking, they climbed the church road with their rakes and hoes and their wheelbarrows filled with Osterglocke and potted lilies, and tended the graves in the churchyard, where eleven Schmidts had their family plots—proper Mecklenburg plots, with ivy hedges and plain square stones and neat clumps of country flowers. They did not think of church as a defiance, unless it was a defiance of Catholics. They seemed to settle into their Communist life. The Nazis had come and put their children in Hitler Youth and told them to prepare to die, that Germany was taking over the world. And then the Communists had come and put their children in Free German Youth and told them no, they had been on the wrong side—the Communists were taking over the world. So it may be that the Schmidts took a long view of their own enthusiasms. They joined the Party and went to the weekly meetings at the Party center (it was at the foot of the village hill, just where the path to the church started) and eventually voted to merge their coöperative with the coöperatives in two villages up the coast, and ended up in a Kombinat with two thousand pigs, eight hundred cows, and a hundred and sixty people, including two Stasi spies and a Party manager who took a cut of the profits. They worked hard, and they did not complain publicly when one of the Schmidt girls was arrested in Schwerin—she was married, and was teaching kindergarten in Schwerin—and sent to prison for eight years for taking Stalin's picture off the kindergarten wall and putting up pictures of churches. They were pleased when another Schmidt girl became a "heroine of the state" for surpassing her milk quota and won a Brueghel print of peasants

"In the last few months, Matthew has gone on twenty-four-hour alert for signs of aging."

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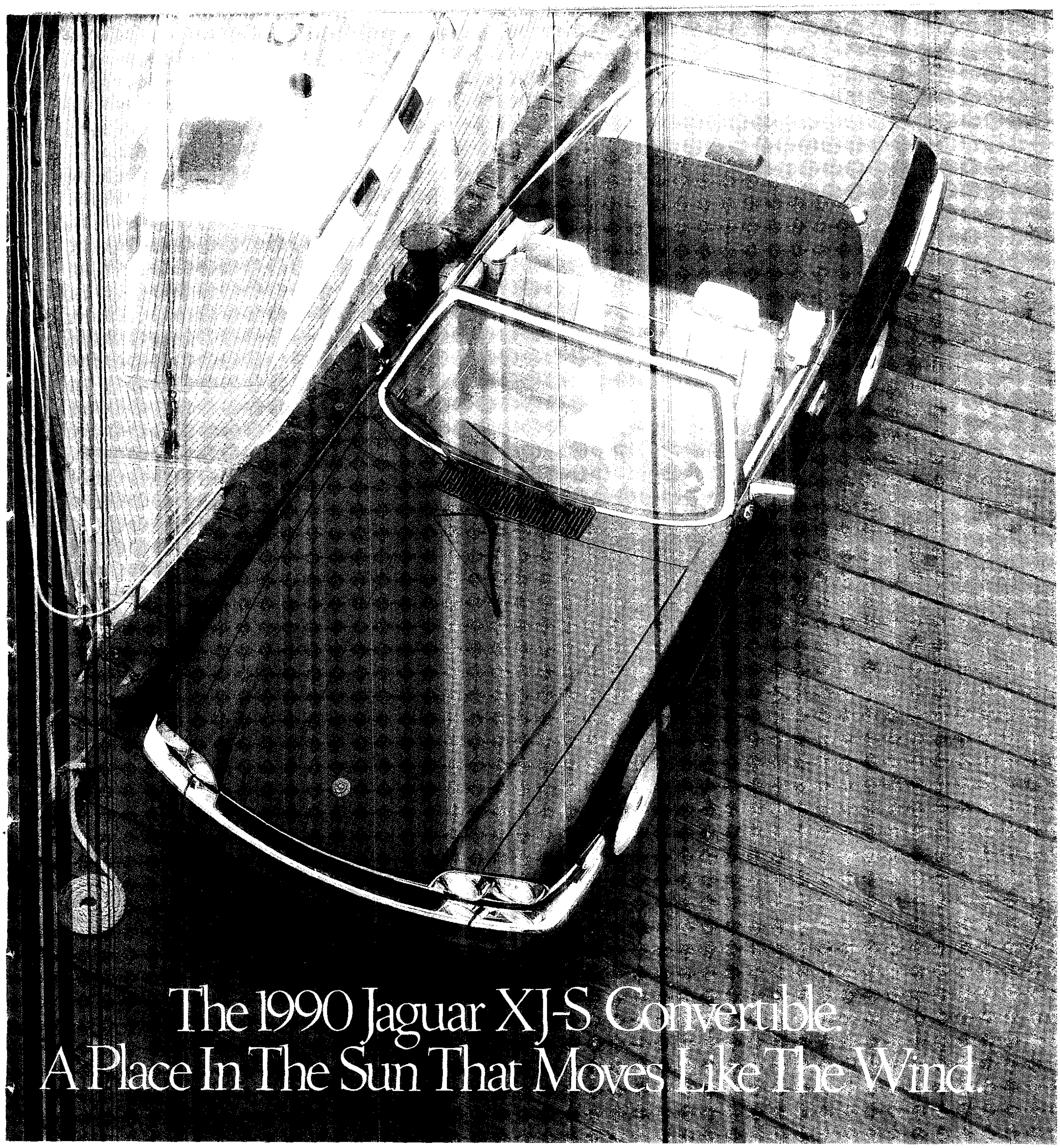
THIS SUNDAY:
"SURF & TURF"
A VIEW OF MODERN MARRIAGE
D. Reilly

working, and a steamer trip down the Volga with a hundred other heroines. They lived with a Russian base not far away in Wismar, and with Army maneuvers on their pastureland and the sound of *Tiefflieger* buzzing their farmhouses and scaring the calves, and they produced ruddy, rawboned children who wore overalls and little woollen caps and could muck a pig stall or a chicken coop at four on a January morning and never feel the cold and would greet the fighter planes with thick, comical Mecklenburg accents.

Their children had never heard of Schiller. Their children had nothing in common with the delicate children in old Schmidt-family photographs, who were dressed in organdie and sailor suits, like burghers' children, and looked as if the closest they ever came to a beet or a turnip was in a bowl of soup. The Schmidts were fond of their pigs and their cows, like the Schmidt *Bauern* eight generations before, like Cousin Otto. They were amateurs of Western life—they studied the clothes and the food and the furniture they saw at night on Norddeutsche Rundfunk—but they knew better than to waste their time dreaming about that life. They turned off desire when they turned off their television sets, at nine, and went to bed. Most of them never saw the border, forty miles away, although they all knew stories about people trying to flee, and getting caught on the barbed wire that was the Wall in most of East Germany, and being torn apart by dogs. The older Schmidts allowed that they had had a terrible century, and wanted to get on with it, as calmly and quickly as they could. They didn't want to think about glory anymore. They didn't want to think about war. They didn't want to believe in anything but the Bible, the way their children didn't want to believe in anything but the music that made its way to Baumberg on tapes smuggled into East Germany from America.

Peter has a cousin around his age in Baumberg. His name is Arnulf, and he is a sweet, goofy cowherd who loves Bob Dylan. He plays Bob Dylan at the feedlot. He dances alone, up and down the barn, in an electric-blue acetate jogging suit, every evening after the calves are fed. He dances to "Positively Fourth Street" and "Like a Rolling Stone" and talks with awe about the day Bob Dylan came to East Berlin to sing and eighty thousand people heard him. He says he wants to give Bob Dylan a hug. It is his greatest ambition. He tells everybody that. When Russian trucks come through Baumberg collecting potatoes—the Russians send trucks to Mecklenburg every year, and they go from village to village, taking everyone's potatoes, until they have got their quota of five hundred thousand tons—he tells the drivers about loving Bob Dylan, and wanting to hug Bob Dylan, and then he tells them how Bob Dylan's real name is Zimmerman, and asks if they have heard of other Jewish entertainers who changed their names. He wants to get tapes of those entertainers. He is sure that if he knows their names—knows who they are and what they call themselves—he will discover some wonderful music. He says he is keeping a list of Jewish entertainers with new names. He has been through seven years of school and through the Party youth group and through an agricultural apprenticeship, but he has never met any Jews (there are only four or five hundred practicing Jews left in the country) or learned anything about Jews. Peter, at school in Rostock, once read a book about a Jewish doctor, "Professor Mamlock," who lost his job because of the Nazis and committed suicide, but Professor Mamlock never made it to Baumberg. No one in Baumberg ever taught Arnulf or his cousins that there was anything odd, anything out of the ordinary, between Jews and Germans, any bad feeling, anything that might make people uneasy if they heard about a German keeping lists of Jewish entertainers who had changed their names.

Sometimes when the family is working in the feedlot, one of the Schmidts will point to a tag on the ear of a baby calf and say, "Hitler tried that." And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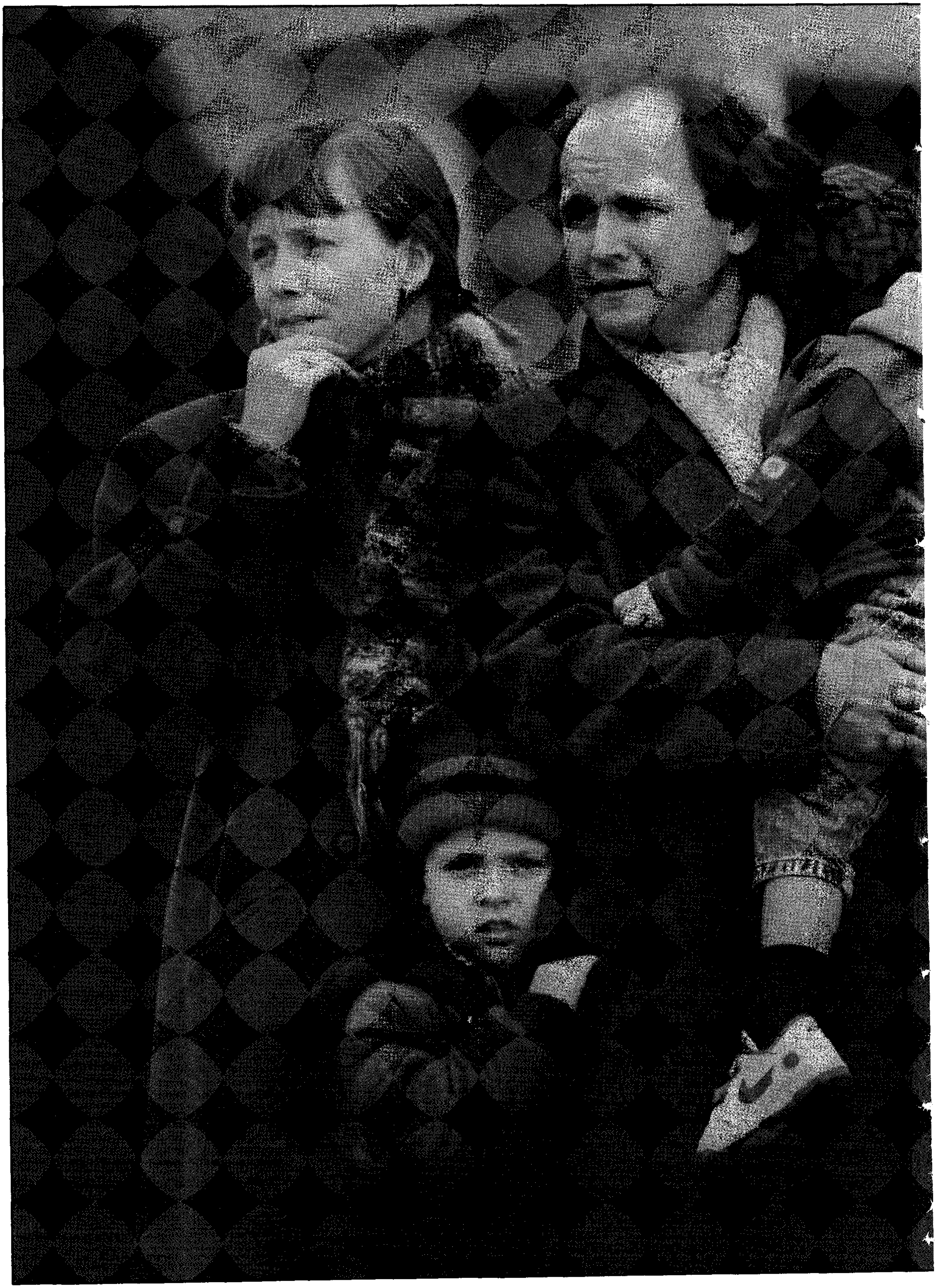

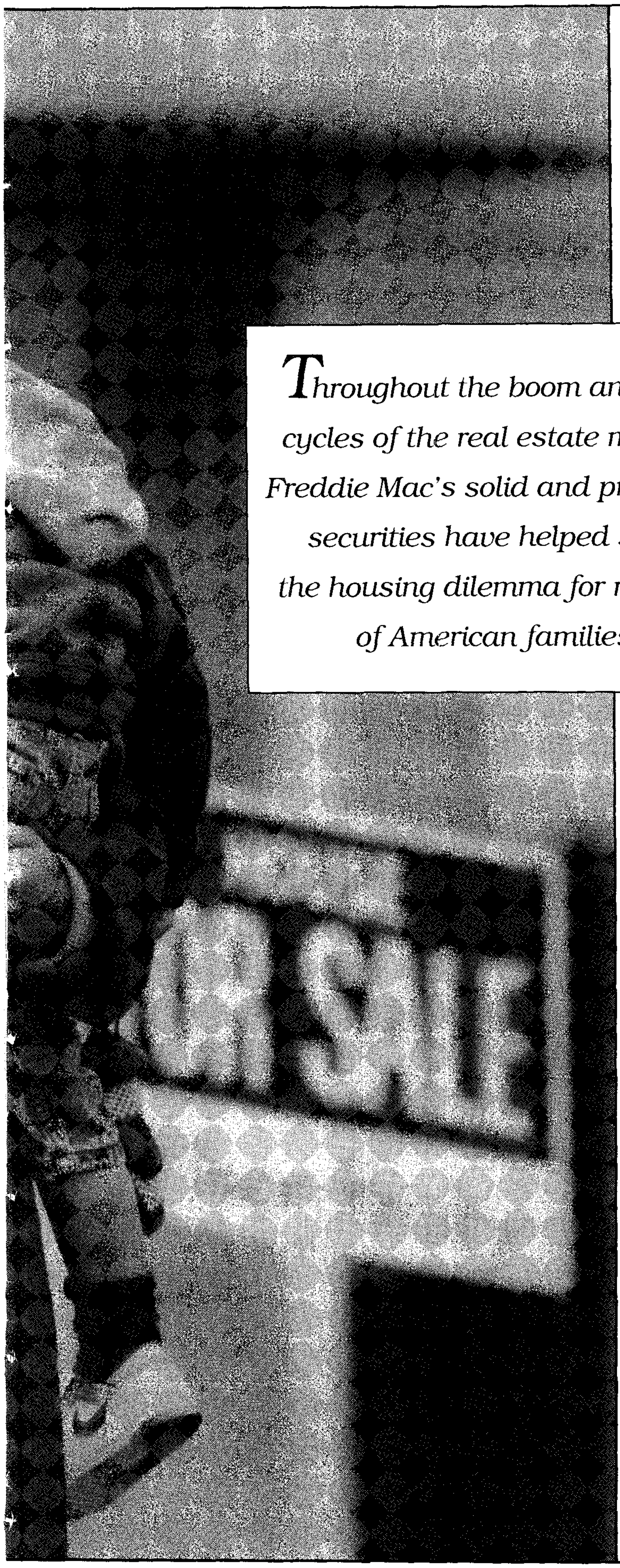

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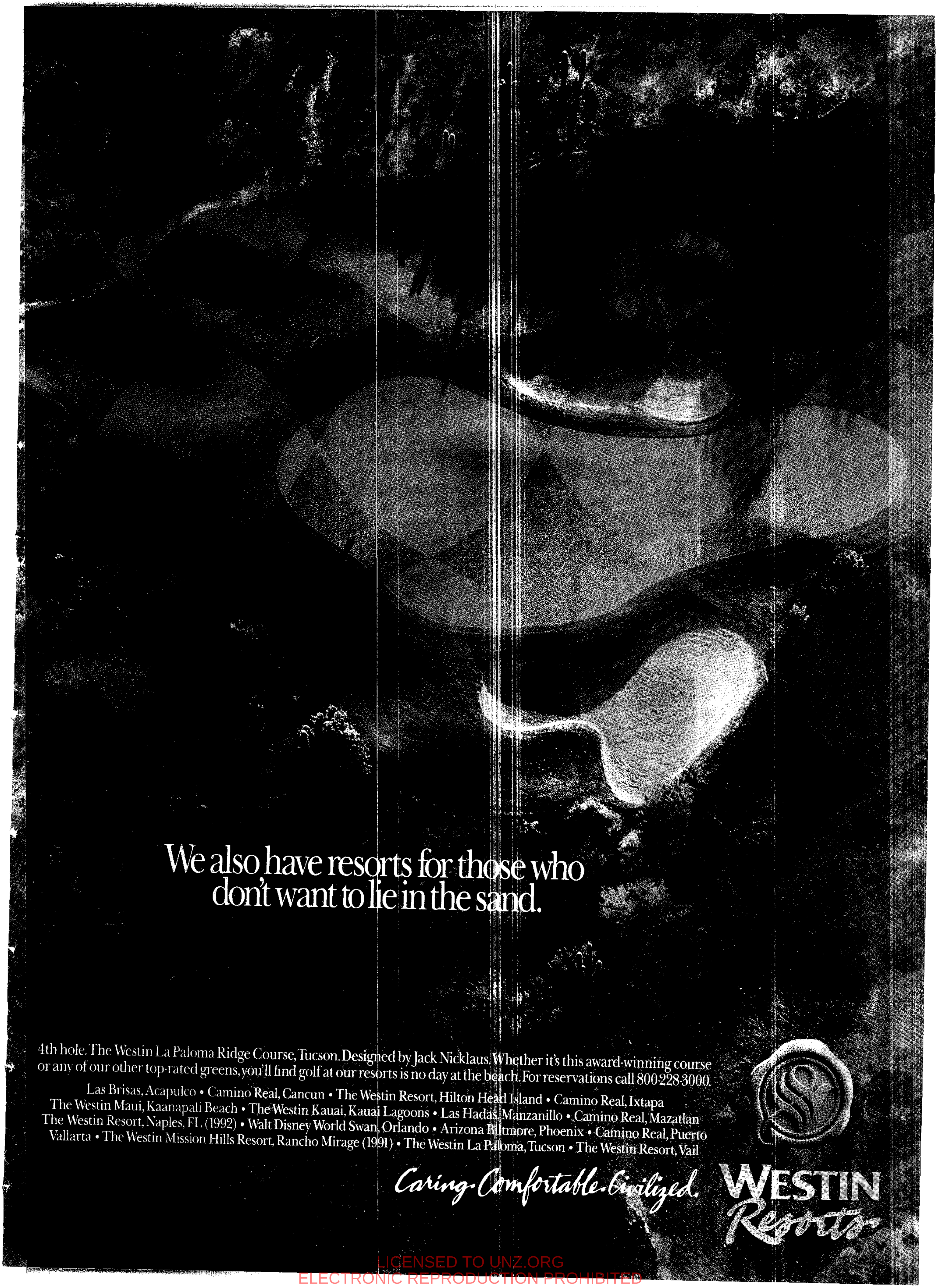
another Schmidt will nod and say that Hitler "tried and succeeded, but now Germany is 'mixed' again." He will say it matter-of-factly, smiling—making a little aside in the conversation—and it is hard to know whether or not he approves of Germany's being "mixed" again. Or he will say "Who would have thought November 9th would happen?" and you know that he is not talking about 1938 and Kristallnacht. He is talking about last year and the Wall. The Baumberg Schmidts are worried that November 9th has left them behind. They are a little embarrassed by their farmers' life and their country speech, and even by their affection for the cows, now that they have been to Lübeck and seen that "there is everything you want there, beginning with bananas." They are embarrassed that one Schmidt tried to resist and was sent to prison and another tried to escape and was sent to prison while they were quietly looking after pigs and cows in a village barn and keeping the rules, which were that you never talked politics in a bar, because a Stasi might hear you, or complained about anyone on the farm, because a Stasi might report you, or talked to strangers, because the strangers might be Stasis themselves. For six years—from the day Peter was arrested to the day he stopped at Baumberg on his way home to see his mother—no one talked about Peter Schmidt. Every Sunday, Schmidts came to his grandmother's house, which is a big farmhouse on the road to the church, and sat in her parlor and had a cup of tea or maybe a glass of schnapps and told a few family stories, but they never asked about Peter or about helping Peter. They did not want to attract attention to themselves.

There is a place near Baumberg where Peter would like to have a house. You can see it from the graveyard—you follow the roll of pasture eastward, about a quarter of a mile in from the sea, until you come to a windswept rise with a giant oak tree framed against the sky and the ruins of a windmill beside it, and that is the spot where Peter would build a house if he believed in property. It is a beautiful spot. Every weekend since November, West Germans from Hamburg and Lübeck, and even from as far away as Kiel, drive into Mecklenburg and admire the green pastures and the old brick farmsteads, with their courtyards roofed against the wet Baltic winter, and the ancient trees and the beautiful sweep of beach, and there are always BMWs and Mercedeses parked near Peter's spot, and Bundis with video cameras taking pictures, talking about how lovely Mecklenburg is, and how unspoiled—a landscape from another century, like Schleswig-Holstein before it got so crowded, a perfect German weekend landscape. When Peter stopped in Baumberg in March, a group of West Germans was around, looking for a path over the pasture and up the rise to the old tree and the windmill, and Peter was happy that the path he used to take was overgrown in the six years he had been away, because the Bundis had been asking if anybody knew who "owned" the land, and if it was for sale. They wanted to develop the beach near Baumberg. They thought it would make a great resort, as good as Travemünde. They wanted to get in early on the action, and it was obvious that Peter's spot, with its view of the sea on one side and pretty pastures on the other, and with the Baumberg steeple rising on the hill just across a valley planted in barley, was just the sort of place that they would find appealing.

Bundis had already been to Baumberg. Bundis had tried to buy a cottage that Peter's father had built, across the orchard from his grandmother's farmhouse. Bundis had paced the perimeter of Arnulf's house—which is three hundred years old and has the longest covered courtyard in Baumberg—with the whole village watching. Bundis were at the border every weekend, hawking plastic watches and rancid perfume to the farmers. They were at every flea market in Mecklenburg, hawking Holstein beer. They put out "HARD CURRENCY ONLY" signs on their folding tables and spread whatever junk they had bought cheap that week in the Bundesrepublik—whatever no one in Hamburg or Frankfurt or Cologne wanted. They sold cracked bathroom glasses for fifty marks and fake-brass candlesticks for a hundred and fifty marks, and the ones who weren't selling candlesticks or trying to buy beaches and farmhouses—they were called the good-will Bundis—arrived with bags of kiwis and bananas (having read in *Die Welt* that East Germans were so poor they never got to eat kiwis and bananas) and descended on farmers in the streets of Schwerin and stevedores on the Rostock docks, and, when the farmers and stevedores got scared or angry or abusive, threw the kiwis and bananas at them and ran to their beautiful cars and locked the doors and drove back to the Bundesrepublik as fast as they could manage on the narrow, bumpy East German roads.

Peter doesn't like Bundis coming to East Germany. He is proprietary about East Germany, even though he ran away and has a West German passport and is now officially a Bundi himself. He spent the trip from Hamburg to Rostock spotting Bundis—counting their West German cars among the little Trabants. He knows that "Trabis" are terrible cars. He calls them *Leukoplastbomber*—Band-Aid bombers—and likes to quote an article he read somewhere about how one Trabi puts as much carbon monoxide into the air as a hundred West German cars. But sometimes he says that Trabis are "more natural" than Western cars. To Peter, "natural" means anything poor or shabby or familiar. An old car. A building that hasn't been pointed or painted for forty years. The life he had at home.

WHEN Peter was planning his escape, he found an old bicycle in his grandmother's garden shed. He fixed it up, pumped the tires, and attached a box for his map, a couple of bottles of beer and water, and a tin of liverwurst. The map was an old map. It marked the trails over country hills and along dunes and between pastures—the overgrown trails that the investors from the Bundesrepublik are trying to find now when they stop their cars and aim their field glasses at a particularly pretty stretch of scenery. Peter traced those trails with a fine pencil until he had charted what he considered a safe route to the border—a route that would take him through Wismar and then keep him under cover of hills or trees or dunes, invisible from the paved road. He finished his route four months after he met the Swedish hitchhiker. It took him two and a half years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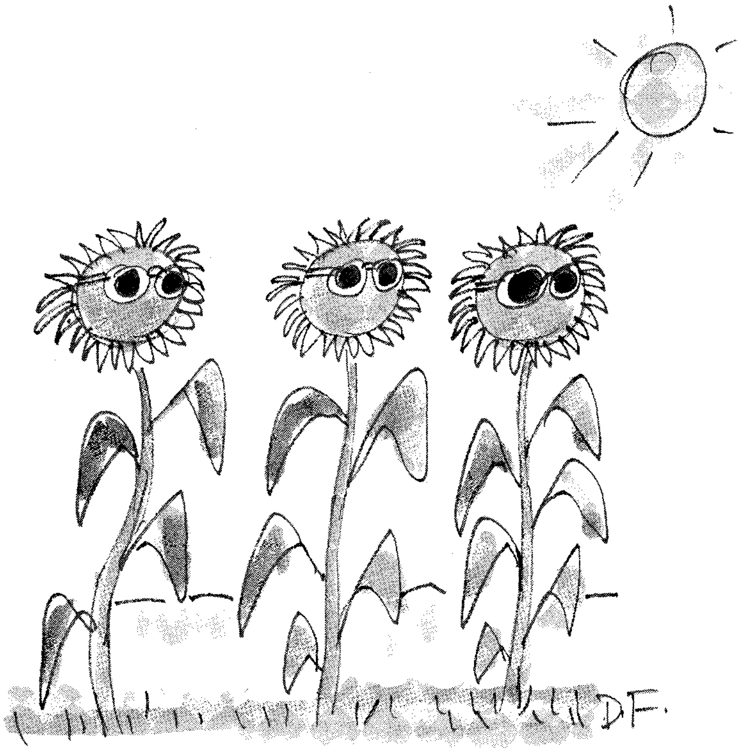
longer to get up the courage to go. He says he never had much courage. When the East German draft called him—he was stripped and locked in a room with twenty or thirty other apprentices, guarded by a soldier with a machine gun—the Stasi in charge of "security assessments" wanted to know what kind of "attitude" toward the state he had, and Peter shrugged and said, "I don't care about the state." He says he had no courage to admit that he hated the state, or even to lie and pretend that he loved it. The Stasi got mad and asked another question—"Would Peter Schmidt rather live in Hamburg or Rostock?"—and Peter shrugged again and said he didn't care. "*Ist mir egal.*" He was naked and scared and shivering. They thought he was subversive. They kept him locked in the room for eight hours before they let him go.

That night, he started writing letters. He wrote to the Wehrkreiskommando to say that he would not bear arms. He had nothing against the state, but he refused to bear arms *for* the state. He had "no courage." Then he wrote to the Rostock city council to say that maybe it would be better if he "gave up now" on being a perfect East German citizen. He had not liked working in a garage. He thought he might like working in a theatre, or maybe becoming a dancer, but he had got a stage technician's job at the Rostock People's Theatre as soon as his apprenticeship was over, and he had found that, while the artists were "interesting," the "people's" operettas and plays and dances they had to perform were not. Once, he had tried to be an agricultural apprentice. He had applied to a good agricultural program in a town called Dorf Mecklenburg, near Wismar, but his place was "cancelled"—he figures someone with better Party connections got it—and he was sent to a little farm school in a village where there was nothing to do, and he got bored and hitched a ride home to Rostock. By then, the only apprenticeships left were in mechanics. He didn't like machines. As far as he was concerned, machines were more interesting to drive than to repair.



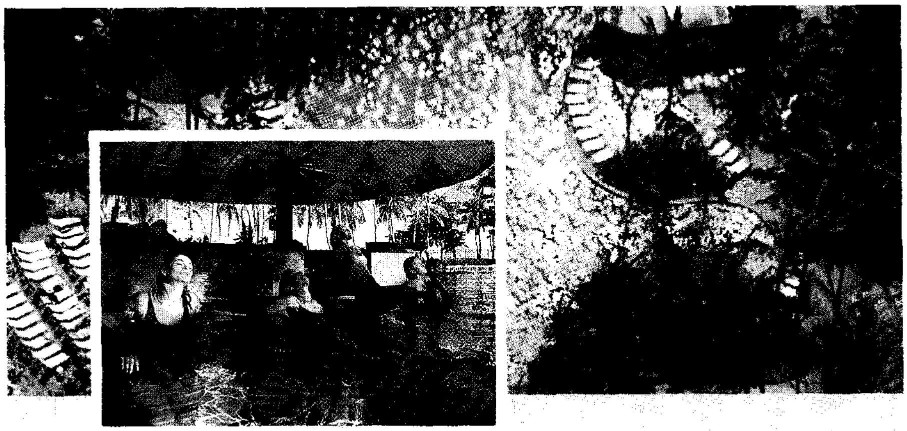
Finally, he wrote to the Minister of the Interior, in East Berlin, asking for permission to go. He wrote out draft after draft, by hand, because it was illegal to talk to anybody about emigrating or to ask anybody for help with your application, or even to borrow anybody's typewriter. In those days, an East German who lent a typewriter that turned out to have been used for an application to leave the G.D.R. went to prison himself.

Peter did not know what to say, really, on his application. He did not want to give in to the euphemisms of "official German," but he did not see how he could talk about Swedish hitchhikers, or Danes laughing on a train, or the boredom of the garage and the endless Socialist youth meetings every apprentice had to go to. He did not know how to describe—in official German—the claustrophobia at home, with his parents and brother, and sometimes even his brother's friends, sharing a two-and-a-half-room flat in a "housing coöperative" that his mother had subscribed to six years before she thought of having children. From the point of view of the East German state, the worst crime against the state was agitation and the next was dissidence and the third was shrugging your shoulders, like Peter, and asking to go. Emigration was the shameful secret of the G.D.R. Three and a half million Germans had fled to the West before the Wall went up—they were, indeed, why the Wall went up—and in the twenty-three years before Peter tried to leave more than two hundred East Germans had been killed trying and more than two hundred thousand thrown in jail for it.

Peter says he never really expected an exit visa. The Baumberg Schmidts might have been model farmers, but Peter was a Rostock Schmidt, and the Rostock Schmidts were already a suspect family. They were "cosmopolitan." They had contacts. There were files on the Rostock Schmidts at Stasi headquarters, beginning with Peter's father, Stefan, who was a ship's engineer, and his third cousin Adolphus, who was an anthroposophist preacher, and ending with his brother, Rainer, who had already met his West German, and fallen in love, and wanted permission to marry. Stefan Schmidt had already lost one job because of contacts. He had sailed with an ocean ferry that made the run from Rostock to a port in Denmark, and once, when the motor broke—it was a West German motor—and a West German mechanic came to Denmark to fix it, he bought the mechanic a beer, and someone reported him as a "class enemy," and he was grounded. He was forbidden to sail again—or, indeed, to leave East Germany at all. He lost his "West" passport (though not his Party card) and his rank and his engineer's salary, and ended up teaching on a training ship that was anchored permanently in Wismar Harbor. He got bitter and angry and possessive. He started saying that his family was all he had. He never minded that the apartment was small, because his children were, literally, never out of sight or sound. He tried to impress them, to make them proud, as if he were still at sea and sending them postcards with foreign stamps and bringing them foreign toys and coming home like a hero—from someplace much farther away than Wismar—in his white uniform with beautiful gold braid. He framed his medals from the East German Merchant Marine for them, and hung the plaque he got in 1970 for "wonderful achievements in building socialism." He told them stories. He told them about the day the Americans came to the Hitler Youth school in Wörth an der Donau, in Bavaria, where he was "training for Hitler," and arrested the principal and opened the dormitory doors and told everybody to start walking—about how he walked four hundred miles across Germany, to Baumberg, and found the Russians there, recruiting the village boys to "train for Marx." He said that after the Russians came he never felt the farm was his, even though they called it the property of the people. It seemed to him then that the only place that wasn't the property of the people was the sea at his back door—which was why he went to Rostock and took the tests for the marine academy.

Stefan Schmidt never got over the disgrace and the disappointment of being grounded. He lost his nerve. He got plaintive and ingratiating and deferential. He was terrified of being noticed. He did not want any of the Schmidts calling attention to themselves. He could not bear the thought of losing more. When Rainer applied to leave, Stefan wrote a letter to his Kombinat saying that he did not approve of his son's marriage. When Rainer was expelled from school—he was in law school—because of the application, it was his mother who went to the Rathaus and complained. Peter tried to keep his own application quiet. He says that no one in the family would have known except for the plumbing—which was "natural" East German plumbing. He flushed his drafts down the toilet, and the toilet clogged, and his father went into the bathroom and found seven "applications to emigrate" floating in the toilet bowl and carried them into Peter's "room"—it was an alcove off the hall—shaking, shouting that now everyone in his family had betrayed him, that he was going to lose the last job he was likely to have. That night, he threw Peter out.

Peter wandered around Rostock and knocked on doors, but no one he knew except the old anthroposophist preacher was willing to risk putting up a boy whose father had lost his sailing papers because of "West contacts" and whose brother had lost his place in school because of a "West fiancée." A few days later, the Stasi picked Peter up at



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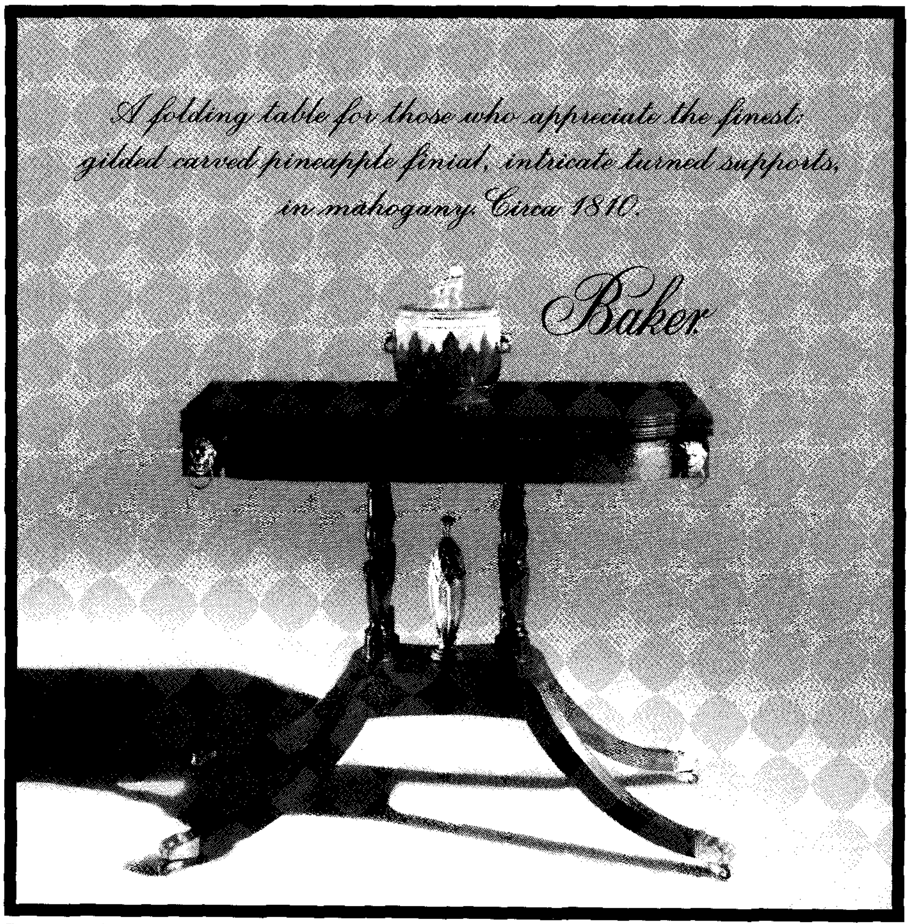

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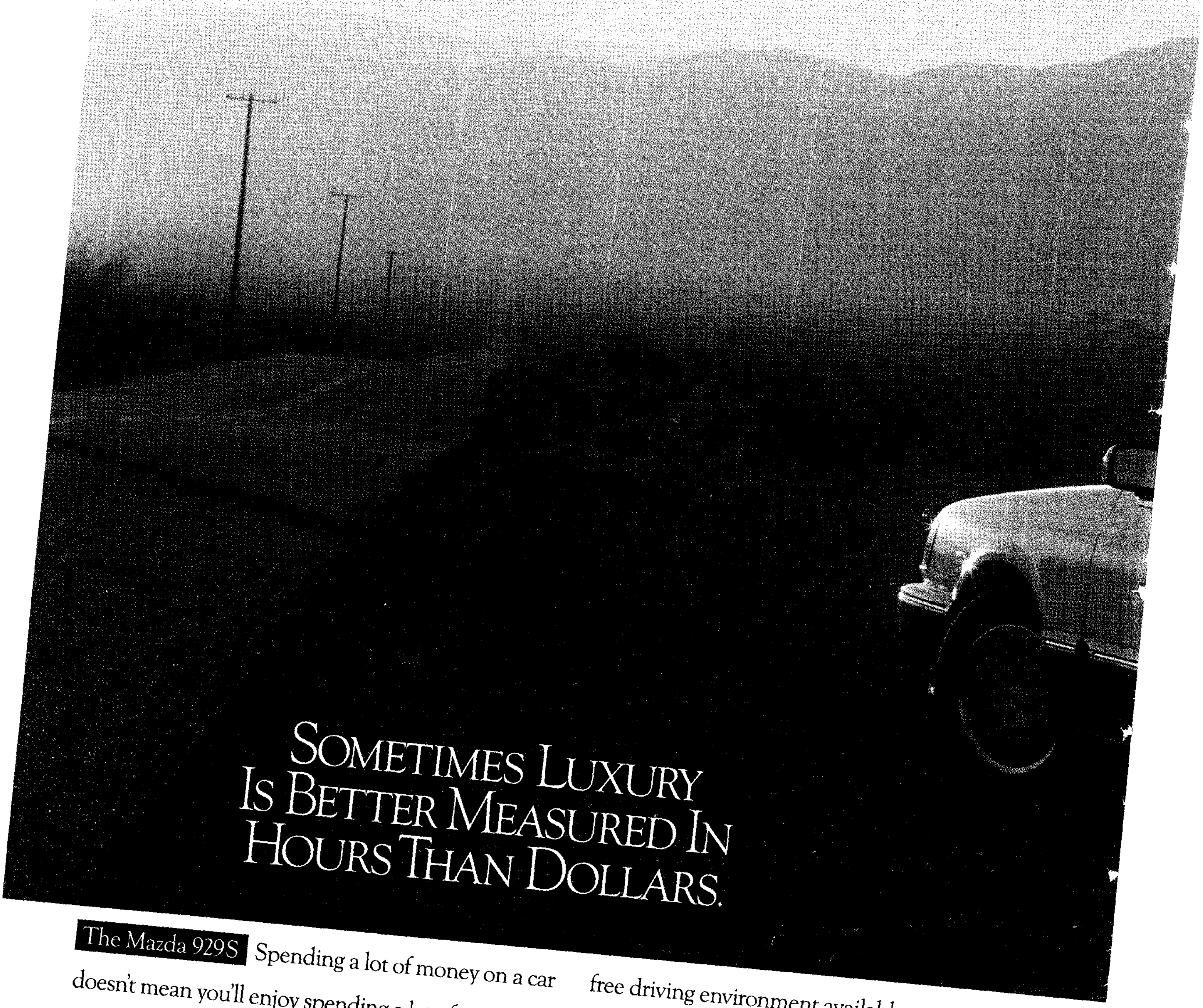
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the theatre. They held him for two days of interrogation. There were three of them, and they took turns. The first Stasi would scream at Peter—his accusations had something to do with anti-Soviet-military graffiti on Rostock walls—and then the second would walk in, calm and smiling, and say to Peter, "Be reasonable, we have all the power," and, finally, the third would arrive and offer to let him go over to the Bundesrepublik if he did a job for them in Lübeck. Peter tried to explain that he didn't care. He didn't want to work for any system—he didn't *care* about any system. Eventually, they let him go. He signed a form swearing that their conversations had never taken place, and the Stasi sent him home. A few days later, he got on a bus for Baumberg. He took the bicycle from his grandmother's shed, and rode the forty miles to the border. He was at the beach, crouched low, waiting to sprint through the shallow water, when he stepped on a wire and flares went off and the bay was suddenly so bright that he says he could see "the honky-tonk of Lübeck." The border policemen tried to find him. They searched for an hour and never thought to look behind the bush where Peter had run to hide. He figured that before long they would bring the dogs in, so he called, "*Hier! Ich bin hier!*" He asked them to return the bicycle to his grandmother's house.

STEFAN SCHMIDT is living back in Baumberg now, and he wants to write a book. Whenever a Bundi comes through Baumberg, Stefan grabs him and takes him home for a schnapps and asks if maybe he knows a good reporter—someone from *Stern*, say, or *Der Spiegel*—to collaborate on this book, which will make their fortune. He wants to call it "From the Fascist Fanatics to the Red Turncoats." It is about his life and his troubles and his bad luck. He wants to tell the world what happened to a patriot who tried to do the right thing for his family. He wants to explain why he called the Stasi when Peter was arrested, and volunteered to take over his *Umerziehung*—his reëducation—if Peter was returned. Peter says that the only sleepless night he had in three months of detention in Rostock awaiting trial was the night he heard from a guard that his father was asking to reëducate him.

Peter was adjusting nicely to prison life. He was in a cell with a sailor of forty who had applied for an exit visa, and was refused, and applied again, and was arrested for "insistence." Peter himself was arrested and charged according to Article 213 of the East German penal code, which had to do with the crime of *Republikflucht*—with trying to cross the border—and he says that when his father called he was finally getting interested in East German politics, talking to the sailor about how you could cross a border that the East Germans claimed was a fiction of the imperialists and the West Germans claimed was a fiction of the Communists. His father never came to see him. His mother came. It was always his mother who helped him. It was his mother who met with the lawyer appointed for his defense, and decided that he was useless, and probably an informer, and fired him. It was his mother who took the train to East Berlin and saw the famous lawyer Wolfgang Vogel, who handled the "people trade"—people for Deutsche marks—between the two Germanys, and got him to assign Peter's case to a proper lawyer, who was his "Rostock representative."

Stefan Schmidt renounced Peter. He said that he was not responsible for the terrible behavior of children like Peter and his brother—children who complained, children who had no respect for their father *or* their country. When Hannelore cried and begged for help with Peter, he said they both owed it to the family to stay away from Peter, to keep the jobs they had. When she kept on crying, he started to stay out drinking, and then he started seeing a woman he had met, and then he left the apartment altogether, and eventually Hannelore went to Peter's lawyer—his name was Hans-Joachim Vormelker—and asked if he handled divorces, too.

Stefan Schmidt kept his job on the training ship for five more years. On October 4th last year, five weeks before the Wall came down, he invited the other officers on the ship to his cabin to say goodbye to a seaman's apprentice who had got his visa and was leaving for West Germany. It was a "friendly and polite farewell party," Stefan said later. He could not explain why a man who had renounced his children and lost his wife in order to keep his job and his small standing would risk everything to offer his cabin for coffee and cake in honor of a sailor who was giving up on the G.D.R. It may be that he couldn't resist the attention—that he wanted to be the one to stand at the door welcoming guests and pouring coffee and making the little speech that sent the sailor on his way. It may be that the sailor, who was only a few years older than Peter, had been respectful and kind, and had listened to Stefan's stories with more attention than his children ever managed to give them. It may be that he finally had to break the rules, or break himself. That day, the Party representative on the ship stood up at a meeting and said that Stefan Schmidt was "not socialist enough." Stefan demanded an apology. When he didn't get one, he walked out of the meeting—and out of his job. He did it on impulse. He threw away fifteen years of caution. He lost his rank and his small pension. Five weeks later, East Germany had its "revolution," and the Party representative was fired.

Stefan Schmidt has a certain standing in the village now. He has nothing to do all day but think about his book, and he thinks about it too much and gets sentimental and weepy, but he is now the expert on dissent—the man who sacrificed himself for freedom and who brought up sons who sacrificed themselves for freedom—and his troubles have given him a kind of local authority. His cousins will pour him a schnapps when he makes his nightly rounds of the Schmidt households, and listen to his stories and nod thoughtfully when he announces that he is a Green now, or a Social Democrat, or is going to vote for the Christian Democrats, because East Germany needs money, or for the Independent Women's Union, because East Germany needs feminism, or is going to join Neues Forum and help run Rostock. He writes letters to his wife, asking to come home, and letters to the Justice Committee at the Rostock docks, asking to get back his sailing papers, and he spends his evenings rearranging the pictures in an old family album. He used to be a good-looking man, but his yellow hair is beginning to fade and his pale-blue sailor's eyes are getting weak, and bleary from schnapps, and seem to be looking for something far away. He is often confused. He has started showing up in Hamburg with a suitcase, or in Rostock, at his old apartment. He walks right into the flat where Hannelore and her boyfriend—who is a pleasant, portly accountant from the neighborhood—are sleeping, and starts talking about the day in 1981 they took a picnic to the beach, or the reunion they had with Peter in Prague in 1987. No one but Peter has the heart to send him away.

The family have stopped calling him Papa. Now they call him "poor Papa." Every day, he slips a little deeper into the dream that the Stefan Schmidts are a happy family. He sits at the table in his mother's parlor—an oval mahogany table covered with the trousseau damask that his mother, at eighty-five, bleaches in a pot on a wood stove and irons with a flatiron—and has his breakfast of farm eggs and tinned liver paste on what is left of the family Meissen, and then he reads aloud from the Ostsee *Zeitung*, as if the whole family were there instead of one old woman who prefers the *Neue Deutsche Bauernzeitung*, and is deaf anyway. The Ostsee *Zeitung* is the local Communist paper. It used to be called "the official organ of the Party," but now it has changed its logo to "the independent of the North" and only occasionally distorts the news.

Stefan Schmidt reads it every day. He is interested in the case of a Rostock civil-rights lawyer named Wolfgang Schnur, who turned out to have been a Stasi informer, with a set of code names and a bonus of five hundred marks for every piece of information he supplied. Schnur was a leader of one of the new parties—Democratic Awakening—in the election coalition with the Christian Democrats in March, and he was famous in Rostock. He claimed to have represented tens of thousands of political prisoners, and when the news about him broke, and he dropped out of the elections and disappeared into a hospital, Stefan told everyone in the village how smart he was to have chosen an honest lawyer for Peter—a lawyer with a white vest, the Germans say. He has forgotten that his only dealings with Peter's lawyer were when Vormelker served him divorce papers. He thinks he knows Vormelker now. He talks about his friend Herr Rechtsanwalt Vormelker, and their sons, and about how his friend Vormelker's son was an important dissident, like Peter, and had helped lead the occupation of the Stasi building a month after the Wall came down, and how Vormelker himself had negotiated with the Stasi for Neues Forum—how he had talked the Stasi into surrendering completely and leaving the building for the people. He talks about asking Vormelker to handle his "rehabilitation," because Vormelker is an old Rostock maritime lawyer and is already working with the Justice Committee on the docks, negotiating reparations for seamen who have lost their jobs.

Rostock is the biggest port in East Germany. The Rostock Deutsche Seereederei—the state shipping company—used to provide the Stasi with a file on every East German who had ever been to sea. There were three hundred thousand seamen's files in the Stasi's Rostock headquarters when Neues Fo-

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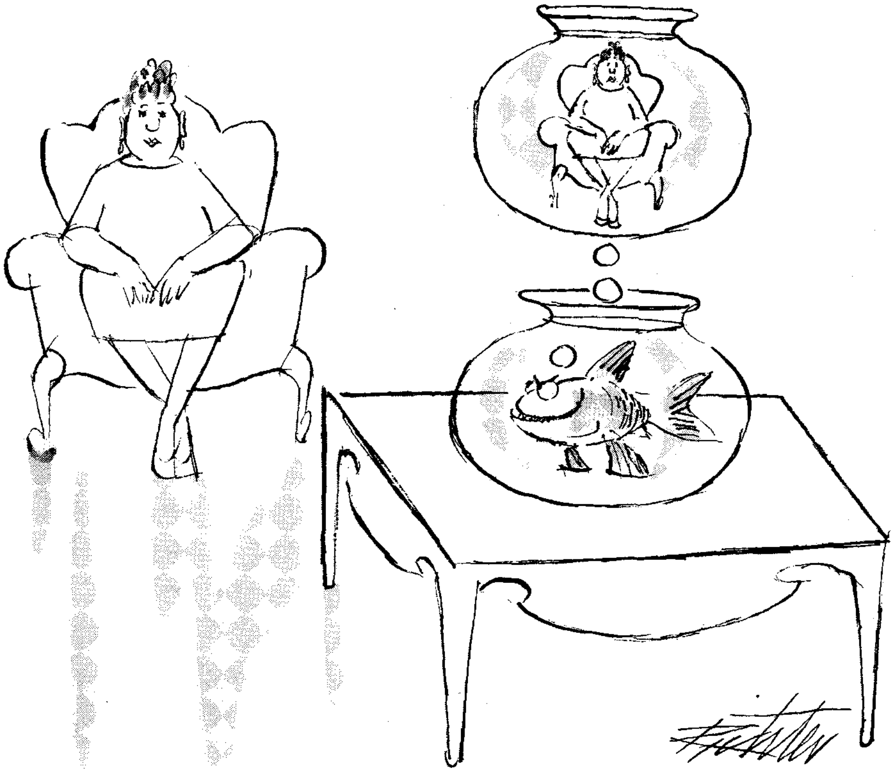

rum seized the building—and Stefan Schmidt wants to see the one on him. A hundred other seamen who had lost their right to sail because of "West contacts" have already released their files to the Justice Committee and got their compensation—it amounted to three years' salary—but, with the shipping business in decline, and not likely to improve once Rostock has to compete with enormous ports like Hamburg and Bremen, they do not have much chance of getting back their jobs. One of those seamen had lost his travel papers for sending a postcard to a woman he had met in port in Thailand, and another for signing a birthday card to an Englishman he had met in port in Angola, and another for having a wife who wrote a letter to a West German who had come for the weekend in 1952, and another for getting a letter from an unknown relative in America who had tracked him down. There were three thousand Stasis in Rostock reading letters and denunciations, and Stefan Schmidt has always suspected that they intercepted two Christmas cards he sent to an English soldier who gave him a lift when he was walking home from Bavaria in 1945. The pastor who confirmed Peter and his brother is on a seamen's commission of the Justice Committee, and could look in the file for him, but the pastor has three hundred other cases to consider first, and he does not have time to run his church and learn to drive the new Volkswagen he just received from a sister church in West Germany *and* answer the long letters Stefan Schmidt sends whenever he goes through his dossier and thinks about his problems. The anthroposophist preacher might have looked, too, but he went to Wiesbaden this winter for a Rudolf Steiner conference, and the family says he was so excited to be in the West, talking to other anthroposophists, that he dropped dead in the middle of a panel discussion.

Oma—everybody calls Peter's grandmother Oma—sitting straight at her table, reading her *Bauernzeitung* and chain-smoking City cigarettes, watches Stefan write his letters and tells him not to expect a miracle from this new Germany. She remembers the inflation after the First World War and the inflation after the Second World War, and how both of them destroyed her savings, and she worries about what will happen now, "after the Russians." She never minded the Russians. She says she was scared before the Russians came. Everybody ran around crying "The Russians are coming!" and hiding what little food they had, but the Russians got out of a big truck and shook everybody's hand, and the worst thing they did in Baumberg was take four bicycles at gunpoint. Erich Schmidt, the cousin who collected his bride in 1945 and went to Baden-Württemberg, wants to come back and take his land, and Oma does not know what will happen to the family if the coöperative shuts down and Schmidts arrive from all over Germany to claim their "inheritance." She wants to die "in tranquillity," she says, with enough of her savings left for a nice coffin. It makes her uneasy that tomatoes are up to eighteen marks a kilo at the Wismar market and that a head of cauliflower, which used to be one and a half marks, costs eight and a half marks now. A litre of milk in Wismar is still sixty pfennig, but across the border in Schleswig-Holstein it costs nearly twice that, and Oma is worried that in a few months it is going to cost just as much at home. She remembers the prices in 1929, when things were so bad in Mecklenburg that she and her husband had to leave the farm and work in Hamburg. Her husband got a job there selling cars—Opel, Mercedes, Wanderer, Horch, Audi, Hanomag, Hansalloyd, all the old German cars—and Oma ran a *Pension* on the Alster, and they did not come home until Hamburg was bombed.

Stefan was born in Hamburg. Lately, he likes to say that he is "from Hamburg." When he shows up in Hamburg now, carrying his suitcase and talking about "coming home," Peter usually hides in his room and doesn't come out until he knows that his father has gone. Peter doesn't like to see his father in Hamburg. He says that he doesn't blame his father for what his father did. He understands his father. He understands that "the system was responsible," and that if his father cannot apologize to them all it is because the system destroyed him. The system made him craven.

WHEN Peter went back to Baumberg this spring, the family gathered in Cousin Arnulf's house and listened, rapt, to the story of his flight. They oohed and aahed as Peter bicycled through the clear, frosty January night and followed a path by a stream to the beach and saw the lights of Lübeck. They gasped when the flares went off, and held their breath when Peter was trapped behind the bush, with the policemen walking right by him, talking about the dogs. But Peter knew that they were disappointed in him and even a little smug about him. People who went west got rich and came home in BMWs wearing Italian bomber jackets and American cowboy boots, and here was Peter Schmidt, who had had to hitch a ride to Baumberg with a reporter heading east, and was dressed in flea-market jeans and a faded T-shirt and didn't have a coat, or even a sweater, to keep him warm. Peter was poor. He had left in pride, as far as the Baumberg Schmidts were concerned, and he had nothing to show for it. When they asked him about the West, he said, "I want to get rid of the West. The West is collapsed. The West destroys relations." When they asked him about his Cousin Erich, coming home to claim a farm, he said that Cousin Erich was immoral, that private property had made Cousin Erich aggressive, that Erich Schmidt looking at a field and saying "That's mine" was no better than Helmut Kohl looking at East Germany and saying "That's mine," or Volkswagen or Allianz AG or Deutsche Bank or any of the other big Bundi companies saying "That's mine." When they asked him about himself, he shrugged and said he didn't care about himself, one way or the other. They had been poor for forty years, and made the best of Communism, and now they were looking forward to a little fun and a little money, and Peter Schmidt mocked their poverty with his indifference.

THE political prison in Cottbus is sixty-five miles southeast of Berlin, near the Polish border. It is a square brick complex with high, barred windows. It has barbed wire and glass shards on top of the walls, and when Peter was there it had police dogs running along the walls and guards with Kalashnikovs on watchtower platforms. The Kaiser had built Cottbus, and the Nazis had "secured" it, and by the time the Communists inherited it there was nothing to do except add a delicatessen by the front door, so that mothers like Hannelore, on their monthly visit, would be tempted to spend money on smoked hams and gift boxes of expensive chocolates. Peter says that life in prison was not much different from life anywhere else in the G.D.R., except that prison was "more interesting." Prison was fantasy and at the same time history, and he liked the people there. He didn't have much to do with the criminals. He says the criminals at Cottbus were set apart. They got special treatment and special favors—more visitors and more food and the easy prison jobs, like working in the laundry or dishing out dinner. The people Peter knew were the political prisoners. They had yellow stripes on their sleeves and their pants, and they were all there, he says, "with the idea of being innocent." They lived in big cells—there were twelve prisoners in Peter's cell—and they talked a lot about being East German.

In Rostock, Peter hadn't known anyone who talked about being East German. He hadn't known anyone who talked about being German at all. All the conversations he had heard in groups in Rostock—at the Free German Union and the Free German Youth and all the other groups that he had had to join—were about how to integrate boys like Peter into what was called "the socialist community." In prison, his friends were dissenters and free spirits and intellectuals. He shared his cell with a theology student and a set designer, and a waiter who had read all of Kant and Hegel, and a Rostock shipyard worker with an earring and a tattoo who dreamed of moving to Kreuzberg or Neukölln, in West Berlin, and living in a commune with the *Autonomen* and listening to music and watching the world go by in a haze of marijuana and fellow-feeling. Peter met five Rostockers during the eleven months he was in Cottbus, but Max, the one with the earring, was his favorite, being "neither left nor right but healthy," and they stuck together.

Peter decided to be healthy, too. He gave up cigarettes, and then he gave up eating meat and read a book about macrobiotics and tried to think "macrobiotically" about balancing the terrible fried, starchy prison food. The only thing he missed in prison was his mother's coffee—ground fresh and brewed in a paper filter and served, steaming, in a china cup. He says now it was the fellowship, the sense of being together and of being superior, that made the experience so satisfying. It was the first real fellowship he had had. He had worried about talking before. He had worried about having a beer with another apprentice in a bar and telling him about wanting to leave the G.D.R., and its turning out to be the *wrong* apprentice. He had worried about being denounced and ending up in a place like Cottbus, so he had decided that the fewer friends he had to

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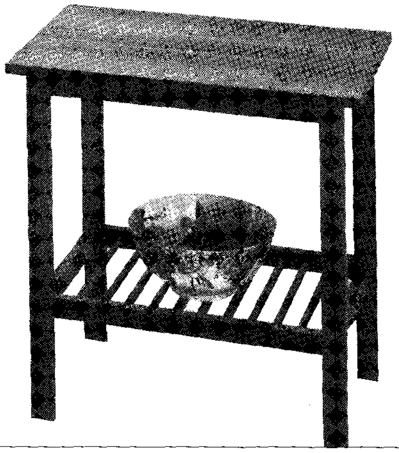

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worry about the less he had to lose. But prison was like the folk song that goes "*Die Gedanken sind frei*"—thoughts were free in prison, and conversation was free, and the political prisoners talked all the time. They walked in the prison courtyard and looked through an iron gate at the neon sign of the factory, across the street, that printed *Neues Deutschland*, the national Communist Party paper, and tried to figure out how Germans could cause and experience such distress at the same time, and Peter says that for the first time he felt "the heaviness of the German experience." He wanted to read history, because he knew by then that the only history East Germany had acknowledged was the history of whatever in the German past was pleasant or fruitful or progressive. He wanted to read philosophy, like the waiter, because the only philosophy East Germany had acknowledged was the philosophy of Marx and Lenin. But there was no real history of the war in the prison library, and no Kant or Hegel, either. There were cheap novels and agitprop, and the Bible, put away in a drawer. Peter did not consider himself a Christian—no one in his cell was a practicing Christian except the theology student—but the student had permission to open the drawer and take the Bible out of the library, so the cell decided to study the Bible, just to pass the time and maybe see if there was anything in it to explain this problem of being East German. Every night, after supper, they read the Bible. They agreed that prison was the right place to read the Bible, because the Bible was all about dealing with people, and dealing with people was what you did in prison.

Peter liked the Bible. He says it gave him the idea that Christianity and Communism had a lot in common—that "in their pure form they were very similar and very good, all about community, but in practice they were both brutal in dealing with heretics." It made him think about how everything was political, everything was about power. And it made him think about resistance. His particular resistance was to stop working. He went to the prison factory, mornings, and took his place on a production line with a few hundred other political prisoners whose job it was to stamp out plastic camera parts for the state camera company (the name was Pentagon), and then he did nothing. He spent eight hours a day doing nothing. His shift was responsible for ten thousand parts a day, and the prisoners who worked hard making parts got real coffee, and the prisoners who didn't got solitary confinement, and Peter says the real sacrifice was the coffee. His friends covered for him. The theology student said he was "just like Gandhi," and Max said he was frail and just like Christ, and the waiter said he understood about the coffee. They slipped him parts down the production line. They told the guards that he was sick and shouldn't be working at all. They made him a cause—a kind of mascot—because he was so much younger than they were, and had made what they considered an amazing, instinctive, *natural* protest. He made them see that human beings were *naturally* political. He was an apprentice with no contacts among activists or intellectuals in his own town, and yet he knew all about the "politics of passivity." Max told him he was proof that the people could produce a "people's consciousness."

Peter enjoyed his celebrity. He enjoyed it so much that he was even a little disappointed when the guards came for him one day and gave him back his jeans and motorcycle jacket and told him he was going to West Germany. On April 2, 1985, Peter crossed the border in a bus convoy of seventy political prisoners and, he thinks, a couple of criminals being passed off as political prisoners. The convoy left from Karl-Marx-Stadt and deposited the prisoners at a refugee center near Notaufnahmelager, in Giessen, where social workers from the Ministry for Inner-German Relations congratulated them on being free and gave each of them a hundred and fifty marks and asked them where they thought they would like to live. When the social workers got to Peter, he said he didn't care where he lived. He told them that as far as he was concerned one city was as good as the next—cities were all the same. He had no illusions about the West. He knew that capitalism couldn't be worse than Communism, but he didn't expect to be happy in the West, or even very balanced. They asked him what he meant by "balanced." He said, "Well, you know, spiritually and macrobiotically bal-

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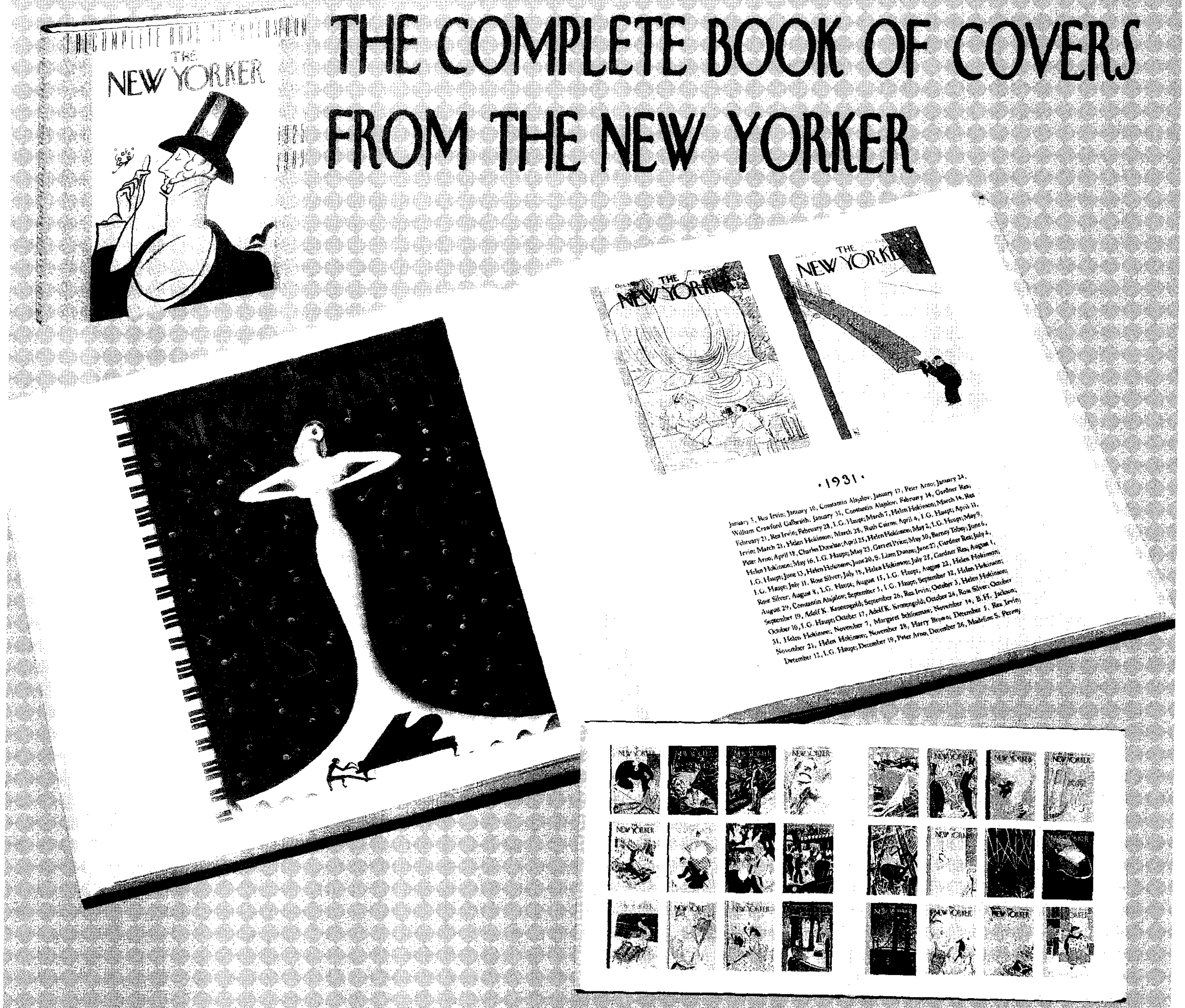

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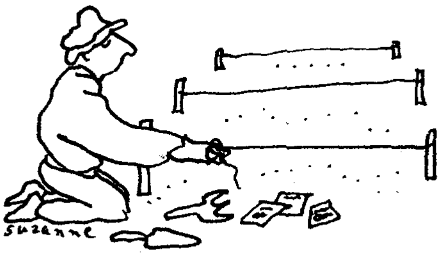
anced.” Then they said he had to go *somewhere*. They told him to just choose somewhere. So he wrote down Hamburg, because it was on the water, like Rostock, and he thought maybe it would have some of the same mentality—some of the East German feeling, dirty and close. Fritz Kepel, his only friend from the garage, had left the G.D.R. with his family, and *they* had chosen Hamburg, so he thought he’d try it. “What do I like? I’m a typical East German,” he told the social worker who was filling in his “urgent need” certificate for the Hamburg housing office. “I can say what I don’t like but not what I do like.”

A day later, he had a room in a transient hotel in Ohlsdorf, near the Hamburg cemetery. He had a little cassette player, tapes by Pink Floyd, Grace Slick, and the Grateful Dead, a filter coffeepot, and two hundred and fifty grams of Jacobs Fein und Mild Guatemala-blend coffee. He had everything he needed until someone came and told him what to do.

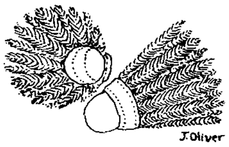
Hannelore Schmidt is a physiotherapist at one of the Rostock hospitals. She was an athlete as a girl—she swam and sprinted and skated in important East German tournaments—and there was no question of her not getting the training she wanted or the job she wanted. Athletes had privilege in Rostock. The Party had made the body a sort of public policy, and the “new” German man and woman were the gymnasts, the skaters, the swimmers, like Hannelore, not the musicians or the intellectuals, or even the Communists. They took their inspiration from the strapping bronze nudes playing with their strapping bronze children in the fountain in the middle of the Universitätsplatz—handsome people with fierce, honest, vacant faces, pursuing volleyballs and dolphins. Hannelore, growing up in Rostock after the war, wanted to help everybody be as handsome and healthy as a piece of Communist public sculpture. She was never in the Party, but she felt that she owed the Communists something. They had taken her on when she was a girl of eight with a father dead at the front and a mother nearly dead from the trip from Gdansk to Rostock with five small children. In a city that was half rubble (forty per cent of Rostock was bombed out by 1945), they had found her a school and a place to swim and skate in the afternoon. They had sponsored her sports and then her training, and they ran the bank that had lent her money to join the building coöperative. She had met Stefan Schmidt at a Party youth meeting and had discovered physiotherapy at a Party career fair. She wanted to set an example with what she had. Her specialty at the hospital was taking heart patients for long walks up and down the beach, her theory being that if therapy was good for you therapy in nature with an athlete like Hannelore Schmidt was better. The patients liked Hannelore. She had narrow blue eyes and blond bangs and a foxy, pointed face, and she was sympathetic. She would laugh when the patients told their jokes and cry quietly when they told their stories. Some of them were sick from being Stasi and some were sick from being persecuted by Stasi, and Hannelore says that, at first, if she thought about the Stasi at all, and acknowledged the terrible things the Party did, it was because of those patients.

One of the men in her first walking group had been in prison in Waldheim. He was a young man. His parents were Stasi, and they had turned him in for being “anti-social.” He was sent to prison and put in chains and left in water up to his chin, and eventually his teeth fell out and his heart weakened, and they let him out, but then his neighbors, who were respectable professional people—teachers and doctors—complained that it was bad for their building to have a tenant with chain scars on his wrists and no teeth when he smiled, and he lost his apartment and had a heart attack and was sent to Hannelore to be cured by walking on the beach.

Hannelore says that after a while she began to divide the people she knew into three generations: the children of the war, like her; the children of the state, like her patients; and the children of rock, like Peter and his friends. One reason she indulged Peter—paid for his tapes and let him lie around the apartment listening to them—was that she would rather have him at home, helpless and a little scattered, than send him into a world where the Stasi could arrest him. She worried all the time about Peter. Peter was ten when Stefan Schmidt lost his papers and had to start all over again, on the training ship, at only five hundred Ostmarks a month, and he was sixteen when Rainer Schmidt fell in love with a West German girl and was expelled from school and left the country, and after that Hannelore was determined to protect him. She was not a sophisticated woman. She was full of superstition and folk medicine (she never boiled the water she drank, but she boiled the water she used to wash her face and her stockings) and stubborn sentiment, and it was her belief that a mother in Rostock could keep a child who wanted to go. She says that she nearly went mad when Peter was arrested. The Stasi knocked on her door that night, and one of them said that she had educated her children wrong, and she started screaming. “Do you know how much pain that costs me?” she kept screaming. She sat there in a white nightgown, groggy from a tranquillizer she had taken because she “sensed” that something terrible was happening and couldn’t sleep, and screamed at the policemen. She told them how she had always supported the Communists. She had insisted that Peter wear his Free German Youth sweatshirt, and he had always refused—and she knew now that he was right and she was wrong. She got the sweatshirt and showed it to them. She followed them down the stairs and into the parking lot and told them she was going to wait all day every day at Stasi headquarters until she knew where they had put her son and what the charges against him were. And that was what she did.



The people trade started with the Wall. Lutherans in Württemberg raised money to save the life of a dissident East German pastor, and then Protestants all over the Bundesrepublik started raising money, and in a few years the trade was so big that the government took over, and opened the office it so delicately named the Ministry for Inner-German Relations. By the time Peter was arrested, West Germany was spending nearly a hundred and fifty million marks a year buying East German prisoners. Some of them were dissidents. Some had simply applied to leave, like Peter, and been arrested, like Peter—if not for actually trying to leave, then for having applied in the first place—and their parents had found their way to Wolfgang Vogel, like Hannelore, and Vogel had sent them home to one of his representatives, like Hans-Joachim Vormelker, and had started negotiating with the West Germans for the going rate. Vormelker was arguing seventy or eighty political cases a year in those days, and he says that, while none of his clients were acquitted, in the end nearly all of them were "bought West." The most he could do for them in the short term was to make sure that their trials were "correct," and that their sentences were correct, and that they were not forgotten in prison. Vormelker had no stomach for the people trade. He likes to say that lawyers like him and his old friend Wolfgang Vogel were "democratic fig leaves" for the G.D.R.—they gave the regime a certain obscene legitimacy in the outside world, along with the hard currency they generated. But he had grown up in Rostock, and he knew everybody there, and, especially, he knew how to deal with the people in power there—and, when Vogel took over the people trade for East Germany, Vormelker figured he had a better chance of surviving in Rostock doing what he did than a lot of the younger lawyers around.

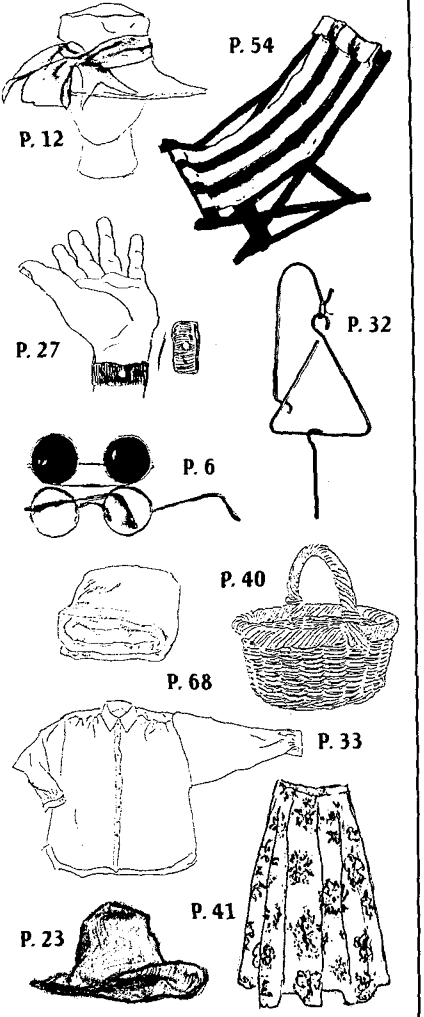


Peter Schmidt was not an important prisoner. He was not really "political," like the librarian from Rostock University who got ten years for trading East-bloc books for "West literature." He was not inventive, like the chemistry student who got five years for printing postcards with a montage of prison bars and the librarian's face. Vormelker says that Peter was young and helpless, and that the state had nothing to lose in letting him go. It was a question of money. Peter says now that he was "bought cheap." Fifty thousand Deutsche marks is what he remembers, but his mother insists that it was more. In her mind he has become a freedom fighter. She never asked him why he had to go or what his politics were or if he was in the underground, or even if he knew anybody in the underground—not when they met in Prague, not even when the Wall came down and they met in Hamburg. She waited until Peter was home in Rostock, and they were in the parlor eating gooseberry-cherry tart and drinking coffee and the television was showing West German soccer—and everything, as Hannelore said, was "normal." Then she asked him.

Peter told Hannelore about how he made his passive resistance, and Hannelore told Peter about *her* resistance. She told him about showing his sweatshirt to the Stasi, and about what she said to the policemen outside the Stasi building on the day of his trial—she waited on the street that day, and saw him being taken away in a car, and it was terrible, because he was in handcuffs, and didn't have a sweater, and the day was cool. She told him about the day she came to Cottbus, and the guard said that Prisoner Schmidt couldn't get a food package—Prisoner Schmidt wasn't working hard enough to qualify for a food package. Hannelore had spoken right up and said that Prisoner Schmidt didn't work hard at home, either. He didn't pick up his underwear and he didn't make his bed and he didn't help with the dishes, but still she fed him. The guard was so impressed, Hannelore said, that he took her straight to the prison store, and together they bought Peter a box of chocolates for thirty-five marks. Hannelore cried, telling Peter her stories. "Can you believe it? Germans behaving so badly!" she would say, and Peter would nod and stretch and tilt back in his chair and scratch his chest, underneath his pink T-shirt, and once he spilled his coffee on the embroidered tablecloth. She started to scold him then, but stopped herself. "*Macht nichts*," she said. "Never mind."

She was happy to have him home. She wasn't going to scold him because of a coffee stain on the tablecloth, or because of the ring he left when he put his beer glass on her beautiful new cabinet—the one with shelves and drawers and drop leaves and a mirrored bar—or because he drank up all the mineral water. She didn't complain when he stayed in, watching television, on his first night home instead of going with her to the Universitätsplatz to listen to Willy Brandt and Ibrahim Böhme make speeches. (She said later he was right, because Willy Brandt rambled, and Böhme, who was the head of the new East German Social Democrats, resigned from the Volks-

The J. Peterman Catalogue. (No. 6) Summer '90.



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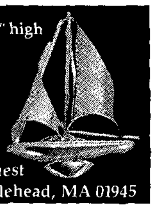

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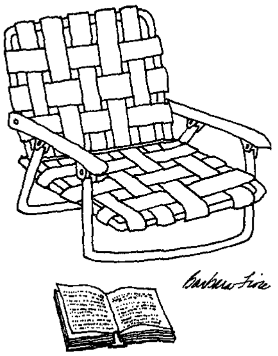
kammer in a week—*Der Spiegel* wrote that he had been a Stasi—and reportedly tried to commit suicide.) She didn't even complain when he took the big bed, and let her sleep on a mattress on the living-room floor. She said that her youngest son should have a proper bed on his first night home in six years, and Peter agreed with her. He got up the next morning and drank all the apple juice and all the mineral water and said that "relations" were much better in East Germany. People in East Germany were more caring. They were suspicious and they spied on each other, but they were not elbowy and aggressive and ungenerous and cold, like the West Germans. He wanted to warn his mother about the West Germans. Whenever she talked about East Germans, and asked what could be worse than East Germans, he said, "The West is worse."



Hannelore was going to vote for the Christian Democrats. She had listened to Helmut Kohl and found him "thrilling," and Peter could not imagine how someone as natural as his mother—someone who always talked about how she would rather ride her bicycle down a country road or take a picnic to the beach than spend her time making money, like a Bundi—could say that Helmut Kohl was thrilling or vote for his cold, capitalist party. Hannelore knew that politicians lied. She would start talking politics and all of a sudden stop and shake her head and say "All those lies! Forty years of lies," but in the end she wanted to believe what Helmut Kohl was promising now. She couldn't explain why she believed Helmut Kohl more than Willy Brandt, except, maybe, because Brandt was old, and rambling. She said that Kohl was decisive. Kohl never asked questions. He told the East Germans exactly what to do. He told them that Christian Democrats had the power in West Germany, and controlled the money, and that there was no way they were going to give that money to the competition—by which he meant not only the Social Democrats in East Germany but all the new East German parties, and even the people in Neues Forum, who had made the "revolution" to begin with. He was right in the East German spirit. He was threatening and cajoling, like a Party boss, and he gave simple orders—"Vote money!"—while the local politicians, and even the other carpetbaggers from the Bundesrepublik, who weren't running for anything themselves but were putting themselves in place, and their people in place, for the first "German" elections, kept talking about how difficult and exciting the moment was, full of choices to make and directions to consider. The East Germans were bewildered by choices. They were terrified of choosing wrong. They believed the people who told them (with some *reason*) that choice in East Germany right now was an illusion, that West Germany already owned them, that there was no such thing as a "third way" between capitalism and Communism, that only Deutsche marks would save them.

"We need the money," Hannelore Schmidt said. She tried to tell Peter about how poor the hospitals in Rostock were, and how dilapidated the factories were, and how polluted the city was getting, just like Dresden and Leipzig, and how corrupt the government still was, full of old Stasis. She said that was why they had to take the money the Christian Democrats offered. It was a terrible situation. Everyone was nervous. There were twenty-four political parties, and nothing but elections for the next year. Posters were going up and coming down all the time, because people were fighting and splitting and starting new parties. Helmut Kohl was fighting with Lothar de Maizière about kindergartens, and Oskar Lafontaine was fighting with Markus Meckel about the exchange rate, and Bundis at the Thursday market were trying to sell you last week's dirty laundry. Nothing was the way people wanted. The only thing to do was vote for the Bundis and take their money and four years later vote them out of power—because politics was *Schmutz* anyway, politics was dirty. You had to try to forget the Bundis at the beach, the Bundis at the market. You had to forget how arrogant the Bundis were. Everyone knew that Bundis were arrogant. The important thing right now was Rostock. The important thing was to get rid of the Communists, and there was no way to insure that they were gone for good if everyone was poor. The new parties—Neues Forum and Democracy Now and the other citizens' groups that had for all practical purposes run the cities in East Germany since November—had nothing to suggest but hope and sacrifice and a lot of work. They didn't have the money for a proper campaign, let alone the money to save East Germany. Their telephones didn't work, and their posters were dingy and disintegrated in the rain, and their mimeograph machines ran purple, whereas the parties with West German connections could pay for thick white poster paper, and telephone lines, and Xerox machines, and laser printers.

Economists had said it would cost the West Germans thirty billion Deutsche marks a year to subsidize "Germany," but it had not cost more than a few posters and a couple of plane fares to convince Hannelore Schmidt that Helmut Kohl was going to solve her problems, and make Rostock so safe and so agreeable that Peter Schmidt would consider coming home.

THERE were only a few hundred refugees in Hamburg when Peter got there. Most prisoners who came through the people trade stayed south, in Bavaria, or went straight to West Berlin, like Max, being more comfortable with the Wall and the Turkish workers and the spacey, subsidized Berlin life than with "reality" in a city like Hamburg, or Frankfurt or Cologne. Until Rainer Schmidt moved to Hamburg—he had been studying in Frankfurt—the only person Peter knew there was his friend Fritz, from the garage. He had cousins in Hamburg—distant cousins of his grandmother. He looked them up when he arrived, and even went to dinner at their house in Volksdorf and met their children, but he says the children were only interested in "consuming and careers and jobs that were going to give them 'standing' "—more interested, at any rate, than they were in Peter—and he never saw any of them again. He was counting on Fritz, because Fritz had "the East German mentality." Fritz had suffered the same system and the same distress and the same poverty, and Peter thought it would give them a solidarity, a common ground, that West Germans, with their busy and ambitious lives, their separate paths, could never share. They spent a couple of months together. The city gave each of them a living allowance of six hundred marks a month and a housing allowance of two hundred, and they used it to go back to school for what Germans call a *technisches Abitur*—a kind of vocational degree. But it was clear to Peter that Fritz had lost his "taste for adversity." Fritz studied hard and talked about going on to college and having a career as an engineer, while Peter did what he ruefully calls "the East German thing"—he backed off from the competition, and refused to study, and quit before the semester ended, complaining that everyone else at school knew more than he did.

Fritz left that winter for the Free University in West Berlin. Peter saw him off and remarked that Fritz had the West German mentality now, but he took the old East German stereo Fritz left him, and the tapes, and the textbooks, and the flannel sheets. For a while, he stayed with Rainer and his wife in a small sublet, off the Reeperbahn. They were together a year. But then Rainer got a good job, and he and his wife moved into a pretty flat in a fashionable part of town and bought Laura Ashley pillows and Habitat wicker chairs, and stripped the floors to a pale pine, and hung a Matisse poster from the Beaubourg on the wall instead of the funny Mecklenburg ceramics Hannelore sent them, and started eating Swiss Birchermuesli and imported tropical-fruit yogurts for breakfast, and there was not much left in their life to make Peter feel comfortable.

Eventually, he met Rudolf Klaassen. Rudolf had a group of friends who got together in his apartment once a week to argue. They read historians like Eric Hobsbawm and argued about social bandits, and one of the friends invited Peter, thinking it would cheer him up to argue, and that night Peter offered to put his housing allowance and some of his living allowance toward a room in Rudolf's apartment. He liked the apartment. It was a big, sunny, shabby fourth-floor walkup near the Goldbekplatz, where a lot of students live. It was "natural." Peter bought some plants for his room, and then a cat, and then a friend for the cat. He bought some pine boards for a cupboard and some matchstick shades to cover the cupboard. He hung a paper angel on the wall, and a Mecklenburg "Art and Memory" poster from his mother, and a bulletin board made from three squares of straw floor matting for his collection of Greens slogans and his postcards from the guys in his old Cottbus cell block. He put away his motorcycle jacket and his running shoes and T-shirt. He put his tapes in alphabetical order, and arranged his books: Stefan Aust on the Baader-Meinhof; Michael Herr on Vietnam; Max Frisch's *Tagebücher;* "Ansprachen," by Christa Wolf; and a couple of popular histories of the Second World War. He liked finally being able to read history. He liked the arguments he had with Rudolf and his friends about social bandits. It reminded him of prison.

"He was a nice, open guy," Rudolf says when he talks about Peter. He had thought then that Peter was an authentic East German radical, the kind of person you rarely got to see in Hamburg, someone on the order of his friend Freimut, from the Vereinigte

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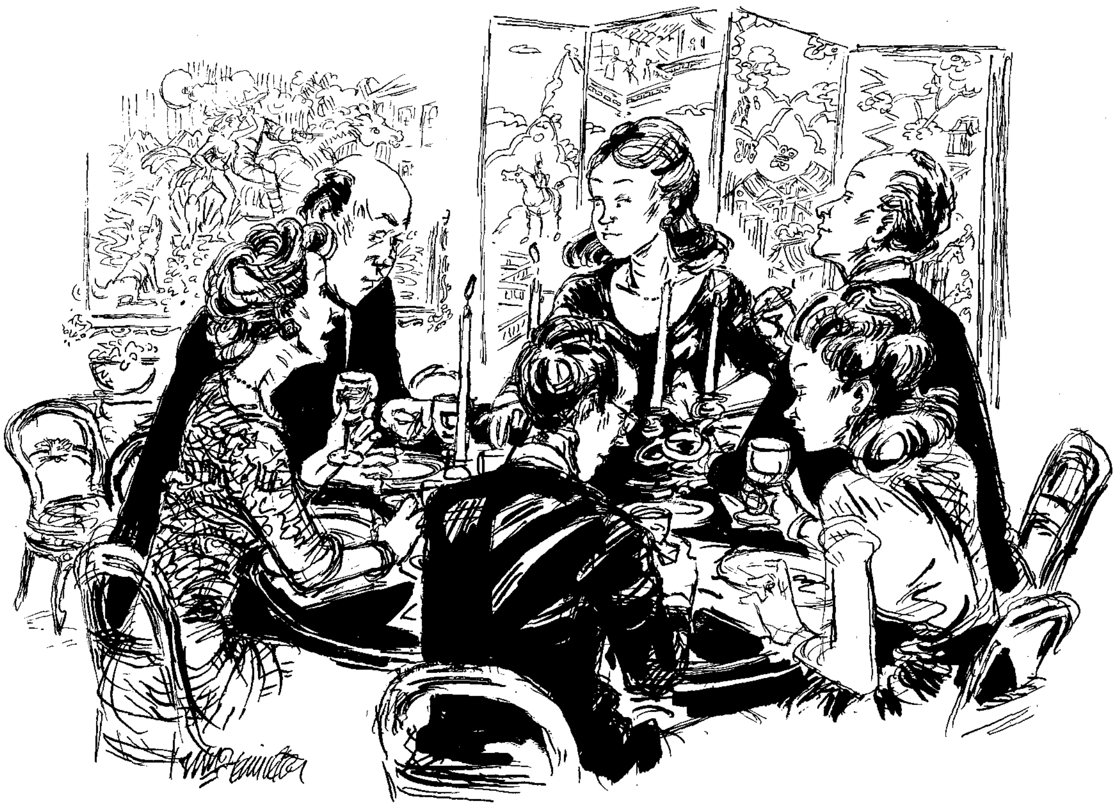


"Until we really get a feel for the nineties, I think it's smart to stay home with small, seated dinners."

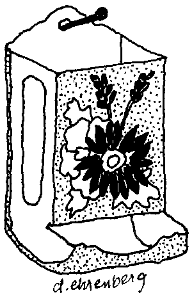
• •

Linke—the United Left—who had been an important activist in the G.D.R. and had organized in East Berlin for the Party and had come out only when it got too dangerous to stay. Freimut was smuggled West in the fake gas tank of a big truck, and now he was organizing in West Germany, occupying houses. He was the kind of person Rudolf imagined Peter to be when he took him on. A revolutionary. "Peter had some perspective then," Rudolf says. "He had a couple of friends like Max, in Berlin—Max was so kind, a real prole—and he said some good things. He was against the achievement system here. He didn't want to achieve anything for the state or for business, but the problem was he didn't want to achieve anything for himself, either. He had problems with achievement. He thought that *all* achievement was for the system, so he didn't try. He had pulled himself out of the G.D.R. He made a decision to leave and go to prison, but now I think it was a very personal decision. It was a decision to leave society—first his society, then *all* society. Most of the people I know from the G.D.R. came over to study, to work, to organize, to do music. They *had* something—a group, a profession, a politics. So maybe Peter was much more typical of East Germans. Maybe the system really shaped him, because he was so incapable. He was unfit for community. He had made a snail shell of his life. He did it to defend himself against the state, but when he left the G.D.R. he couldn't get out of it, and I think he didn't want to get out of it. He thought he was an anarchist or a rebel or a revolutionary, but he was really a snail. All he had was his opposition."

After a few months, Peter and Rudolf really started arguing. They argued about the Palestine question and about the nationalism question and about the question of socialism. Peter said one night that the Israelis were just like Nazis, and then that the Communists were just like Nazis, and Rudolf blew up and said that it wasn't true—that Peter had to give up monocausal explanations, that "history" rejected monocausal explanations. He wanted to know if Peter had thought about Auschwitz, because if Peter had really thought about Auschwitz he would never be calling all bad behavior Nazi. He would understand that you had to accept the horrible *particularity* of the Holocaust if you were going to talk about being German at all. Rudolf had had this argument before, with his friends in the United Left. His friends were very pro-Palestinian, and Rudolf did not see why supporting the Palestinians had to mean making all the Israelis evil. He "understood" the Israelis. He had been to Israel, like a lot of West German students, and had worked on a kibbutz and hitchhiked around. He did not much like the government there—in fact, he spent a lot of his time demonstrating against it—but he liked his radical Israeli friends, and he did not want anyone to call them Nazis. He wondered what Peter would say if people started calling *him* a Nazi because he was German. He told Peter that whatever Peter might have thought about Auschwitz it was clear he had never made a serious moral judgment about Auschwitz, and Peter replied that no one had really told him about Auschwitz—all he knew was that nationalism was bad. Rudolf said that that was "typically East German."

Rudolf considers himself the *real* German left. He has the friendly confidence of a well-brought-up bourgeois. His father is a teacher and his mother is the librarian at an economics archive, and his freedom, like his future, has always been something given, something guaranteed. He plays classical and flamenco guitar along with his heavy metal, and dreams of having a digital synthesizer, like the Synclavier that Sting uses—one he can attach to a Macintosh and use for composing. With all his odd jobs and his rich talent, he probably will. He has had a special kind of nurturing. When he and his friends put together their first rock group, Cyberdeath, and started playing the clubs and squats on the St. Pauli Hafenstrasse—"We were slower and more emotional, but we were *heavy*, I mean we looked for violence and blood to caricature" is the way he describes it—everybody smiled and said that Rudolf was doing his thing, Rudolf was "being young," Rudolf was gifted. When he came to the *Gymnasium* in the suburbs for his student teaching, with his long brown curls and his funny psychedelic sweater, the one with the wool that glowed in the physics lab when the lights were off, everybody smiled and said that Rudolf was a bird of paradise among the Hamburg shrubs. When he began his thesis, about the terrible treatment of dissident West German Communists during Weimar, everybody smiled and said that it was an appropriate thesis—that young people like Rudolf Klaassen *should* be angry. Rudolf, of course, is not angry. He has a sweetness that comes in part from a gentle nature and in part from believing that life will never really do him harm. It gives him a freedom to worry about the people who *are* harmed. The people like Peter.

At first, Rudolf talked Peter into one more try at school. He stayed home every night for an hour to help Peter with his math. But Peter, he says, had angst about math. Peter was afraid of tests. He was afraid of failing and also of trying not to fail. He would work on his math with Rudolf for ten minutes, and then he would have trouble concentrating. He would start to complain. He would get up and walk around and put on a tape—the Stones or the Jefferson Airplane or T. Rex—and Rudolf would leave the room, exasperated, because Peter had such "typical East German taste," and the music he played had nothing to do with the music that was really happening, with Queensrÿche doing "Operation: mindcrime" on twelve voice tracks, or with Sabotage, or with the black metal band called Living Colour. And then, instead of studying math, they would argue about music. Or they would argue about work, because Peter refused to work, and as far as Rudolf was concerned the only excuse for refusing to work was making music. Or about love. Rudolf did not know how Peter could love his mother and never write a letter to her—how he could get a long letter from Rostock every week and never answer one and still say he loved his mother. He did not know how Peter could love his friends and never answer any phone calls. He did not know how Peter could stay in his room all day with the door shut and his cups of perfect coffee and never call a friend or answer the phone when a friend called him.



Peter got better and better at making coffee, but that was the only thing he did. He talked for a while last year about moving to West Berlin. He had read Max Frisch about "the inspiring sky of Berlin" and had seen Wim Wenders' movie "The Sky Over Berlin," about the romance of Berlin—"about how everything passes, but to live the fantasy you have to give up your immortal life for mortal life, and Berlin is mortal"—and thought that maybe the contrast of East and West Berlin mirrored some of his own ambivalence. He went to Berlin for a weekend when the Wall came down, and a few days later his friend Max found him a place in Neukölln—a room in a house that was once a squat and was now a "legal squat"—but Peter kept putting off moving, and by the time he was ready to go the West German draft had called him and assigned him to "alternative service" on the AIDS-and-cancer floors of a hospital near the Hamburg docks. It is, finally, a job he likes—helping people with dinner trays and baths and thermometers and bedpans. He calls it "a simple job, nothing ambitious." It comes with six weeks' holiday, and some of the nice East German feeling. He wouldn't mind staying on at the hospital, though he would never study nursing—he wouldn't want to hassle the competition at nursing school. He talks sometimes about moving to America. Rainer and his wife took a trip across America last summer, and told him about some mountains—in Wyoming, he thinks, or maybe Montana—where there were no cities and no cars and no elbowy, ambitious people talking about money and politics, and Peter thinks that maybe he could find a job in those mountains. A janitor's job. Nothing special. Rudolf doubts if he will ever go. Rudolf told him a year ago to look for his own apartment. Peter agreed, but it is hard to rent an apartment in Hamburg without a job, and Peter never started looking anyway. He says there is no point in looking now—not with people crossing daily from the

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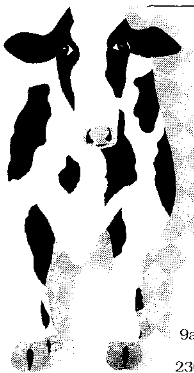

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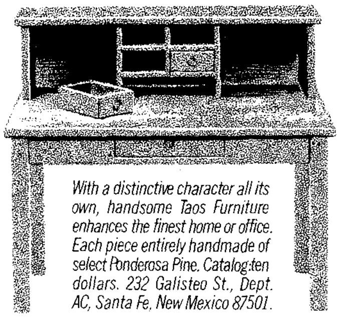

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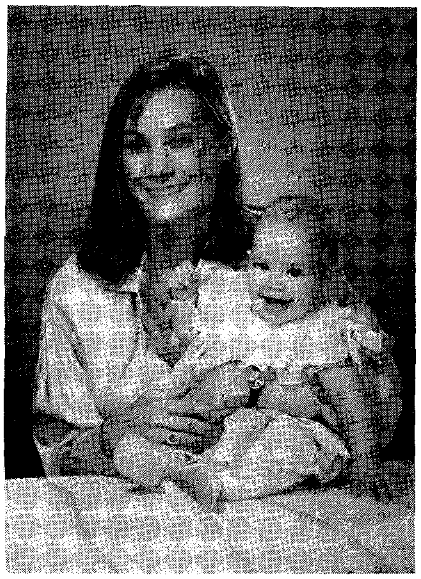
G.D.R., and all of them needing apartments. There is too much competition for apartments, Peter says, and Rudolf admits that this is true. Every couple of months, Rudolf says politely, "Please go." And Peter, just as politely, stays.

FIFTEEN thousand of the five hundred and fifty thousand East Germans who moved to West Germany over the past year are living in Hamburg. They started to come last summer, when Hungary and then Czechoslovakia opened their western borders and for a few months any East German with an East-bloc passport had a safe route out. The exodus was so great, and so constant, that West Germany tried to spread the burden (and the cost) by assigning every state a share of the refugees to support. Hamburg got 3.1 per cent. It was a makeshift figure. It had to do with population but not with population density, or housing, or employment, or unemployment (two million people are unemployed right now in West Germany), or professional demographics.

The first immigrants—the ones, say, who came through Czechoslovakia into Bavaria—were mainly families. Some of them had been waiting to leave for years. They were young craftsmen and skilled workers and technicians who had more energy and ambition than they could satisfy in the moribund Kombinats of the G.D.R., where people worked four hours a day and stopped and (unlike the Hungarians or the Poles, who put their best efforts into moonlighting) seemed to have no appetite for what East Europeans call the "second economy." Nearly everyone liked the first immigrants. People in Hamburg say now that they were actually looking forward to having a few nice young East German families like the ones they read about in *Der Spiegel*. They were disappointed when most of those families stayed in Bavaria, which is pretty and prosperous, the way they were disappointed when the artists and intellectuals they expected—the ones who had not been sent away during the years that East Germany was "exporting" dissent, and people like Wolf Biermann and Monika Maron came to Hamburg—told them they had no intention of moving west just at the moment East Germany was changing. Hamburg's 3.1 per cent tended to have "grease in their hair and tattoos on their arms," as one of the tabloids put it. They drove their Trabis across the border, and abandoned them cheerfully, and told the waiting reporters and cameramen that what they wanted out of Western life was a Volkswagen Golf. So many of them said it so often that the refrain became part of a television comedy routine: a West German reporter asks a pretty East German girl if she wants freedom, and the girl says no, certainly not, what she wants is "*ein Golf GTI*, *Marlboros*, *und ein Video-Recorder*."

Nikolaus Piper, who writes about East European economics for *Die Zeit*, once said that the East Germans who came to Hamburg "thought in consumer terms but not in economic terms," by which he meant that in the West you had to earn money in order to spend it, and that was something the East Germans didn't know. The fact is that for months there was nothing to persuade the East Germans to think in economic terms. They heard in Rostock that in Hamburg immigrants were getting nice new clothes and apartments with television sets and freezers; that immigrants were getting unemployment checks for far more money than they earned at home; that immigrants were getting government-backed loans for seven thousand marks at almost no interest. So they came. A few were professional people. (There are, for example, four Rostock doctors at one Hamburg hospital, and a couple of other Rostock doctors are on unemployment in the city, getting twice the money they made at home working.) But most of them were workers. They were farmworkers and industrial workers, but they were not the Brechtian proletariat that the Hamburg intelligentsia expected. They had—this shocked the Hamburgers— petit-bourgeois values. They spent their "urgent need" allowances on huge knickknack cabinets and horrible flowered couches, and had never heard of Neues Forum.

There are fifty to a hundred new immigrants every day in Hamburg. They did not stop coming when Hamburg filled its quota, and they did not stop coming when immigration was "officially" suspended, and now not even the promise of parity by July keeps them home. They stay in trailer camps and school gyms and in Army barracks in the countryside and in converted sex hotels on the Reeperbahn and in Yugoslav ferries and Norwegian oil-rig



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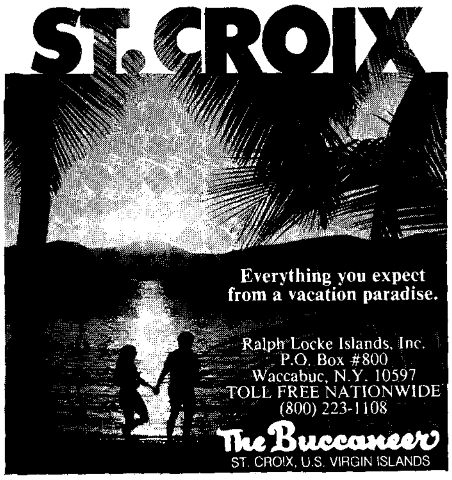

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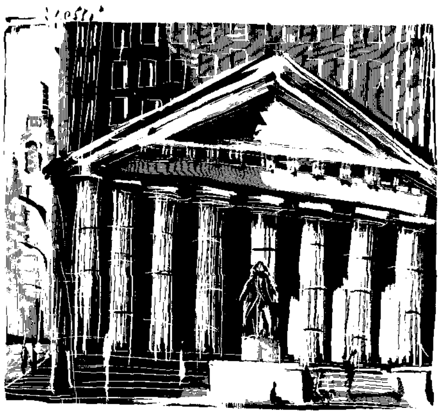
housing stations leased by the city and anchored along the Alster. They spend their time shopping. They are almost entirely uncritical. They will not go to symposia to tell the Bundis what it feels like to have "missed post-materialism" (intellectuals in West Germany call the nineteen-sixties post-materialism), or even what they are going to do to catch up with democracy. They get confused and say that they are too busy for politics—that they don't know right politics from wrong politics anyway, and are not much interested in learning.

A young radio journalist named Maren Wintersberg followed a group of East German immigrants during their first six months in Hamburg, and wrote a radio series about them, and decided in the end that the people she had got to know had been damaged by the "East symbiosis" of friendship and favors. They came to the West and didn't know they were alone. They were met by people who said, "Hello! We're your friends, and here's your new refrigerator," and didn't understand why a week later those friendly people had disappeared. In the G.D.R., a new refrigerator meant friendship, even if it was friendship based on getting and giving favors. A new refrigerator meant protection. It meant that someone was going to take you by the hand, that your worries were over, that you had a friend with connections.

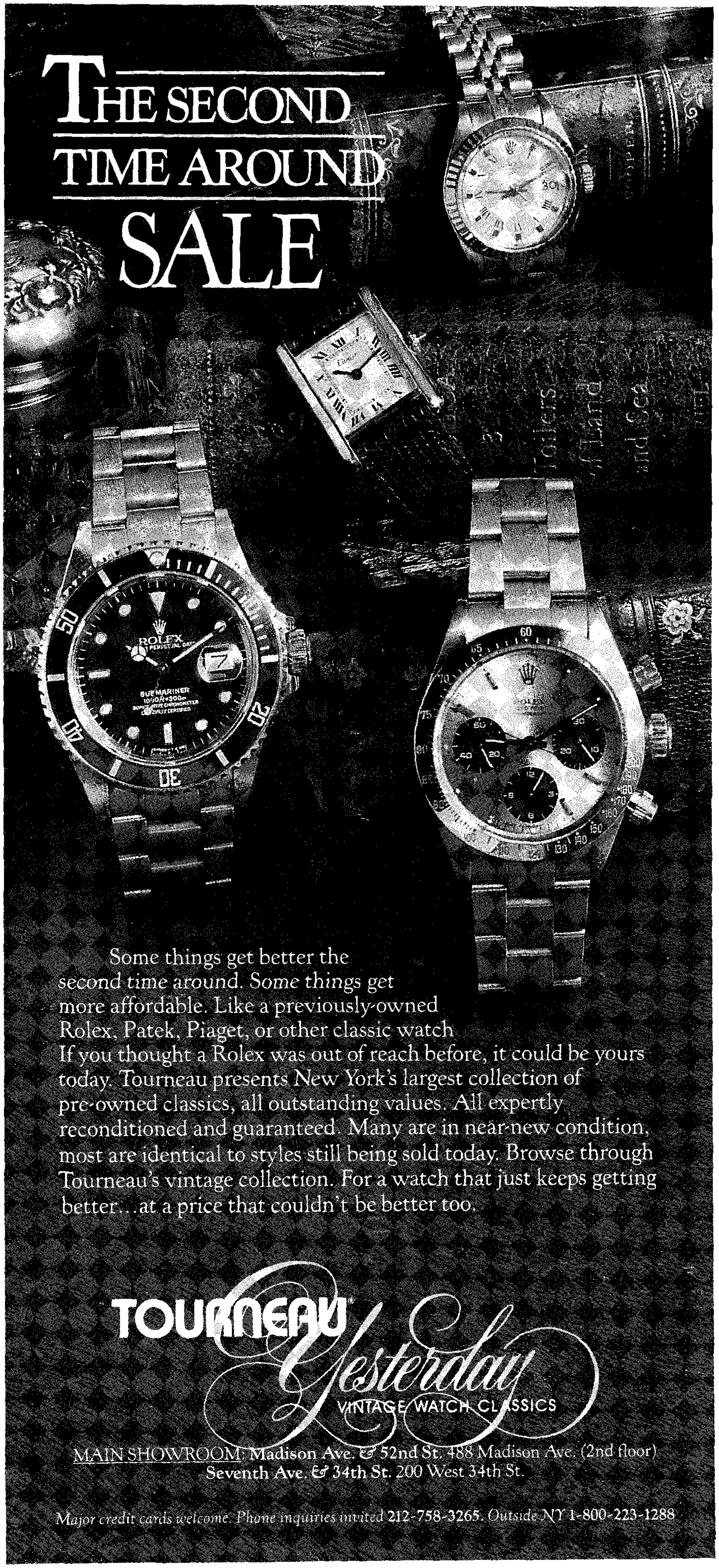
Maren Wintersberg says that the hardest thing *her* East Germans had to learn was that no one in the West helps anyone else voluntarily. They arrived like pioneers, on an adventure, and they were not strong enough, or educated enough, to accept that simple fact of capitalist life, and now they are in danger of falling through the net of a welfare state that supplies their needs but doesn't implicate them. Their apathy, like Peter's, is a kind of fear. They laugh at the West Germans who go shopping in the G.D.R. as if they were in Portugal on holiday, and buy all sorts of terrible things they don't need because the things are cheap, and the West Germans laugh at them, in Hamburg, buying all sorts of terrible things they don't need because the things are expensive. Peter does not think much of the refugees. He has heard about how Germany recovered after the Second World War by devaluing money so that German products were competitive and everybody started buying, and he thinks that East Germany should do that now. He thinks that East Germans should stay at home, and stop thinking about reunifying and getting rich, and start thinking about their country. He doesn't see any of the people who have come over from Rostock. He doesn't want to see them. They have none of the problems he had. It is easy for them at the border, easy for them at home. They are free at home, and he does not know why anyone free to leave Rostock would not be happy to stay in Rostock forever, keeping that nice, close, dirty East German feeling.

"I THINK a lot about it now," Peter says. "I spend a lot of time avoiding stress, but I think, Why me? I had no idea of going West. I knew nothing about the West. There was no Western television—the antenna in Rostock then wasn't strong enough. All I knew was the music. I couldn't talk to my parents. I'd ask them about the West, but West Germany was taboo, the border was taboo. They knew it was stupid, but they had no answers and they had this typical East German thing about repressing everything they couldn't answer. Everyone I knew was like that. I see East Germans out demonstrating now and I think, Where did all these people come from? Because when I was there no one did anything. They knew the G.D.R. was crap, but they wouldn't say so. They were passive. *I* was passive. I went to school and I got this strong class-enemy picture of West Germany—we were the socialist citizens of the G.D.R., and West Germany was this imperialist power concentrated against us; the Second World War was never a German war, it was a Fascist attack against *us;* we were the anti-Fascists, and the Fascists were still in power in West Germany. And my attitude was, Let them talk but don't believe them. I didn't see why the others believed them. Most of us had parents who had fought in the war. Anyway, they told us we had to integrate into the socialist workers' world, we had to find our identity in the larger German workers' movement, and I said to myself, Wait a minute! I didn't make this. I didn't ask to be born here. Why couldn't I have been a Dane? Or a Swede? Or even a West German? Why am I alone? I didn't meet the people who were radical. My brother wanted to leave, but that was only to marry. *His* conflict with the G.D.R. began when they wouldn't let him go. The only real radical I knew was Fritz, and when he and his family left it was like with the Swedish hitchhiker—I was totally conscious that they were in a different world. I thought about the close quarters at home—four people in two and a half rooms—and the bullshit, the animosity, this personal dissatisfaction I had with the system, and I said to myself, No, I can't survive here. The enemy was now *East* Germany. I thought, The West? It can't be worse.



"I started making plans. I knew my application would sit around in East Berlin for five, six years. I had wanted to leave legally, but all I got for trying was threats from one Stasi and a job offer from another. I knew I'd have to leave illegally. I thought, I'll go to prison, but I'll do it anyway. I considered Hungary, but it was complicated for a kid to go by Hungary. My most fantastical plan was to steal a boat and cross the Baltic. There were stories of people who crossed the Baltic to Denmark, stories of people who drifted around in rowboats until they were finally picked up by Danish ferries. But I knew in the end that it would have to be the border at home. When I was planning my route, I made a trial run to the border. It was a terrible wet, stormy night. I took paths through the fields, and then—it was two miles from the border—I thought of the possibilities, like stepping on a mine and getting blown up, or even getting arrested, and I stressed out and smoked and smoked, and rode back to Baumberg and called my mother.

"Even when I did try, I didn't think I'd actually succeed. It was just that I knew I couldn't stay. I couldn't survive that brutal protection against the rest of the world. I couldn't stand borders. I couldn't stand not talking about borders. I tried once going into church



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circles—what interested me about the church was the *oppositional* aspect—but the topics I wanted to discuss, topics like borders, were not discussed in church circles. I think now that East Germans like me were formed by a system that meant they couldn't live a life in East Germany. They had the solidarity that came from that horrible social reality—from wanting to live under different circumstances. Here that solidarity is lost. People are more assured. It's easier for them to be individuals, but they're disconnected from each other. That's why I think that whoever is idealistic now—after the fall of the Wall, the fall of the Communists—should stay in East Germany. After five years, I can say *I* wouldn't have come over. It would have been enough if the Communists had changed.

"There have been so many changes—the empire, Weimar, Fascism, division, Communism, and now this. East Germans have shaken off the system themselves, without the West. If Gorbachev had been around twenty years ago, they would have done it then, without the West. I try to put myself in my mother's place, voting for the West, and the sad thing is that maybe the chance won't come again for forty more years. I tried voting here. I voted for the Greens, but I don't think the Greens know what's happening any more than the rest of the West German left. The Greens know more about Australia than they do about East Germany. They did nothing for the East Germans. At first, they were all for asylum, like everybody else, but now, like everybody else, they say that all the East Germans are 'consumer idiots.' People don't realize that all foreigners 'consume' here. They don't ask where this consumerism comes from—from decades of withdrawal. They just say they are against the 'ecstasy' of the East Germans.

"Maybe it's hard to understand if you come from a full, satisfied country. They say we're one people, but I think Czechoslovakia and East Germany have more in common than East and West Germany—they both have nothing. I don't mind having nothing. I don't like the West. It's not worth striving for. I was never *going* West. I was determined to leave, but not to *go* West. I was determined to leave the East the shortest possible way."

—JANE KRAMER

THE THEATRE

Love and Laughter

TO begin with an apology—how I've underestimated Jules Feiffer! It had never occurred to me, after reviewing his plays for thirteen years, that he'd be able to write anything that went beyond clever (in the British, pejorative sense as well as our own), or that he had any talent for seriousness at all. I was wrong on both counts. His "Elliot Loves," which opened last week at the Promenade, is humorous and sound and damn good. That this should be so has much to do with the strength of the performance by the incomparable Anthony Heald in the title role and with the direction of the incomparable, Mike Nichols. Credit for the success can surely be split three ways.

Elliot is a man in early middle age who has left his wife and is having an affair with a woman named Joanna, herself divorced and the mother of two. The play opens with a marvellous monologue by Elliot on love and the sexes and a number of other matters, among them Joanna's verbal trivia—her repetition of such phrases as "piece of cake" and "don't get upset," which drives him nuts. (In any contest between Elliot's nerves and his feelings, nerves win.) The monologue also includes a very funny disquisition on age, or aging, which Elliot illustrates with a list of names, among them Jimmy Dean, Jesus Christ, and Mike Wallace. The monologue is quite long, but not nearly long enough for me. The second scene is set in front of an apartment-house elevator. Elliot is taking Joanna to a party upstairs, to meet his three oldest friends and their wives for the first time. She, in the person of Christine Baranski, perfectly cast, refuses to budge until she has made a few adjustments to her clothes and jewelry and makeup, as he paces up and down, eyes fixed on his wristwatch. The elevator doors open, she walks away, and he goes upstairs alone. When she eventually arrives at the party, dinner is over, the wives have gone to the movies, and the men are sitting around. To make small talk, she repeats his confidential remarks about all of them, while he writhes in embarrassment. In the scrappy, marvellous phone call—two phones, two tables—that ends the play, there is a sudden emotional breakthrough, surprising and surprisingly affecting.

No synopsis—certainly none as sketchy as this one—could do justice to the richness of this show, to the funny lines and the ones that are not so funny, and to the characters as drawn, and as played by a first-rate company, under Mr. Nichols' invigorating, sensitive guidance. Christine Baranski is better than I've ever seen her before. Her Joanna is a woman who is as complex (and nerve-ridden) as her man, but has achieved a firmer emotional footing and considerable shrewdness at no cost to her ditsy manner. Oliver Platt, David Pierce, and Bruce A. Young are the three old friends, and Latanya Richardson is the hostess. As for Mr. Heald, it's a long time since we've had a leading man as adept and versatile as he is. (It's a long time since we've had a true leading man at all.) Over the past few seasons, he has played, among other roles, the farcical foreigner in "The Foreigner," the delightfully comical young lordship in "Anything Goes," and the homosexual in agony over the desertion of his lover in "The Lisbon Traviata." Mr. Feiffer has written a part that is worthy of him. Tony Walton's settings, as distinguished as ever, are lighted by Paul Gallo; Ann Roth designed the good costumes.

—EDITH OLIVER

Rerun

CLOSING out the season at the Manhattan Theatre Club is a play so intricately resembling Simon Gray's "Butley" that one can only assume its author intended it as a sort of homage. The eponymous heroine of Andrew Davies' "Prin," played by Eileen Atkins, is not a professor at the University of London but the principal

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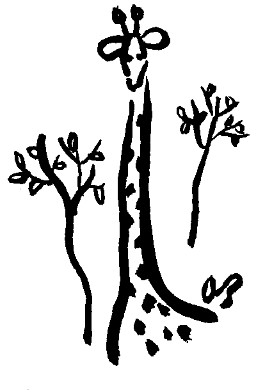
of a college that trains teachers of physical education for women; her field is not T. S. Eliot but "the interpretation of human movement" (on which subject, we're told, she has written the standard textbook). In nearly every other respect, however, Davies' poignant academic comedy seems like a female version of Gray's poignant academic comedy. Like Gray's title character, Davies' has a dry wit, a contempt for conformity, and a tendency to treat colleagues with thinly disguised derision—all of which qualities come home to roost (as the same qualities came home to roost in Gray's play). Like Butley, Prin has a homosexual lover—in her case, her vice-principal, Dibs (Amy Wright), whom she likes to bait and whose interest seems to be wandering. Like Butley's lover, Joey, Dibs is a former student turned colleague, and, like Joey, she ends by betraying her mentor and joining the ranks of the enemy—in Prin's view (and Butley's), the unimaginative and unexceptional of the earth.



Davies doesn't just follow Gray with respect to plot, character, and over-all design; he uses similar jokes, and to essentially the same dramatic ends. There is in "Prin" a character from the North of England whose accent and lack of sophistication are a continuing source of amusement to Prin—a science professor who speaks in clichés, sits on what sounds like a rather important committee (something to do with accrediting institutions of higher learning), and has the unpleasant habit of clearing his sinuses in company. Prin indulges in all sorts of games at his expense: she affects not to be able to remember his name, and encourages Dibs to do impersonations of him. In Gray's play there was also a character whose name the protagonist affected not to be able to remember—a man from the North of England, whose accent and putative lack of sophistication were a continuing source of amusement to Butley: Joey's new boyfriend, Reg. Butley was always encouraging Joey to do impersonations of Reg, whom he always called Ted. Consequently, it's not hard for anyone who has seen "Butley" to figure out that Davies' Dibs is carrying on an affair with the science professor, Dr. Boyle (John Curless), whom Prin always calls Dr. Bile.

Like Joey, Dibs has recently acquired the habit of using the pleonastic expression "in point of fact," which Prin, like Butley, is forever catching her out on. But Prin isn't really as clever as she is mean. Butley was a man with a truly rapierlike wit, and some of the lines in "Butley" were so funny that even now it's possible to have them still going round in your head. At the Manhattan Theatre Club the other night, every time Miss Wright used the phrase "in point of fact," I kept hearing the voice of Alan Bates saying, "Matters of fact and points of fact have been cluttering your syntax since you started going steady with that butcher's boy." It was very confusing.

Which isn't to say that John Tillinger's production has nothing going for it, or that the sublime Eileen Atkins doesn't do the title character more than justice. She is the very essence of bored, laconic irony—the quality that such roles are based on. But it's frustrating to see an actress of her calibre trapped in what is—to say the very least—a stock role. As for Remak Ramsay, who plays the heroine's nemesis—a businessman who is trying to effect a merger between the college and an inferior institution—he must feel equally confined by his role, which offers him less opportunity for nuance than a television travel commercial. Only two characters manage to rise above the level of cliché: Walker, a vaguely and ambivalently amoral English professor, who gets a marvellously wired comic performance from John Christopher Jones; and Melanie, the hapless and not very bright student he has seduced, brilliantly played by Wendy Makkena—definitely an actress to watch. One can only wish that Miss Atkins, Mr. Ramsay, and Mr. Curless had had as much to work with.

—MIMI KRAMER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mirrors

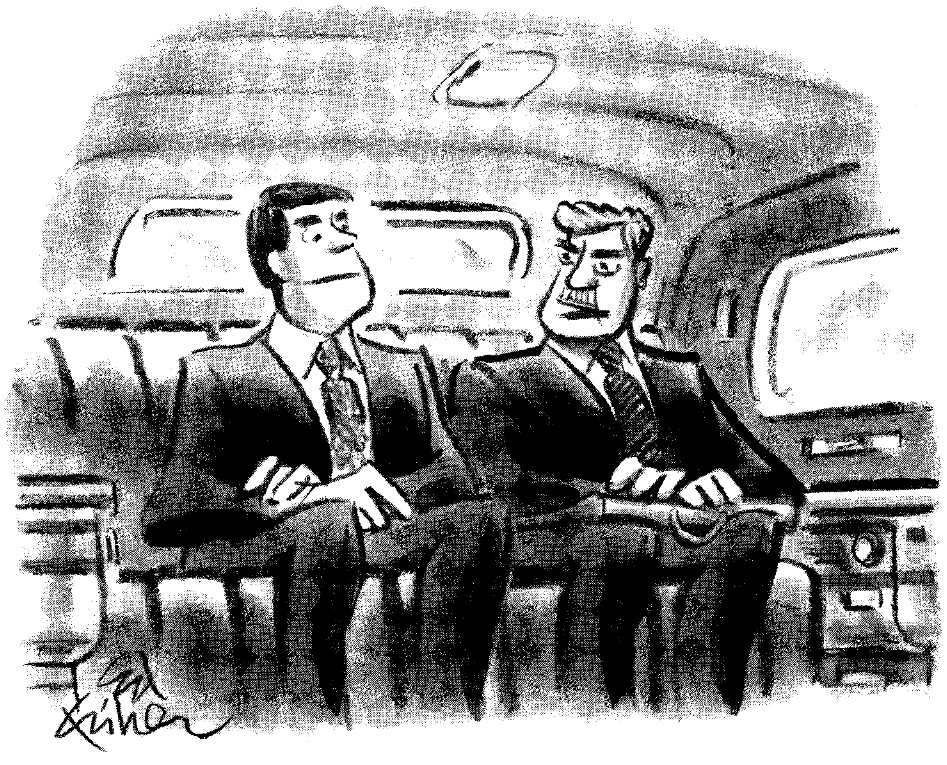
THREE recent productions—operas of the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and the nineteenth centuries—showed three composers employing and transcending conventions of their day: Antonio Cesti arranging familiar ingredients in a fresh pattern, Mozart raising Viennese popular singspiel to sublimity, Donizetti imbuing formulaic costume tragedy with his sensitivity to suffering.

Seventeenth-century opera, with its freedoms and freshness, has proved attractive to modern taste. Monteverdi's three surviving scores, unstaged during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, are now widely played. (Let me, in passing, salute Alan Curtis's enthralling new edition of "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," published by Novello.) In New York, in the last eight years, the Mannes Camerata has staged the first of all operas, Jacopo Peri's "Euridice" (1600), and also Marco da Gagliano's "Dafne" (1608), Loreto Vittori's "Galatea" (1639), and Francesco Cavalli's "Giasone" (1649), and Camerata progress through the seventeenth century continued last month, with five performances—the first in America—of Cesti's "Dori." The opera was composed for Innsbruck in 1657; was produced in Florence in 1661, to mark a Medici wedding; and reached the public theatres two years later, to become one of the three operas of the day most frequently played (the others being "Giasone" and Cesti's own "Orontea"). The librettist, G. F. Apolloni, had worked with Cesti before, in Innsbruck. By the time of "Dori," a certain decadence—an easy recourse to surefire formula—had already set in; the piece lacks the balanced beauties, formal masteries, and psychological poignancy of Monteverdi. But Cesti's work flows so agreeably, engagingly, and variously—the opera-seria straitjacket of recitative followed by exit aria had not yet been woven tight—that it proved as captivating today as it must have been to its early audiences.

The plot is a "Twelfth Night" kind of tangle. Dori, who was brought up as an Egyptian princess, has, after mishaps at the hands of pirates, arrived—disguised as the slave boy Ali—at the court of Orontes, the young King of Persia. Her supposed brother Prince Ptolemy, come in search of her, is there, too, disguised as the harem maiden Celinda. Orontes, who fell in love with Dori of Egypt during a visit to Memphis, had been betrothed in infancy to one Dori of Nicaea and then, after her disappearance, to her sister Arsinoe, who is now Queen of Nicaea. Arsinoe has arrived to marry Orontes, and she loves him. The disguised Ptolemy has fallen in love with her (Viola's plight, with reversed gender). Orontes is unresponsive to Arsinoe; his mind is filled with memories of his lost Egyptian princess, and he finds the slave boy Ali (who, of course, reminds him of her) more attractive than his intended bride. His captain, Erasto, falls in love with Celinda, and is disconcerted when the harem girl turns out to be a royal youth. An elderly but still amorous duenna hopes that love has not passed her by. And so on. The large cast plays out the traditional scenes of Venetian opera: that mixture of frivolity, salacity, and sudden, piercing emotion which Cavalli revivals have made familiar. Sleep scenes, since Monteverdi's "Poppea," had become a regular operatic ingredient: "Dori" contains not one but three. In one of them, Ali is overheard murmuring Orontes' name. In another, the ghost of Orontes' mother appears, powerfully enjoining on her puzzled son fulfillment of his first engagement, to Dori of Nicaea: scenes of supernatural visitation were another favorite feature of the time. All ends happily, with a Gilbertian revelation of baby switching: the supposed Dori of Egypt, alias Ali, is really Princess Dori of Nicaea. Orontes embraces her, and Ptolemy wins Arsinoe.

Monteverdi would have contemned such a plot. A century later, Gluck sought to lead serious opera out of the labyrinths of dynastic and erotic intrigue, which it had continued to haunt. Yet, as a kaleidoscope mirror of life—reflecting life's quiddities as caricature, throwing its coincidences into prominence, and shaping its passions and pangs into sharp-focus short arias—"Dori" is far from negligible. Cesti may drop too often into conventional triple-time melodiousness, but within it—especially in the second-act aria "Quanto è dura la speranza," which is shared between Arsinoe and the supposed Ali, two women in love with the same man—he makes several beautiful and moving statements.

The production was directed by Paul Echols, who had also prepared the



"The steady gaze, the firm handshake, the willingness to sue—those have always been our family's strengths, my boy."

performing edition and the English translation. He deployed his usual skills in shaping dramatic space and obtaining committed individual performances. Against a long wall of the Mannes music room Michael Ganio had piled an ingenious and attractive set, incorporating gardens, balconies, terraces, throne rooms. It was cunningly lit by Eric Cornwell. Charlotte Yetman's costumes were becoming. In the title role, Alexandra Montano, a soprano who goes from strength to strength, was altogether delightful: pure of tone, winning of presence, communicative in her phrasing. Carola Glaser, a Camerata newcomer, was a Ptolemy with a bewitching smile and excellently clear utterance, if some errant pitching. The countertenor of John Carden, the Orontes, was afflicted by a vibrato flutter, but he rendered the role with charm and candor. The comedians—Paul Shipper the court jester, John Collis the duenna, Jay-Ann Lee the chief eunuch—were spirited. Dongsok Shin presided over a band of strings, lutes, harpsichords, organ, and a few winds. His first-beat insistence sometimes impeded the graceful flow of music.

GLYNDEBOURNE began this year with a bold production of "The Magic Flute," directed by Peter Sellars. Almost to a man, the British critics drubbed it; the *Financial Times* called it "probably the flattest, laziest, emptiest piece of work in festival history." I thought it one of the keenest, most engaging, energetic, thoughtful performances of the work I have seen. Mr. Sellars, as in his famous Purchase "trilogy" of Mozart-Da Ponte operas (which is now filmed and will be disseminated on television and on video), opens himself without preconceptions to scores and presents what he hears with vivid, responsive contemporary stage imagery. He hearkens more to the music than to the text. He is unafraid of mixed—or lapped—metaphors: a character may verbally draw a dagger and in fact pull a pistol. To the unreality—the heightened reality—of opera, where people sing what in life they speak, while instruments and harmonies explain and intensify, another layer is added.

The setting is (in the director's words) an "imaginary Los Angeles landscape, where gas stations become Hindu temples, a fantasy paradise with an underbelly of gritty reality, a Technicolor cliché promoted by every cop show on the Box." The scenes, designed by Adrianne Lobel, are color photographs of the city, its freeways ribboned by magic light beams, and of the beaches and palm-fringed bays close by. They are printed with electronic color enhancement on triptychs of backcloth and side panels, in bright unreal hues that turn recognizable reality into an exotic, enchanted world. Sarastro and his cult followers have retreated to an undercroft suggesting at once a subterranean parking garage and a temple crypt. James Ingalls' lighting is sensitive and strong. The décor is swift to change, rich, unfussy, and beautiful.

There is no spoken dialogue; this is the director's most controversial stroke. Practical considerations may have suggested the idea: Glyndebourne performs Mozart in the original language, and it would make little sense for its mainly Anglophone cast to chatter away in German to an English audience. Artistic experiment and adventure mark its execution. When so much of the "information" that Schikaneder's spoken text normally provides is jettisoned or taken for granted, the focus on the music grows more intense. The second-act sequence containing Monostatos's, the Queen of the Night's, and Sarastro's arias has about four pages of spoken dialogue; I missed them not at all but felt the force of each aria as never before. Of course, the proportions of the opera are changed; the very genre is transformed. It is not the only way of doing the "Flute," nor is it put forward as such. Next time Mr. Sellars directs the opera, he may do it quite differently.

The music transfigures a libretto in which serious, elevated thoughts and low jokes mingle. The compound of gaiety and earnestness, of jests and solemn admonitions, of sensuous and spiritual beauty is a marvel of "The Magic Flute." The libretto has often been rewritten: in 1794, Prague played the piece in Italian, and Weimar gave it with a libretto rewritten by Goethe's brother-in-law C. A. Vulpius; the Paris première, in 1801, was as "Les Mystères d'Isis," with sung recitatives, and interpolations from "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Tito." Mr. Sellars has not tried to reinterpret the drama. The Glyndebourne production, for all its near-contemporary imagery, is uncommonly straight, unglossed, almost without imposed directorial "statements." The essentials of Schikaneder's dialogue are rendered in visual shorthand, with a gesture or two. Some lines of English text appear in lights from time to time, not high overhead but conveniently midstage, on the edge of the platform dividing the upper and lower levels. They are employed as a form of emphasis, to underline a few significant utterances, not as a running translation. There is also much use of a gestural idiom apparently derived from sign language for the deaf but adapted to reflect the individual characters and situations. This was an interesting and often effective idea—a further touch of fanciful formal exoticism in the enactment of the nonrealistic adventures. Like Wieland Wagner, Mr. Sellars regularly revises his work. He will no doubt refine this "language" as the production grows, and make it still more precise. Something else he might consider is adding a suggestion of danger to what seemed to be unalarming trials by fire and by water.

Papageno, the loquacious Papageno, suffers from the lack of dialogue. When the director has a chance to step back from the production, he may feel that he has slighted, reduced to near-insignificance, a character who in the original performances—where he was played by Schikaneder, the librettist and the manager of the Viennese theatre—had the leading role. James Maddalena, the Glyndebourne interpreter, is usually a stage presence, but here he was ineffectual. Mr. Sellars, high-spirited yet ever earnest and intense in his approach, was probably glad to be rid of the hoary japes. Yet Papageno's friendly prattle, his down-to-earth comments and questions serve to prick any pretentiousness on the part of either prince or priests. Papageno keeps things in balance. Moreover, his costume at Glyndebourne—a little black-feather dress, tights, pumps—deprived him of robustness, gave him a principal-boy appearance. Monostatos in a business suit, carrying a briefcase, also puzzled me. (The commune's lawyer? Why?) But then who wants everything about a "Flute" to be explained?

Kurt Streit is a noble Tamino. He sings freely and freshly. His voice moves through the music with delightful accuracy—all the little notes in place and given their full value. He uses words with an eloquence that other American singers seldom achieve. Mr. Sellars stresses the extent to which the bewildered hero, at the start, has lost his way and needs the step-by-step (if sometimes contradictory) guidance he is offered; and Mr. Streit portrays a youth who proves worthy of the trouble taken with him. Ai-Lan Zhu's Pamina is firm, dignified, and touching. Hellen Kwon's accurate Queen of the Night combines glittering ambition with—what we more rarely perceive—a mother's real distress at the loss of a beloved and loving daughter. The Three Ladies—Annegeer Stumphius, Denise Hector, and Fiona Kimm—were unexaggerated in their play and were admirably in tune. The Three Boys—there were alternate trios; I heard Adrian Baschnonga, Matthew Rhys Evans, and Ben Halsted—were cheerfully confident. The others in the cast were good actors but were vocally unremarkable. And Lothar Zagrosek's conducting was a disappointment: careful but metronomic, inflexible, unbreathed. The Tamino-Papageno duet, "Pamina, wo bist du?," was included. It may have been one of the two new pieces "of Mozart's composition" that Schikaneder announced as "a gratifying surprise" for Theater an der Wien audiences in 1802. It is probably not by Mozart. But it came as a gratifying surprise at Glyndebourne, too; Mr. Streit and Mr. Maddalena made it tell.

THIS year's Florence Maggio Musicale included a production of Donizetti's "Parisina." The opera is rare: twentieth-century annals reveal a Siena production in 1964, Eve Queler's concert presentation in Carnegie, ten years later (Montserrat Caballé the soprano, James Morris the bass), and a few others. In Florence, "Parisina" returned to the theatre of its first performance, the Pergola. Opera itself began in Florence—offshoot of excited artistic debate and experiment in the aristocratic salons of the city. And the Pergola is famous. It opened in 1656. It introduced to Italy Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" (in 1840) and Weber's "Der Freischütz" (in 1843), paving the way for Verdi's Florentine essay in the *genere fantastico*—and his first masterpiece—"Macbeth"

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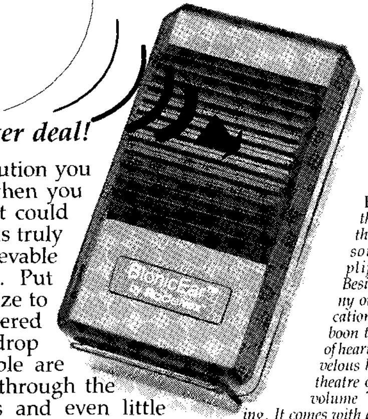

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(1847). Through the centuries, the theatre has been much altered. Today, it is not one of Italy's most attractive houses, yet one enters it—as, indeed, one enters the city itself, "the Athens of Italy"—with intellectual faculties tuned, responsiveness at the alert. The Pergola holds about a thousand people in horseshoe intimacy. Everything the singers say can be heard.

"Parisina" was composed in 1833, the same year as Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda," has the same librettist, Felice Romani, and has a similar cast of characters: the jealous tyrant (the baritone, Azzo), his unhappy wife (the soprano, Parisina), her ardent lover (the tenor, Ugo), and a sage counsellor (the bass, Ernesto). It is shorter than many operas of the time because the customary fifth character, the baritone's mistress (the mezzo), who betrays the soprano and then repents of her action, is absent. "Parisina" has particularity in that Ugo is Azzo's brilliant bastard son (lending a touch of "Phaedra," a touch of "Don Carlos," to the emotional triangle). Byron's verse tale "Parisina," the starting point of the plot, was criticized in its day for seeming to sympathize with adulterous love; in an Advertisement, the poet owned that "in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit" but noted that the Greek dramatists and Schiller were of a different opinion. Romani softened the lovers' offense by keeping Ugo's parentage a mystery, known only to Ernesto; he reveals it after Azzo has condemned the youth to death. Yet a sense remains of something disturbing, more than usually illicit, in Parisina and Ugo's love. Donizetti's biographer Guglielmo Barblan calls the piece "more a psychological novel in music than a theatrical opera."

Between Byron and the libretto there may have been an intermediate dramatization—a play, an earlier libretto, a ballet scenario—but, if so, it has not yet been identified. Romani makes no mention of one in *his* Advertisement, so perhaps the dramatic strokes are, for once, his own. The finest scene occurs in Act II, in Parisina's bedchamber. (In the corresponding Byron stanzas, husband and wife are in bed together, but that couldn't happen on the nineteenth-century opera stage.) The heroine sings a lovely romanza, in which conventional melodic shapes of the day are remolded with individuality and distinction, and she retires to bed. Azzo, suspicious, jealous, enters. A long, very striking orchestral passage depicts his stealthy arrival and his conflicting emotions as he gazes on his wife's apparently innocent beauty. (Behind it, of course, lay the parallel passage in Rossini's "Otello"; in the future was the entrance of Verdi's Otello.) In her sleep, Parisina murmurs Ugo's name; Azzo's cry of anguish and fury wakes her, and there is an impassioned duet.

The 1833 soprano was Carolina Ungher, once Beethoven's alto in the Ninth Symphony, and the tenor was the young Gilbert-Louis Duprez, later famous as the first purveyor, in "Guillaume Tell," of the *Ut de poitrine*, the powerful high C from the chest, which modern tenors tote as standard weaponry. Already, Donizetti writes for Duprez several high C's and also a D. The Parisina of the Pergola revival was Mariella Devia, a proficient but curiously untemperamental performer, who for many years now has been more promising than wholly pleasing. She was, at any rate, partly pleasing—especially in the later scenes, where the gentler passages were sensitively phrased. The Ugo, Dano Raffanti, a tenor of unromantic demeanor and erratic technique, was not pleasing. He pipped out some of the high notes bravely but squawked on others, and at the end he was booed. The Azzo, Giorgio Zancanaro, had his moments and would have had more if there had been more light and shade in his delivery. Dimitri Kavrakos sang Ernesto's music strongly. The orchestra, conducted by Bruno Bartoletti, sounded underrehearsed. The chorus, whose role is important, was ragged. Ulisse Santicchi, the designer, and Giulio Chazalettes, the director, usually an elegant team, showed little special concern for the work. Azzo's courtiers became a choral society, immobile on steep-tiered benches at either side of the stage, ever present, eavesdropping on confidential exchanges.

"Parisina" was long Donizetti's favorite among his operas. I admired it almost without reserve when I heard it in Siena, and looked forward eagerly to the reëncounter. But the Florence "Parisina" proved to be an unworthy representation of the piece.

—ANDREW PORTER

ANNALS OF SPACE

THE PLANETARY COMMUNITY

II—NEPTUNE

AMONG the many striking features of Voyager II's encounter with the planet Neptune and its rings and moons, perhaps the most striking was the speed with which the mission scientists were able to grasp what those strange new worlds were like. "Just as we get really good at this, we run out of planets," a Voyager scientist told me last August, when I was at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, outside Pasadena, where Voyager I and Voyager II had been controlled since they were launched, in the late summer of 1977. Voyager II's closest approach to Neptune—a flyby three thousand miles above the planet's cloud tops—was to take place on August 25th. Both Voyagers had gone first to Jupiter—reaching it in March and July of 1979, respectively—and then to Saturn, where, in November of 1980, Voyager I was hurled by the gravity of Titan, Saturn's largest moon, out of the plane of the ecliptic. Voyager II went on alone, first to Uranus, which it reached in January of 1986, and then to Neptune. This would be the last planet in our solar system to be visited for the first time—at least, until a spacecraft is dispatched to Pluto, the sole remaining unexplored planet, and no country at present has any plans to do so.

Neptune, a lustrous blue ball thirty thousand miles in diameter, is the smallest of the four giant outer planets. Jupiter, the largest, is about eighty-eight thousand miles across, Saturn is almost seventy-five thousand, and Uranus is a little over thirty-two thousand. All four have molten cores that are roughly the same size as Earth, whose diameter is a little under eight thousand miles. These cores are hidden beneath vast atmospheres—made up mostly of hydrogen and helium—which are by far the greater part of the mass of each planet. Jupiter and Saturn contain a lot of ammonia-sulfur compounds in their outermost layer, which accounts for their yellowish coloring. Uranus and Neptune have ammonia and sulfur in their outer layer, too, but methane predominates, and this gives them a bluish color. Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus all proved to have winds parallel to their equators, but their atmospheres have varying degrees of turbulence. Jupiter's orange and yellow bands are so roiled up that its disk might have been painted by van Gogh at Arles. Saturn, with more delicate bands of ochre, resembles a Monet haystack in a sunlit mist. Uranus' disk, though, is so featureless and limpid as to suggest the still pond around a Monet water lily. The scientists had been disappointed in Uranus, which they considered a wishy-washy planet. They had higher hopes for Neptune.

Neptune's orbit is almost three billion miles beyond Earth's. The planet is so remote that it has not made a complete orbit of the sun since its discovery, in 1846. It is invisible to the naked eye—as likely to be seen without a telescope as a twenty-five-cent piece two miles away. Even with a telescope, seeing Neptune isn't easy, and through most telescopes it doesn't make much of an impression. Bradford Smith, a University of Arizona astronomer and the leader of Voyager's imaging team, can't recall much about his first view of Neptune; by contrast, his first view of Saturn (from the Harvard College Observatory, which he used to bike over to when he was in junior high school in nearby Winchester) made an indelible impression on him. The first time he or anyone else got a halfway decent look at Neptune was in 1979, when Smith trained on the planet a telescope equipped with a brand-new electronic detector called a charge-coupled device. He could make out bright clouds in the north and the south; this was the first time anyone had detected features on Neptune.

Since 1979, Smith and Richard Terrile, another member of the Voyager imaging team, had been going once or twice a year to an observatory in Chile to scout Uranus and then Neptune, in the manner of mariners climbing into the crow's nest of a ship to reconnoitre landfalls. Both planets are far down in the southern sky, so the Southern Hemisphere is the best place to look at them. With mixed success,

"Riding boots? Can we talk about this?"

the two attempted to determine Neptune's rate of rotation, using the features that Smith had observed earlier. Others were observing Neptune, too, and one group of astronomers found a ring. To judge by the way starlight was obscured by this ring, it seemed to consist of several arcs; this was a mystery, because ring particles are supposed to encircle a planet, not clump together. Little more was known about Neptune's moons, Triton and Nereid. Triton, the larger, was of particular interest, because it was in a retrograde orbit; that is, it orbited in the opposite direction from the planet's orbit around the sun. Its orbit was also highly inclined to Neptune's equator, and both facts suggested that Triton had not formed in orbit, like most moons, but had been captured. Only five other moons in the solar system orbit backward—Saturn's blackish Phoebe and four of Jupiter's tiny outer moons—and they are all thought to be captured asteroids. Perhaps Triton, which is much larger than any of these, is a captured planetesimal, one of the primitive bodies that coalesced from the disk of particles surrounding the sun in its first youth and accreted to form the planets, some four and a half billion years ago. Dale Cruikshank, of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Ames Research Center, near Mountain View, California, had been studying the spectrum of Triton, and had observed that over the decade ending in 1986 the moon, a tiny speck of indeterminate diameter, turned from red to white, as if it were some sort of celestial traffic light. This was virtually all that was known about the Neptune system.

"The farther out we go, the less we know about a planet before we get there," Smith remarked to me shortly before the encounter. "Today, almost everything we know about Uranus comes from Voyager, and the same will be true of Neptune."

THE Jet Propulsion Laboratory cascades down a slope of the San Gabriel Mountains in an avalanche of buildings, cypress trees, and fountains, as though an earthquake had shaken it loose. On Monday, August 21st, a large sign at one end of its central courtyard—a sign that was brought up to date every day—announced that as of nine o'clock that morning Voyager II had been 2,742,542,050 miles from Earth and 3,211,000 miles from Neptune.

Given such a journey, one might expect Voyager to be a tough-looking craft—like the starship Enterprise, perhaps, or the death star in "Star Wars." In fact, it is a wonderfully delicate piece of machinery. Imagine a ten-sided shallow drum about five feet across, surmounted by a dish antenna more than twice as wide; from the drum extend three trusswork booms and two long, rodlike antennas. The drum is the core of the spacecraft, containing its computers and its communications, navigation, and propulsion systems. One of the three booms carries the spacecraft's radioactive generators, and the others carry nine of its ten sets of scientific instruments. Four of these—the imaging system, with its two cameras (one high-resolution, the other wide-angle); an infrared radiometer spectrometer; an ultraviolet spectrometer; and a photopolarimeter—are mounted on a movable platform at the end of one of the booms. The two rod antennas are for radio-astronomy investigations, and an eleventh experiment uses the dish antenna, with which Voyager communicates with Earth. The whole apparatus looks like a planetarium projector, which is exactly what it is—one that projects its pictures by going to the planets instead of sitting in the middle of a planetarium floor. The drum and most of the instruments are covered by a black blanket, with holes cut for the various sensors, since the temperatures in the outer solar system are just a few tens of degrees above absolute zero—the point (never attained) at which all molecular motion ceases—and the spacecraft must absorb and conserve as much warmth as possible. Only the big dish antenna—which is almost always pointed toward Earth, and hence the sun—and the radioactive generators are white.

Beyond the courtyard's signboard was Building 264, a massive concrete edifice that had been built in the seventies to house active planetary missions; Voyager had become its first tenant. Most of the science teams were on the third floor—the imaging team in a large, virtually bookless room called the library and in a number of small offices off a square central hall and an L-shaped corridor. On the door leading to this complex was a sign in Cyrillic welcoming Alexander Basilevsky, of the Vernadsky Institute of Geochemistry and Analytical Chemistry, in Moscow, who had recently joined the team. Another notice, on a bulletin board nearby, was entitled "The Neptune Pledge." It had apparently been updated from a Uranus pledge and read, in part, "We the undersigned hereby apologize to our colleagues in advance for any sharp words, heated exchanges, testiness, or downright rudeness which might occur during the heat of the Neptune encounter." There followed three dozen signatures. A sign beneath it read, "It's Going to Get Worse."

The thirty or so members of the imaging team were divided into three groups: rings, satellites, and planetary atmosphere. The satellite group sometimes had to work with enormous maps, so it claimed most of the library, which had a large table in the center, as well as the largest of the offices off the central hall. Most of the rooms were equipped with television monitors and "interactives"—video-display terminals connected to a central computer in what everyone called the Mipple (for Multi-mission Image Processing Laboratory), which was in another building. Pictures came down from Voyager in streams of binary numbers, each number representing the shade of gray of one of the hundreds of thousands of pixels—or dots—that made up an image. (Voyager's cameras could also take pictures in color, by imaging three times in rapid succession through blue, green, and orange filters.) These so-called raw images were displayed on the TV monitors as they came down, and were then processed by technicians in the Mipple. The scientists could call up on their interactives any picture from the Mipple they wanted and enlarge any part of it, or enhance it to bring out various features—a process they called stretching.

The ring people—the smallest of the three groups—tended to congregate in a perpetually dark interactive room off one corner of the central hall. On Monday evening, a series of thirty-nine high-resolution pictures of the ring arcs arrived, and Richard Terrile and Carolyn Porco, a planetary scientist from the University of Arizona who headed the ring group, looked them over on an interactive. The series provided a mosaic of an area sweeping far out on either side of the planet. This is the best place to look for rings, since when the bright disk of a planet is in the background any rings it might have are obscured. Terrile was annoyed, because many of the pictures were only fifteen-second exposures—better, he said testily, for finding moons than rings. There was also a lot of what he referred to as foo-foo, a word coined during the Saturn encounter for dirty pixels in an image. Any Neptunian rings were expected to be thin and dark, like those of Uranus; to spot them at all, the cameras had to take exposures several minutes long, and even those exposures would have to be stretched to the limit. But stretching tends to bring out whatever blemishes there may be in the spacecraft's cameras, and magnifies other problems; a big stretch of a long exposure is apt to create a fog of blems and dirty pixels.

The interactives are like spacecraft themselves, allowing the scientists to fly closer to a planet and skim its surface, or home in on one or another of its moons. Terrile zoomed toward the arcs at warp speed. There were three of them, in an orbit about twenty-four thousand miles above the cloud tops. A second, incredibly thin ring—like a razor drawn across the screen—lay just inside them. It had been detected, as a partial ring, by Voyager a week and a half before, early on the morning of August 11th; it had not been found a second time and, naturally, had become known as "the lost arc." Now not only had it been found but it was apparently a complete ring—at least, as far as it could be seen. "Look at that!" Terrile exclaimed to Porco, and she pronounced it a beautiful sight. As for the three outer arcs, they seemed to be connected by tenuous ring material and might yet prove to be parts of a complete ring.

Though the three arcs had been detected from Earth, they had not been seen by Voyager until the morning of August 11th. The discovery had been made by Mark Showalter, an astronomer from Ames, and was duly celebrated with champagne, brought in for the purpose by Terrile, who had been asleep at home after twenty hours of arc hunting; on his way back to J.P.L., Terrile told me, he had grabbed the bottle, planning either to bang Showalter over the head with it if the arcs were foo-foo or to celebrate with him if they weren't.

Terrile glanced at his watch, and announced that he was half an hour late for a television interview. "Don't find anything while I'm gone," he said, and ran out of the room. Porco slid into his chair and twiddled the controls. A crowd of rubbernecking scientists gathered behind her, and a reporter who had just arrived began throwing questions at her. "Don't ask me anything now," she snapped. "We've got data coming down." The next frame was largely foo-foo, but she stretched it as far as it would go. "We might find a satellite in there," she said. Satellites are often found by ring people. Rings are streams of particles, ranging in size from boulders to micron-size specks of dust, that collectively act like a fluid and tend to spread laterally unless they are restrained; at Saturn and Uranus the restraint is provided by nearby moons, whose gravity shepherds the particles and prevents them from dissipating. The next two pictures were just as foggy, but Porco gamely stretched them, to no avail. "Do we have to do this for thirty-nine images?" she muttered, to no one in particular. "With this sequence at Uranus, we found two new satellites." The audience gradually wandered off, leaving Porco to comb through the foo-foo.

ON Wednesday morning, a substantial dais and a number of festive-looking tents were being put up in J.P.L.'s central courtyard in front of the Administration Building, and a huge blue carpet—NASA blue, which is a little darker than Neptune blue—was being laid. The sign announced that as of that morning Voyager was 1,401,000 miles from Neptune.

The pace of a mission quickens during an encounter, because the speed at which the cameras' resolution doubles increases exponentially; that is, during Voyager II's twelve-year flight it took six years for the resolution of Neptune to double once, three years to double again, and so forth. On Monday,

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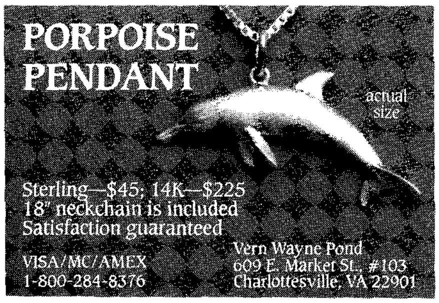
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the resolution had begun doubling in days; on Wednesday, it was doubling in hours; and near the time of the encounter it would double in minutes. The tension on the third floor of Building 264 seemed to be increasing exponentially as well. Along the L-shaped corridor, there were sounds of discord emanating from a meeting of the atmosphere group. Andrew Ingersoll, the group's normally laid-back leader, was berating a young graduate student for failing to find some pictures he had asked for. A telephone rang. A scientist picked up the receiver and told the caller that everyone was in conference and the meeting would be over in five minutes if it wasn't interrupted again. *Slam!* The cause of the uproar was the discovery, a couple of hours earlier, of shadows under some high cirrus clouds of methane ice in Neptune's southern hemisphere—shadows that seemed to be projected onto the planet's dense lower deck of ammonia and hydrogen-sulfide clouds. The shadows had just become visible, because the spacecraft was approaching Neptune from the south; the cameras had thus been looking at these cirrus clouds from more or less the same direction as the sun but were now getting a more oblique view of them.

In a darkened room across the corridor, Geoffrey Moersch, a research assistant from Cornell, was seated at an interactive, searching the latest pictures for more cloud shadows. Ingersoll left the meeting briefly to look over his shoulder, and told him to go to a higher resolution.

"You want me to zoom in on it?" Moersch asked.

"Yes," Ingersoll said, with a trace of impatience.

Moersch zoomed, and the clouds sprang up, each with a thin black line on its southern side, giving the image some depth. Like cirrus clouds on Earth, they were thin and white. Moersch made a hard copy of the picture, and Ingersoll went back to the meeting, taking Moersch and the picture with him. One of Moersch's colleagues, an undergraduate at the California Institute of Technology named Colin Howell, sat down at the controls, and several more atmosphere people hung over his shoulder. (Any interactive that was left vacant was almost instantly appropriated, and I was forever looking up from my notebook to find that the person I was interviewing had been replaced by someone else.) "I've never seen cloud shadows on a planet before, other than on Earth," Howell said. "God, I'm so hyped this morning!" He called up an even more recent picture, zoomed, and stretched it until the shadows were wider and sharper than on the earlier pictures. "To be absolutely sure they're shadows we have to prove that they change when the sun angle changes," he said. "And they do!" He printed out a copy and went back to the meeting.

Garry Hunt, an atmospheric physicist from London, slid smoothly into Howell's seat, and I asked him to take me on a tour of the atmosphere. It was a luminous blue swirl, and despite its color it reminded the scientists more of Jupiter and Saturn than of the bland Uranus. Its most distinctive features were three blotches in the southern hemisphere: the Great Dark Spot, an indigo bruise at about 22 degrees latitude; the Small Dark Spot, at 55 degrees latitude; and, between them, at 42 degrees latitude, a small white streaky spot known as the Scooter. The Scooter was (and still is) something of an enigma, but the two Dark Spots were giant storms, boring deep into the atmosphere of Neptune. It had been determined that the larger one rotates anticyclonically, creating a ridge of pressure that causes methane to condense into clouds in the cold upper atmosphere. One of these, called the White Companion, floated above the Great Dark Spot.

The three spots moved around the planet at different rates, reflecting the wind speeds at different latitudes; moreover, each spot's own rate varied. Predicting the movement of the spots was essential. Commands—or "loads," in Voyager parlance—to the scientific instruments had to be sent up to the spacecraft several days in advance, and the more time the engineers responsible for targeting had for preparing the loads the more accurate the observations were apt to be. However, everyone knew that Voyager was bound to discover interesting features—new rings or moons, for example—as it neared the planet, and consequently the targeting people had left a few openings for pictures known as retargetables, which could be assigned and aimed perhaps a week before encounter. Flight controllers could be quite crotchety about late load changes, which required the combined efforts of two hundred people to effect, but the expectation had been that the movement of atmospheric features would be known early enough to avoid a last-minute rush.

Andrew Ingersoll had been devoting most of his time to nailing down the spots. He had become quite a celebrity at the daily 10 A.M. press conferences in the Von Karman Auditorium, near J.P.L.'s front gate, because of his Neptunian weather reports. "One way to show that we know how something works is to make a prediction and have it come true," he said on one of these occasions. "We were lucky in our predictions for Neptune's spots, but the fact is that we just don't know about the winds. We were extrapolating from what the spots had been doing, and we happened to be right. Big deal! But we haven't forwarded our knowledge. The real way to test your predictions is to pump parameters into a computer, make the thing go, and have the spots pop up at the right place. We can do this for Jupiter, but not for Neptune—yet." Ingersoll and a number of colleagues had been working for a long time on computer models of Jupiter's atmosphere, punching in everything they knew about it—composition, cloud decks, bands of alternating winds with eddies spinning between them—and then starting the system in motion. In particular, they wanted to see if they could make the model duplicate Jupiter's Great Red Spot, a maelstrom big enough to devour ten Earths, which travels around Jupiter at 22 degrees south latitude—the same latitude as Neptune's Great Dark Spot. As they speeded up their Jupiter computer model, the winds and the eddies moved faster, and the eddies began catching up with each other and forming larger eddies, until they finally converged in one huge angry-looking eddy—at 22 degrees south latitude. Although alternating bands of winds have been found on Neptune, they seem to have nothing to do with the two Dark Spots—and the origin of these features remains a mystery.

An even greater mystery is what drives the winds on the four giant outer planets. The highest wind speeds—measured in relation to the rotation of the planets' cores—range from three hundred and forty miles an hour for Jupiter to eleven hundred miles an hour for Saturn. Uranus weighs in with winds of a respectable four hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, and Neptune with winds of seven hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. One of the primary energy sources driving the winds on any planet has always been thought to be heat from the sun, yet Neptune receives less than a twentieth as much heat from the sun as Jupiter does, and its wind speeds are faster. "We don't have the foggiest idea why this should be," Ingersoll told me on Wednesday morning. "We have to rule out solar heat when it comes to determining how fast winds blow. What we seem to be learning from Voyager is that the strength of winds on planets doesn't depend on solar energy—which is contrary to what we thought from studying Earth, Venus, and Mars." To Ingersoll, one of the most startling demonstrations that sunlight has little influence on winds is that Uranus is tipped on its side in relation to the sun yet has wind patterns parallel to its equator, like the rest of the planets. "Voyager has taught me that my imagination and my terrestrial experience are inadequate," he said. "You cannot extrapolate your knowledge accurately from Earth to a new planet."

THE satellite people were, if anything, even more hyped than the atmosphere people. Voyager had discovered six Neptunian moons, two of them probable ring shepherds, and on Wednesday morning additional retargetables of N1, the first of the new moons, arrived. Candice Hansen, a J.P.L. planetary scientist in her mid-thirties, was the imaging team's liaison with the targeting engineers. The moons, she told me, were not as much of a problem to retarget as the spots had been. Hansen worked closely with Steve Synnott, an engineer on the Voyager navigation team, who over the years had done so well at hitting moons and rings dead-on that he had been made a member of the imaging team, too. A moon has to be imaged at least twice before it can be certified; the amount of movement between the pictures allowed Synnott and the other members of the navigation team to pin down N1's orbit, without which a moon cannot be said to have been discovered, since the essence of discovery is that the discovered object be readily found again. The team had done its work so well that the retargetables of N1 were dead center. N1 was more than a million and a half miles away—Voyager would get a closer look at it a couple of days later—but already large enough so that the group could see that it was not round but slightly oblong. It was the farthest out from Neptune of the new moons, in an orbit fifty-seven thousand miles above the planet's cloud tops. The five other new moons are in the vicinity of the rings. N1 is about two hundred and fifty miles in diameter, and the rest are less than half that. They would receive proper names after the encounter, when a task group of the International Astronomical Union's Nomenclature Committee would begin its deliberations.

Nereid is only three-quarters the size of N1, but it was discovered from Earth because its orbit took it far enough away from Neptune to be seen without interference from the planet's disk. Nereid's closest approach to Neptune is eight hundred and fifty-five thousand miles, and at its farthest it is nearly six million miles away. Voyager would not come very close to it. Because most moons form nearer their planets and in more circular orbits, many Voyager scientists think that Nereid was kicked out into space when Triton was captured—assuming, of course, that Triton is in fact a captured planetesimal.

Triton has a fairly circular orbit two hundred and four thousand miles above Neptune's cloud tops, and the best estimate of its diameter made from Earth—based on an orbital wobble that provided information about its mass, and temperature data from an infrared spectrometer—was twenty-two hundred and forty miles, or a little larger than that of our own moon. But it was not as bright as a body that size should be, so astronomers speculated that it had a thick, cloudy atmosphere, like that of Saturn's Titan, which is also about the same size. The spectra from Earth taken by Dale Cruikshank and others indicated that there was an abundance of methane and nitrogen on Triton—both of which are also present at Titan, on its surface and in its atmosphere. But because no one knew precisely what Triton's surface temperature was no one could be sure whether the methane and nitrogen were gases or had condensed to liquids, or even solids, on the surface. Beyond Mars, water is always a solid, and water ice increasingly takes the place of silicates as the chief component of moons. At Uranus, methane can be trapped in water ice, lowering its freezing point, but at Neptune methane is capable of being a solid in its own right. Whether Triton was cold enough for nitrogen to be a solid was an open question. Nitrogen freezes at 63 degrees Kelvin (−346°F.), a scale that begins at absolute zero. Cruikshank speculated that Triton might be just warm enough to have nitrogen lakes or oceans, under a methane sky.

Earlier in the week, Triton had reached what planetary scientists refer to as "the Schiaparelli stage"—named for Giovanni Schiaparelli, whose late-nineteenth-century drawings of features on Mars resemble inkblots. Like a Rorschach test, a planetary body in the Schiaparelli stage can stimulate scientists' ideas—and perhaps their hopes. Then, as the spacecraft gets closer and the resolution increases, the inkblots turn into maria, craters, and canyons, and most of the theories drop away. By Monday, Triton had looked like a frothy pinkish ball with a couple of reddish smudges at its equator. The smudges—which could account for the red that Cruikshank had seen in Triton's spectrum—remained in the same place in successive pictures, so most of the scientists felt sure that they were seeing the surface, and not atmospheric phenomena.

"This picture is rife with color," Carl Sagan, a member of the satellite group, said to me of one of the images that had come down on Monday. "It will be an interesting challenge to sort out what the different colors represent." The reddish material, he said, reminded him of organic material he had made twenty years ago in his laboratory at Cornell, using methane, ammonia, and other probable components of primitive planetary atmospheres; he had named the resulting brownish-red gunk "tholins," from *tholos*, the Greek word for "mud." Tholins appear to be on the surface of some of the outermost asteroids and on some of the moons of the outer planets.

I decided to seek out Harold Masursky, who has been on the imaging team of nearly every NASA planetary mission, beginning with the lunar Rangers of the nineteen-sixties; he helped to establish the Astrogeology Branch of the United States Geological Survey, in Flagstaff, Arizona. I have sat through many a puzzling moonfall and many an enigmatic Schiaparelli stage with Masursky. One I particularly recall was of Rhea, a moon of Saturn that at the Schiaparelli stage had begun to exhibit what Masursky had called a rosette; the rosette turned out to be a giant impact crater that had scattered ejecta in rays, like a sunburst, in all directions. I found Masursky at the big table in the library, peering through his thick horn-rimmed glasses at the latest Triton images, and I asked him if he saw any rosettes yet. He said that he didn't, and that the chances were not very good that he would. "Rhea, and most of the other moons of Saturn and Jupiter, are made largely of water ice, and water ice at extremely cold temperatures doesn't flow, as glaciers do on Earth. It's like basaltic rock, so craters hold their form. But I suspect that the material on Triton—methane ice or nitrogen ice—will be closer to its melting point, and thus more viscous. Any craters would gradually fill up or smooth away. I have no doubt there *are* craters there, but they would be relatively young. It's hard to say what we'll find at Triton. What's been most impressive about Voyager is that all the planetary systems we have gone to are so different that it's difficult to make predictions. We have no theory for the evolution of solid bodies—no model that would embrace all the terrestrial planets and moons in the solar system. For instance, we used to think that the bigger a body was, the more active. Yet Jupiter's Io, which is the size of our moon, turns out to be the most active body in the solar system. So we can't make many predictions about Triton—the information base just isn't adequate."

One uncertainty that Voyager had nearly done away with was Triton's temperature. The twenty-two-hundred-mile estimate of its diameter had suggested a sufficient atmosphere and enough warmth from radioactive elements in its core to make Cruikshank's nitrogen lakes a possibility. That estimate, though, had turned out to be too large. As Voyager got closer to Triton, the moon kept failing to show up as larger than one pixel in the images; consequently, the estimate of its diameter was consistently revised downward. Six months earlier, it had dropped to two thousand miles; in May, it was somewhere around seventeen hundred and fifty; and the latest estimate was just under seventeen hundred miles (close to the official post-encounter figure, which is twenty-seven hundred kilometres). Though Triton was getting smaller, the light reflected from it remained the same, and this meant that the intrinsic brightness of the material it was made of had to be greater. So the scientists were looking not at a thick atmosphere, which absorbs a certain amount of light, but at an icy surface, which is highly reflective. There might still be a thin atmosphere, but the smaller and brighter Triton became the colder it had to be, and in all likelihood any nitrogen present on the surface would be not liquid but ice. After the most recent estimate, someone posted on the bulletin board a defective image transmitted by Voyager. The upper half showed part of Neptune, and the lower half was a series of wavy lines. The caption read "The sun sets over Lake Cruikshank."

WHERE THE DEER WERE

It's always hard to form a true picture
Of what is happening, isn't it?
Difficult to know what's what.

For instance,
The moving tenderness of the desiring man,
The gentle vanity of the desired woman,
Sliding their bare arms and legs together
In the grass across the stream.

It's late summer,
A misty day, but warm.

I can't see their faces.
So what is happening, really?
Perhaps they are fighting—very evenly.
Perhaps those sounds are groans of pain.

Now the mist
Closes my eyes.

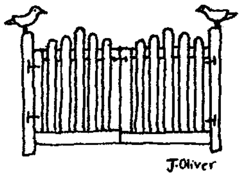
When it lifts once more
I see nothing over there
But a hollow in the long grass
Like the places where deer have been lying,
And the only thing I hear
Is shallow water making excuses to stone.

—KATE BARNES

• •

ALL day Thursday, the resolution of the atmospheric features, the rings, and the moons would be doubling and redoubling at breakneck speed. The mission would reach its period of greatest intensity on Thursday night and Friday morning, when Voyager's instruments would be gathering all the data they could. On Thursday morning at eight, only a few of the scientists were around, most having decided to save themselves for the long night ahead. In the big interactive room used by the satellite people, a Cornell geologist named Peter Thomas was looking at pictures of Triton that had come in the night before. No craters were visible yet, but he could see some linear markings that, he said, looked like the hairy legs of a spider.

By eleven o'clock, several members of the satellite group were in an interactive room off the library watching some new Triton images coming down. Triton was still in the Schiaparelli stage, but the resolution was obviously improving; looking at each new set of pictures was like watching a photographic print emerge in a pan of developing fluid. "Come see Europa!" Joseph Veverka, a small-moon expert from Cornell, called out excitedly. "I see some black smudges and cracks, just like Europa's! You'd better make your predictions now. The next batch of pictures may settle everything." Europa is a moon of Jupiter noted for its network of cracks, and Veverka was speaking metaphorically. The Voyager scientists have all become as acquainted with the characteristics of the moons of the outer planets as most people are with the shops and sidewalks and houses in their own neighborhoods, and in conversation they tend to ramble among them with an equivalent familiarity.



Alexander Basilevsky, of the Vernadsky Institute, a slight, intense man with a persistently quizzical expression, was fiddling unhappily with the controls of an interactive. His presence on the imaging team was part of a new agreement between NASA and the Soviet space establishment, providing for an exchange of scientists on various missions, and he was having trouble learning how to use the machinery. The interactive screen flashed at him every time he tried to stretch a picture. Another member of the satellite group explained that whenever certain commands were entered there was apt to be a little flash, and he should ignore it. But Basilevsky continued to look concerned, with the air of a man being exposed to an arcane art. He has served on many Soviet missions, including the Lunakhods to the moon and the Veneras to Venus, and, most recently, the troubled Phobos mission to Mars, with which several American scientists, including Brad Smith and Dale Cruikshank, had been associated. Basilevsky has kept in touch with American planetary scientists since 1970, when he and Masursky struck up a friendship at an international space-research conference—possibly the first of such friendships. He is a sometimes wry observer of the differences in the way Soviets and Americans practice space science. I asked him whether being part of a Soviet planetary mission was very different from working on an American mission.

"You have an order of magnitude more scientists here, and excellent support from your picture laboratory," he said. "And also an order of magnitude more journalists. In my country, the support and the equipment are much, much less. For our Venera 15 and 16 missions, which orbited Venus in the early nineteen-eighties, we had no interactives. Instead, a car from the control center would arrive at our institute every day with a strip of film. Now we have interactive machines, but there is only one in my laboratory, and only one person can run it. That person is not I."

Torrence Johnson, who was the leader of the satellite group, poked his head into the room and announced that everybody was late for a group meeting that should have started ten minutes before. No one except Johnson, a brisk and businesslike J.P.L. planetary geologist, seemed overly concerned about this. Members of the imaging team could find themselves spending the whole day in meetings if they weren't on their guard. Besides the regular morning press conference, there was a meeting of all the science teams at 8 A.M. to discuss administrative matters for the day, and a second mass meeting at 2 P.M. at which the teams exchanged their latest data. In between, there were team meetings, and in the case of the imaging team there were separate meetings of the satellite, ring, and atmosphere groups. And then, of course, there were the constant interviews: some five hundred reporters were on hand at J.P.L. for the encounter. Veverka hunched behind his interactive, hoping that Johnson wouldn't see him, but he was routed out. He protested that he had to get some data on Nereid ready for the two-o'clock meeting, but Johnson was unrelenting. I recalled a sign I had seen outside Smith's office which said "The Flogging Will Continue Until the Mood Improves—(Signed) The Management," and which I had not taken seriously.

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he could find to the big table in the middle of the library, Johnson opened the meeting. "This is going to be one of the toughest days to get through, both professionally and socially," he said. "Important pictures are coming in at two o'clock, ten o'clock, and three-forty tomorrow morning. That's bad timing for getting out news releases. By three and four in the morning, I'll be passing out caption assignments to anyone foolish enough to wander by. Maybe, with our combined lack of sleep, we'll all add up to one effective person." He asked for a show of hands of those who planned to be there all night. A forest of arms went up.

Peter Thomas, who had somehow managed to remain at an interactive machine in one of the little rooms off the library, was stretching a new picture of N1. For the first time, craters could be seen. He pointed them out to another truant member of the satellite group, Laurence Soderblom, who whistled in amazement. Soderblom, a colleague of Masursky's at Flagstaff, had been the leader of the satellite group at Saturn and Uranus. "Let's make a hard copy of this and pass it around the table and disrupt Torrence's meeting," he said.

The picture had the desired effect, producing something of an uproar. Several of the scientists referred to N1 as Proteus, the name of a polymorphous sea god in the Odyssey. This was a decided violation of protocol—naming features discovered by Voyager was the prerogative of the outer-solar-system task group of the I.A.U.'s Nomenclature Committee—but it sounded right for a many-facetted moon of Neptune. "Don't tell anyone it's called Proteus," Johnson cautioned, as the meeting broke up. "We want the nomenclature people to think they thought of it themselves."

The two-o'clock science-team meetings were often sparsely attended, but today the room—a conference room on the fourth floor—was packed. Edward Stone, an ascetic-looking Caltech physicist who was Voyager's chief scientist, and representatives of the eleven science teams sat at the front of the room, at a horseshoe-shaped table. Before them were a number of screens and TV monitors. The room was windowless, and the effect produced was that of being on the bridge of the Enterprise—or aboard the Voyager spacecraft itself, which was where everyone was in spirit.

"Plasma instrument?" Stone asked, sounding a little like Captain Kirk.

"The solar-wind speed is four-oh-nine-point-eight kilometres per second," the chief of that team said. "We predict bow-shock crossing between two and three P.M.—during this meeting." (The solar wind is the stream of protons and electrons continuously emitted by the sun, and bow shock occurs where a planet's magnetic field meets this stream, setting up a rough pattern of ripples, like the bow of a ship cutting through the water.)

"Magnetometer?"

"We are getting specious, noisy data, and it doesn't look good," the head of the magnetometer team said. "I don't know where the noise is coming from—though we have had it, off and on, for the past three years. It will probably increase at the time of the bow crossing."

"Radio astronomy?"

"We are getting bursts of emissions every sixteen-point-two hours. Whether that represents the planet's rotation we don't know yet."

"Ultraviolet spectrometer?"

"What we are seeing implies more helium in the atmosphere than we expected. There will be a problem trying to explain this abundance."

"Infrared spectrometer?"

"We are seeing evidence of acetylene in Neptune's atmosphere."

"Satellite group?"

On behalf of Torrence Johnson, Peter Thomas told of the craters discovered that morning on N1.

"Atmosphere?"

On behalf of Andrew Ingersoll, Reta Beebe, an atmospheric physicist from New Mexico State University, discussed the latest pictures of the Great and Small Dark Spots.

"Ring group?"

Carolyn Porco displayed the latest enhancement of the ring pictures, showing that the arcs were indeed sections of a complete ring, and there was loud applause from the assembled scientists.

As night fell, television crews were everywhere in the J.P.L. courtyard, creating little pools of light with their floods. In the middle of each pool was a reporter staring into a camera and talking about events three billion miles away. The urgent activity on the ground paralleled the rapid unfolding of events at Neptune. Voyager was like a tightly coiled spring that had been winding up ever since the Uranus encounter, whose stored energy was to be released all at once. At four minutes past eight, while some of the reporters in the courtyard were vainly seeking the whereabouts of Neptune in the clear sky overhead, the spacecraft was crossing the plane of Neptune's rings and moving into its northern hemisphere. The radio signals announcing the ring-plane crossing would not reach Earth until 12:10 A.M., which is when the event would be considered to have taken place. (At J.P.L., everyone talks in terms of the time of arrival of a signal, and not the time of the actual event.) A little less than an hour after the ring-plane crossing, the spacecraft would reach the moment of closest approach, flying three thousand miles over the cloud tops near the north pole. The signals would reach Earth at 1:06 A.M. An hour and a half later, Voyager II would recross the ring plane on the far side of Neptune and head out to Triton; the signals from the Triton encounter would reach Earth at 6:20 A.M. The close approaches to the rings, the planet, and Triton would allow a number of the instruments to observe sunlight or starlight as it passed through the rings and the two atmospheres. These so-called occultation measurements are among the most delicate of the instruments' operations, and would provide detailed information about ring structure and atmospheric pressures and temperatures. Thanks to relatively low sun angles, the cameras, too, which could not look directly into the sun, would be able to take pictures through the rings and the atmospheres with backlighting.

The excitement on the third floor of Building 264 was almost tangible, like the taste of electricity left in the air by a lightning bolt. There was some thunder, too. In the imaging-team quarters, Carolyn Porco was shouting into a telephone to a NASA public-affairs officer who was relaying a reporter's questions. "We're at the edge of the solar system!" she bellowed. "It's comparable to Columbus and Magellan! Is his brain capable of understanding these ideas?" *Slam!* It was about nine o'clock, and Porco was waiting for the closest pictures of the rings. "That's incredible," she said, when they came in, around an hour later. "We can see both rings in one image." Each ring now appeared to be two pixels across—or about nine miles wide.

At quarter past ten, Hal Masursky was sitting at the big table in the library, looking at the prints of some new pictures of Triton which had a resolution of six miles between pixels. A mosaic that was expected to begin arriving at 3:40 A.M. would have a resolution of about a mile between pixels, but these pictures were the best so far, and the first in which Triton shed its Schiaparelli veil and revealed more features.

"I see hills and craters," Masursky said, as though he were gazing at a crystal ball—which, in a sense, he was. "I see what looks like a crater with a central peak." (A central peak often forms in an impact crater, since under certain conditions surface material will become molten on impact, splash up at the center, and solidify before it can fall back.) "I see some wiggly lines that remind me of the lava flows on the moon and Mars. Triton is not like Mimas"—a moon of Saturn—"which had shoulder-to-shoulder craters. There are very few craters here. It may be a little more like Enceladus"—another Saturnian moon—"which in places had fewer craters and more flows. But I've never seen a place exactly like this. All these moons of the outer planets are like a large family, whose members resemble each other with no two being exactly alike. A good rule of thumb is 'The farther out from Earth you go, the stranger the bodies are.' "

More members of the satellite group gathered around Masursky and began poring over the pictures. Some of the terrain had alternating light and dark furrows that reminded one scientist of the pattern made by snow in the troughs of a plowed field. Someone said that he thought he saw a cliff. Someone else said that he saw what looked like a streambed coming out of a bright highland onto a dark plain. Masursky said that he didn't like metaphors, such as plowed fields, or analogies to streams and plains. "We don't yet know which is higher terrain—the light or the dark," he said. "We don't *know* if there are highlands or plains. At this point, we should just give the most objective description, like 'color change.' " His remarks went unheeded, and the other scientists began describing features as though they were looking at Mars. They spoke of the polar "cap," and dubbed a series of dark smudges there "wind streaks"—the name used for such features on Mars. "Why don't you just say 'dark streaks'?" Masursky said. "We don't even know whether there's an atmosphere, let alone winds."

Whatever there was, Triton's southern hemisphere seemed to be divided into a huge white area, extending to its south pole, and a darker area, extending toward its equator. The dark area appeared to be pitted. One scientist said that it looked like the skin of an orange—"the orange-peel terrain," he called it. Masursky shrugged helplessly.

In the satellite room off the central hall, Eugene Shoemaker, who had taught the first Apollo astronauts what to look for on the moon, cast a practiced eye over the new Triton pictures. He has been present at almost all first sightings of new moons, and has been a planetary scientist longer than anyone else; he founded the Astrogeology Branch of the U.S.G.S., in 1961. (Masursky told me that when he went to work with Shoemaker at the U.S.G.S., Earthbound geologists were relentlessly skeptical of the new field of space geology. "Then, in 1966, the first photographs came back from the Lunar Orbiter, showing what were obviously lava flows on the moon," he said. "I shoved those pictures under the noses of some of those guys, and when they saw that there were recognizable geological features on a body other than Earth their eyes were opened.") Shoemaker said he saw a tectonic grid pattern—a series of faults—on Triton. I told him that Masursky had seen a few craters, one with a central peak, and Shoemaker, whose specialty is impact cratering, laughed. For almost thirty years, Shoemaker and Masursky have been disagreeing amiably about the formation of central peaks, from one end of the solar system to the other.

I asked Shoemaker what Voyager had done for him.

"It diverted me to a whole new area—from the inner solar system to the outer," he said. "I had been strictly an inner-solar-system man, studying impacts and counting craters on Mercury, the moon, and Mars. Then Voyager got to Jupiter, and suddenly I had to look hard at what impacts were doing to the moons of the outer solar system." In the early days of the solar system, when the planets were accreting, billions of bodies were in orbit around the sun, and the newly forming planets and satellites were subjected to ceaseless bombardment. This bombardment was at its height in the first half-billion years and has been tapering off ever since, but the incidence of large impacts has diminished much more rapidly than that of small ones. Therefore, Shoemaker and his colleagues can often estimate the age of a planetary or lunar surface by noting the distribution of large and small impact craters. This matter can get complex, because craters on relatively soft terrain tend to flatten out and eventually disappear, and this is particularly true of the larger, older craters.

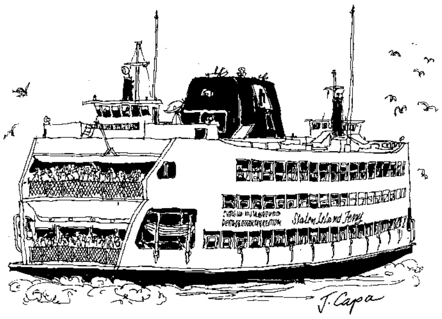
Back in the library, at about midnight, Peter Thomas was looking at a hard copy of a picture of Triton. The orange-peel area, he told me, accounted for the dark smudges the scientists had wondered about for the last several days. It might actually be quite bright, he said, since it was dark only in relation to the brilliant white of the huge polar region. Part of what made it appear dark was the rough nature of its surface, which would not reflect light as efficiently as a smooth surface. One of the pits looked to him like a crater with a central peak.

Midnight seemed to be a good moment for a celebration. It was fairly close to the time that the signals from the ring-plane crossing were due. The imaging team gathered around the big table in the library, and Brad Smith and Larry Soderblom broke out a case of champagne. The team was coming to the end of a twelve-year, three-billion-mile journey; its members had formed close ties with one another, and there was something of a sentimental flavor to the occasion. As the champagne corks popped, the assembled scientists began to hum “Auld Lang Syne,” and many of them linked arms. Alexander Basilevsky had never heard the song before, but he told me that he had no trouble understanding its meaning. “Voyager is very special,” he said. “During the Venera orbits of Venus, we worked several hours a day, and then we had time to think, sleep, and look some more. But Voyager is a cross between an orbital mission and a short mission, like the Venus landings, which lasted only a couple of hours. With Voyager, there are long periods when nothing is happening at all, and short periods of highly intense activity, like now.”

Smith handed him a plastic glass of champagne. “Ahh, liquid nitrogen!” Basilevsky said.

At about a quarter to one, Larry Soderblom, who was known to explain things well to the press, put on a jacket and tie, gave his hair a lick while looking at his reflection in a darkened television screen, and left the library for a small TV studio that NASA operates in a nearby building. Someone turned on the set that he had used as a mirror, and soon his face was beaming out at us, as though his reflection had come to life. The imaging team didn’t have much to do at the moment—Voyager was rounding Neptune and sending back data from several other instruments—so most of its members sat around the big table and listened to Soderblom describe what they had been doing for the last few hours. At six minutes past one, while Soderblom was still talking, signals sent from Voyager at the moment of closest approach reached Earth, and six minutes later so did signals sent from the spacecraft through Neptune’s atmosphere. But the next big event for the imaging team would not occur until three-forty, when eighteen pictures of Triton that were to form a high-resolution, black-and-white mosaic of a large part of the moon’s surface, and five pictures that were to form a wide-angle color overlay, would begin to arrive. (Another mosaic series—at slightly lower resolution but with every picture in color—would be taken about half an hour before that, but it would not be transmitted to Earth for a couple of days.) It would be a long night. One astronomer—David Morrison, of Ames—was filling in the time until the mosaic came down by putting the final touches on an astronomy textbook he was writing. Sitting with his lap-top computer at a desk in one of the small rooms, he told me he was updating the manuscript to include the new moons and rings of Neptune. Unfortunately, he said, he would have to use the temporary names for the moons—N1 through N6—because his publisher would not wait until the nomenclature task group, of which he was a member, gave them proper names.

Two scientists who seemed a little nervous about the mosaics were a J.P.L. astronomer named Jay Goguen, who had been responsible for figuring the correct exposure settings, and Candy Hansen, who had decided where on Triton the frames would go. Goguen, especially, had had his work much complicated by the diminishing estimates of Triton’s girth during the final few weeks. “The big question, of course, was whether Triton had a small radius and a high reflectivity or a large radius and a low reflectivity,” he told me. “Aside from size, there are differences in surface reflectivity, too—for example, N1 reflects only five per cent of the sunlight that hits it, while Triton reflects around ninety per cent. Voyager is the only craft to look at the icy satellites—there is very little other information about them, photometric or otherwise—and I didn’t know how the reflectivity would change with the lighting geometry. As we approach Triton, sunlight is hitting it head on, so it’s a full moon. But when the mosaics are taken it will be a quarter moon. I had to figure out how that would affect the reflectivity. When I took all this up with Torrence Johnson at a meeting of the satellite group, he told me that no one knew the answer, that this was an important part of the mission, and that I was the one who had to figure it out. The last chance we had to correct the exposure was a week ago. At the last minute, we were able to compare the brightness of Triton’s darkening limbs with the brightness at the center of its disk, and we concluded that Triton was even brighter than we had thought, so we cut the exposure times from seven seconds to five seconds. But this is good, because the shorter the exposure, the less smear there will be.”



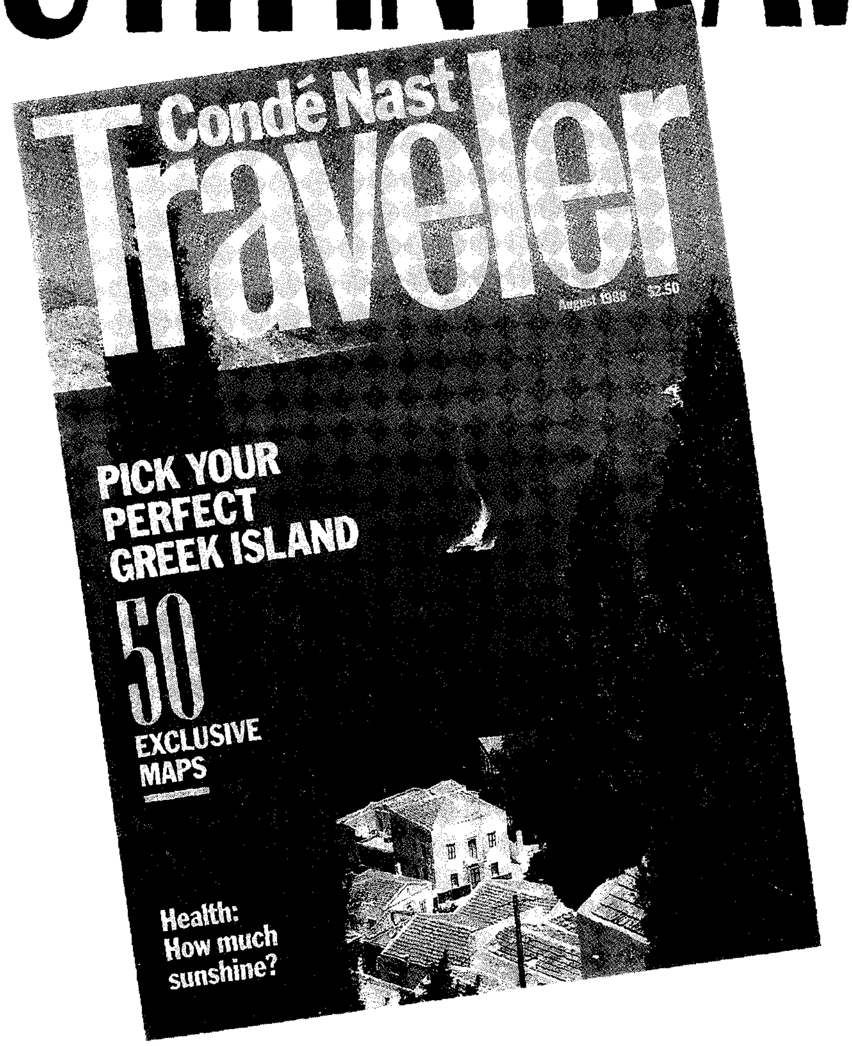
Later, I had a chance to ask Candy Hansen how the shrinking of Triton had affected targeting for the mosaic. It was a quarter to three, and she looked exhilarated but beat. “Understand, I have had no sleep for three days, so I may not make much sense,” she said—a caveat that turned out to be unnecessary. The overestimation of Triton’s size had not been a problem for her, she said, because she had laid down the mosaic near the center of Triton’s disk, where there would be the least distortion from the moon’s curvature. The terminator—the curving line where day turns to night—was to the right, and the terrain would be lit obliquely; this is the kind of lighting planetary geologists favor, because the shadows throw the landscape into the highest relief. The frames would be in six adjoining swaths of three frames each. The shrinking of Triton had actually turned out to be something of a boon, she said, because the smaller it was, the more of it the mosaic would cover, and the more the frames would overlap. Overlap would allow coverage in stereo: features could be blown up in 3-D, which would indicate their height or depth.

I asked Hansen how she had got into this line of work.

“I used to be Brad Smith’s graduate student at the University of Arizona, and in 1977, at the time of the launch, I conned him into sending me here,” she said. “Between Saturn and Uranus, I went to West Germany, to the German Space Operations Center. Between Uranus and Neptune, I went back to graduate school and got my master’s in planetary science at U.C.L.A. That’s how we measure time around here. Now I have to figure out whether to go on for my Ph.D.”

At three-thirty in the morning, the imaging team reconvened in the library, to watch the new Triton pictures as they came down and were displayed on a large TV monitor over the big table. The first picture would

TRUTH IN TRAVEL



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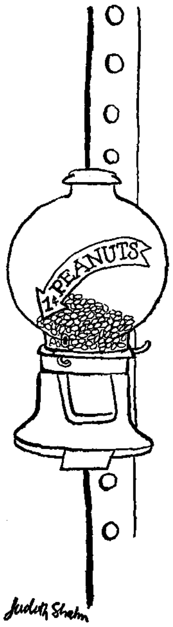
not be part of the mosaic but a narrow-angle shot of Triton's limb. "If the first picture is on target, the rest will be, too," Hansen told me. "The first picture should look like this." She drew a curve down one side of a sheet of paper. "If it doesn't look like that, it will be very embarrassing."

Everyone's eyes were now fixed on the screen. At last, the picture flickered on. It was exactly what Hansen had drawn—a convex face, all pitted and pocked—and the exposure was perfect. There was a burst of applause.

Over the next two hours, the mosaic built up slowly and methodically. For now, the scientists printed out hard copies and taped them together, but the real job of assembling the mosaic would be done later, by computer. Because the spacecraft was moving closer to Triton with each successive frame—and moving north across the moon as well—the resolution and angle were slightly different in each frame, and the computer's job would be to correct the frames so that they all had the same resolution and perspective. The lower part of the mosaic was the southern polar cap; the upper part was the orange-peel terrain, which was now seen to extend beyond the equator and disappear across the terminator into the night. Covering about half the bright polar cap was a field of several dozen of the dark "wind streaks," and there were more markings there that looked like mushrooms. The orange-peel terrain now began to be called the cantaloupe terrain, since the pockmarks were uneven and had channels running here and there between them, like the skin of a cantaloupe. At this juncture, everyone was flouting Masursky's strictures against metaphors. This was the most complex terrain the scientists had seen since Saturn's Enceladus, and metaphors were a joyous substitute for their present lack of information.



To get away from the crush in the library, Carl Sagan and a few other people moved to the satellite room off the central hall and began putting their own mosaic together. Sagan was taking a close look at the streaks on the polar cap, struck by their resemblance to Martian wind streaks. The streaks on Mars—also called "aeolian features"—are made of dust and form a pattern like the arrows on a weather map which indicate wind direction. The Triton streaks seemed to be doing the same thing: most of them pointed in one direction, swirling gently this way and that. For dust to be picked up and slung around, though, there had to be a sufficiently thick atmosphere, and information on atmospheric density would not come until later, after the data from the occultation experiments and other data from the infrared and ultraviolet spectrometers had been processed.

"The black stuff—the mushrooms, too—may well be reddish," Sagan said, no doubt thinking of his tholins.

"It just gets more and more bizarre," said a geologist standing next to him.

"That simply means it's a world you haven't seen before," Sagan replied. Turning back to the television monitor, he said he thought he saw what looked like atmospheric haze over the limb of Triton. Robert Strom, a somewhat waggish geologist from the University of Arizona, counted five impact craters. "I said there'd be a lot of craters, and I'm right," he said. Though five may be a lot of some things, it isn't a lot of impact craters, as Strom well knew, having made statistical counts of thousands upon thousands of them on almost every moon in the solar system. As Masursky had predicted, there were hardly any impact craters on Triton at all. One or two, though, did have central peaks.

In places, there were large, irregularly shaped, flat-bottomed basins, reminiscent of the calderas on Earth and the moon—once-molten lakes whose basins had repeatedly slumped, forming a series of steps, like the first few tiers of a Greek theatre. This suggested that Triton, or parts of it, had been warm—warm, that is, in relation to the melting points of its exceedingly low-temperature materials. No large impact craters were found, which indicated either that there had been a relatively recent resurfacing or that the population of large craters dating from the early days of the solar system had flattened out.

Jeffrey Kargel, a graduate student of Strom's, pointed to an S-shaped ridge that he thought was volcanic in origin. "It's probably not frozen water but a more viscous and runny ice, like ammonia hydrate, which can flow at very low temperatures," he said. He began talking of what he called "cryovolcanism"—volcanic activity involving materials with extremely low melting points. Running his hand over the dark streaks on the polar cap, he said he thought he saw what might be a vent in the ground, like a small volcano or fumarole. Elsewhere on the cap he saw what looked to him like a lava flow—only here, of course, the "lava" would probably be water ice mixed with nitrogen or methane. "Liquid methane could vaporize and erupt at a temperature between sixty-two degrees K. and ninety degrees K.," he said, ruminatively. Someone else pointed out a streak coming from the top of what looked like a hill—conceivably an active eruption. Kargel said that it would be good to compare the streaks with those on the mosaic coming down later, to see if there was any change, as there would be if anything was erupting. But he was skeptical. Both Voyagers had seen eruptions on Io, but the terrain of Triton looked older than that of Io, where there were no impact craters whatsoever.

Edward Stone came by, and I asked him how he felt about developments at Triton.

"If we had a second spacecraft coming along six months later, the way we did at Jupiter and Saturn, and knowing what we know now, we might perhaps concentrate on Triton instead of on Neptune," he said. "We might try to see different parts of Triton, which appears to be quite complex." With its tectonic features, its crisscross of channels, its mushrooms, its wind streaks, its haze, its evidence of condensing volatiles, Triton was beginning to look like Europa, Enceladus, Mars, and Io rolled into one.

"It's the most incredible body in the solar system," Stone said, bending over the mosaic.

"It's the best of all worlds," Strom said.

"It's the *all* of all worlds," said Stone.

On Earth, the sun had risen, and many of the scientists were ready to call it a night, but, to their displeasure, they discovered that they were not allowed to leave. Vice-President Dan Quayle, the chairman of the National Space Council, would be commemorating the occasion with a speech in the courtyard at nine-thirty, and Secret Service men were preventing anyone from entering or leaving J.P.L. while they went about their security work. The scientists were annoyed. One sleepy astronomer told me that the Public Affairs Office was worried that the Vice-President would put his foot in his mouth. All the top science reporters in the world were now at J.P.L., and earlier that summer, when Quayle was interviewed by Cable News Network on the subject of the Administration's plans to send men to Mars, he had explained that the plan—which he would have some responsibility for forwarding—was a good idea because there were canals on Mars, and canals meant water, and water meant oxygen, and thus people would be able to breathe there.

Though there would probably be an element of suspense in the Vice-President's remarks, I decided to spend the rest of the morning back in the imaging team's quarters. But first I took a walk around the courtyard, where workmen were setting up chairs on the dais. Under the tents, concessionaires were laying out piles of Voyager T-shirts, mugs, key chains, and baseball caps. Several scientists and engineers were pawing through the merchandise, but there were very few takers.

DICK, JANE & SALLY
MEET
THE BOBBSEY TWINS
Yuck!
Drip City!
Goody-goodies!
Mama's boys and girls!
Jerks!
Nerds!
Hopeless cases!

• •

AS Neptune and Triton receded into the distance behind Voyager, the resolution of the images decreased as fast as it had increased during the approach. There was less to look at, too, because Voyager was on the dark side of both bodies, which appeared now as two thin crescents. On Saturday morning, many of the scientists, particularly in the ring group, were starting to go back over the material that had come in over the last few days and think about what they were seeing, with the help of data from the other instruments and better enhancements from the Mipple. The interactive machines were in constant use; with them, the scientists could refly the mission as often as they wanted to. On the bulletin board in the central hallway, a sign read "It's Going to Get Better."

In the satellite room, the work of counting, describing, and cataloguing the features on Triton as objectively as possible was proceeding. Jeffrey Kargel was counting the flat-bottomed basins, which he insisted on calling calderas. Hal Masursky, who was looking over Kargel's shoulder, had apparently given up on his efforts to preserve the purity of scientific discourse and remarked that they reminded him of skating ponds in New England. Alexander Basilevsky was sitting at one corner of the table counting the dark polar streaks and mapping them on a clear plastic sheet spread on top of one of the prints. He had divided the streaks into "more obvious" and "less obvious" categories, and was trying to determine what was typical about them. He was stumped by a pair that seemed to be head to head, like a pair of tadpoles in conversation, but he continued to refer to them as wind streaks.

Carolyn Porco came in, followed by a crowd of people with television cameras and tripods, and asked, "Would you guys mind being on NBC News?"

"I distinctly object to being on NBC News," Kargel said, looking up from his work, and the others glowered at Porco as if she were turning them over to a plague of locusts.

"Just behave like your normally abnormal selves," she said, abandoning them to the television crew and returning to the relative tranquillity of the interactive room next door, which had apparently just been vacated by the TV cameras. She and Richard Terrile and some of the other ring people were trying to catch up on images that had been stored in the spacecraft computer and had come down during the night. Terrile flashed up a picture of the rings backlit by the sun—a view that made them show up with particular brilliance, revealing features that had not been evident before. There seemed to be new rings and a large sheet of dust inside the two that were already known. (After a couple of days' discussion, the imaging team tentatively settled on three rings and one big sheet—a dissipating ring. The confusion arose because the Neptunian ring system is extremely diffuse, and it is difficult to tell where one ring leaves off and another begins. The arcs turned out to be particularly dense sections of a complete ring that was uniformly about ten miles across.)

As Terrile looked deep inside one of

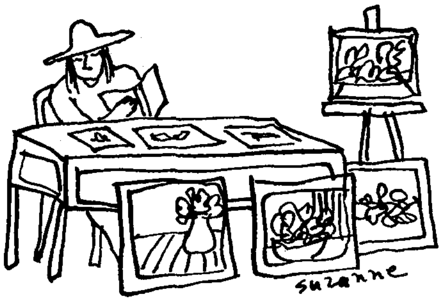
the arcs that had been a puzzle for so long, he said, "I'll be very sad when this is over. It's been a unique experience, and an extraordinary privilege, to be here when the solar system is being explored for the first time. And it's a shame that such a beautifully honed team can't go on. But one thing I know I'll be doing is looking for other solar systems." Terrile and Smith, while they were in Chile to scout Neptune, had also trained the telescope with the charge-coupled device on the star Beta Pictoris and photographed, for the first time, a star with a disk of particles around it. Dozens of such stars are known to exist. "That seems to be the new frontier," Terrile said.

BY Sunday, the color mosaic of Triton had been completely transmitted to Earth and processed by computer, and I asked Eugene Shoemaker to give me his own personal guided tour of Triton. The mosaic was spread out on the big table in the library, and Triton's surface, with all its pits and channels, looked—to my eyes, at least—like nothing so much as the hide of a dirty white rhinoceros. But not to Shoemaker. "Let's go to the dark, cantaloupe material first," he said. "The craters there—probably the impacts of comets, that far out in the solar system—are sharp and crisp, which means that they are relatively young. Judging by the *number* of craters, I think the terrain is around two billion years old. So the basic material is probably not nitrogen ice or methane ice, because those ices would be much softer and the craters would relax, deform, and disappear. The material is most likely water ice." The water ice, Shoemaker said, composed Triton's mantle, surrounding a rocky silicate core.

According to measurements made by the radio-science team during and after the encounter, Triton's gravitational pull on the spacecraft indicated that Triton is three-quarters rock; that is, its silicate core is about twelve hundred and fifty miles in diameter and is covered by a mantle of ice just over two hundred miles thick, with a thin veneer of nitrogen ice over that. This is a substantially larger proportion of rock than any of the other so-called icy moons is known to have. (Only Pluto, the sole icy planet, has the same high density as Triton; it, too, may be a planetesimal. "Triton could be our best close-up look at Pluto for some time to come," Edward Stone told me later.) Shoemaker believes that very early in Triton's history its icy part was completely melted; enough heat to do this would have been generated when it was captured by Neptune. The silicate would have sunk to the center, and the mantle would have refrozen from the outside in, in successive layers; the resulting stresses would have created the fissures that had reminded the scientists of Europa, which is a "rocky moon," with a much thinner ice mantle. These fissures would have allowed water and any more volatile liquids to ooze onto the surface.

"It's clear that there was flooding of the big basins in the dark area," Shoemaker said, referring to what Kargel and others were calling the calderas. Their flat bottoms are the youngest terrain on Triton—on the order of a few hundred million years old. The basins are not collapse features, like terrestrial calderas; rather, they appear to be the result of intermittent flooding, which melted back the sides. The pockmarks and channels in the cantaloupe terrain were apparently related to the same process. "I think the mechanism was flooding followed by withdrawal of the liquid water back underground," Shoemaker said. "I think there has been a sort of pumping up and down of the surface." Nitrogen or methane may well have been mixed in with the water ice, and thus less heat would have been required to melt it. Enough may have come from radioactive material in the silicate core, or from tidal energy as Triton's orbit, highly elliptical after capture, circularized.

Shoemaker believes that the nitrogen and methane are now mainly in the polar caps or the atmosphere. The various occultation experiments had confirmed the presence of an extremely thin atmosphere composed almost entirely of nitrogen, with trace amounts of methane and carbon monoxide. At the polar caps, Shoemaker believes, the veneer of nitrogen is thicker than it is over the rest of the moon, and there is a light sprinkling of methane, mostly as frost. Part of a cap presumably vaporizes in the relatively warm Tritonian summer (the present season in the southern hemisphere) and condenses again in winter. Very likely, nitrogen vaporizing from one cap travels through the atmosphere and settles as frost on the other. The seasons on Triton are lengthy—its year is a hundred and sixty-five Earth years long—but they are also unpredictable, in part because Triton's orbit is sharply inclined to Neptune's equator but also because the high and low points of Triton's orbit precess rapidly around Neptune. This un-moonlike behavior superimposes additional seasonal changes on the normal ones caused by the tilt of Triton's axis, so that winter can follow spring or summer follow fall.



One should not get out the suntan lotion for a Tritonian summer; the surface temperature in the southern hemisphere, according to measurements made by Voyager's infrared spectrometer, was 38° K.—a good deal lower than previous estimates. Triton is colder than Pluto and its moon, Charon, which are now tucked inside Neptune's orbit; hence Triton is, for the moment, the coldest known spot in the solar system—colder, possibly, than the Oort Cloud, where the comets hover partway to the nearest star.

In the color mosaic, both the southern polar cap and the cantaloupe terrain had a slightly reddish cast, which was probably caused by sunlight breaking down a thin methane frosting over both surfaces and converting it into organic tholins such as Sagan had described. That would certainly account for the red in Triton's spectrum which Dale Cruikshank had observed from Earth; a seasonal variation in the amount of nitrogen frost on water ice coated with reddish tholins seemed the most plausible explanation of the change.

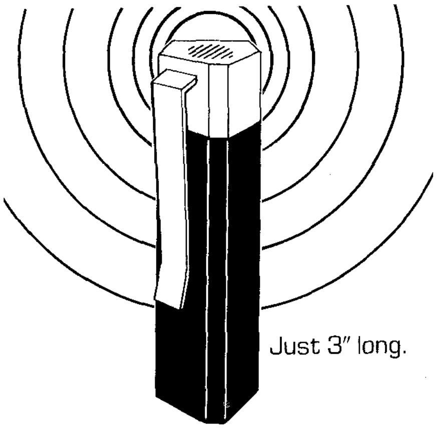
The so-called wind streaks, too, were reddish, and the scientists were increasingly of the opinion that they were caused by a process akin to volcanism. The atmosphere had turned out to be far too rare for winds to pick dust off the surface and lay it down somewhere else, but if dust particles were already in the air, because they had erupted, then a gentle wind would disperse them, provided the particles were small enough. During the encounter, while the pictures were still coming down, quite a few of the scientists had been struck not only by the streaks' volcanic look but by their apparent freshness. Given the fact that even though the surface material was vaporizing away, the streaks were quite obviously there, Larry Soderblom thought they were very recent indeed. This line of reasoning had set off a sort of gold rush among some members of the imaging team, who began looking for a volcanic plume actually rising out of the ground. They were spurred on by the story of Linda Morabito, a navigational engineer at J.P.L., who, a month after the first Voyager encounter with Jupiter, had been enhancing images of Io's limb against the stars behind it. In the process, she discovered vast diaphanous bubbles extending some sixty miles into space—bubbles that proved to be volcanic eruptions in progress.

Soderblom and Torrence Johnson were turning their attention to the more sober task of trying to explain what the mechanism for cryovolcanism on Triton might be. Significantly, the fifty-odd streaks catalogued by Basilevsky were all on the polar cap, where the nitrogen ice was thickest—there were none on the equatorial region. As Soderblom explained it to me later, sunlight penetrating nitrogen ice might heat dark, tholin-type material lying just below the surface. The surrounding nitrogen would then turn to gas and build up pressure until it erupted, taking the dark material with it. (He had by then begun to shy away from the word "cryovolcanism," which suggests internal heat of some kind.) Taking into account the dimensions of the streaks—the largest are perhaps a hundred miles long and between fifty and seventy-five miles wide—he and others had calculated that a jet containing nitrogen gas and tholin particles would gush up at a speed of between a hundred and two hundred miles an hour to a height of some six miles above the surface. If there was no wind, the tholin particles would rain down near the vent they had escaped from, and what the scientists had called mushrooms might in fact be the results of several such eruptions from the same vent on a calm day. Basilevsky's head-to-head streaks might be the result of two eruptions from the same vent, when breezes were wafting in opposite directions.

A month after the encounter, when Soderblom further processed the Triton images on computers back at Flagstaff, he found several active eruptions. One plume rose straight up for almost five miles from a vent near the southern limb of Triton and then was blown by a breeze for some ninety miles to the west—about what had been predicted. It could easily be seen on the color mosaic as a thin black line rising vertically and then turning almost at right angles to stream downwind. Another plume was a broader smear. In all, of six suspicious features he was able to confirm four eruptions. When I talked to him on the telephone in December, he told me that the fact that the plumes were all in places where the sun was highest and the nitrogen cap was warmest has reinforced the theory that the eruptions are triggered by sunlight.

THE post-encounter meeting of the Nomenclature Committee's outer-solar-system task group took place in the conference room on the fourth floor. Tobias Owen, an astronomer from the State University of New York at Stony Brook, chaired the meeting, and the other participants were Merton Davies, of the RAND Corporation, an expert in an esoteric branch of math known as geodesy, which has to do with the precise shapes of bodies; André Brahic, a French astronomer from the Paris Observatory, who had been one of the discoverers of the ring arcs; Kaare Aksnes, of the University of Oslo; Marcello Fulchignoli, of the Institute of Astrophysics, in Frascati; David Morrison, of Ames; Brad Smith, Alexander Basilevsky, and Hal Masursky. Owen had in front of him copies of "Who's Who in Greek & Roman Mythology," by David Kravitz, and Hesiod's "Theogony." The custom of naming celestial objects for mythological figures began with the ancients, and its perpetuation seems to be an acknowledgment of the sacerdotal roots of science by its present-day practitioners.

Several preliminary decisions had been made at a meeting of the group before the encounter, and Owen ran through them. One was that at Neptune the group would choose names that, like Triton and Nereid, had to do with the sea, and the other was that the choice of moon names would be limited as far as possible to Greek and



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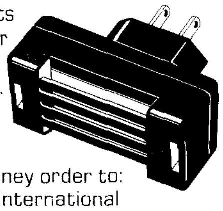

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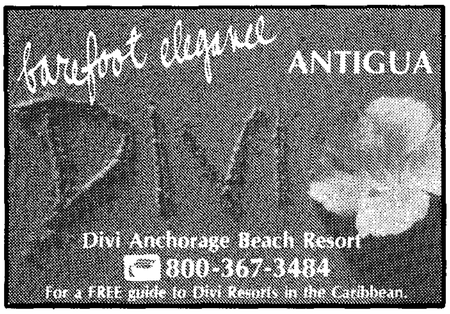
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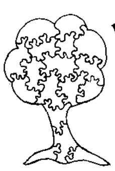

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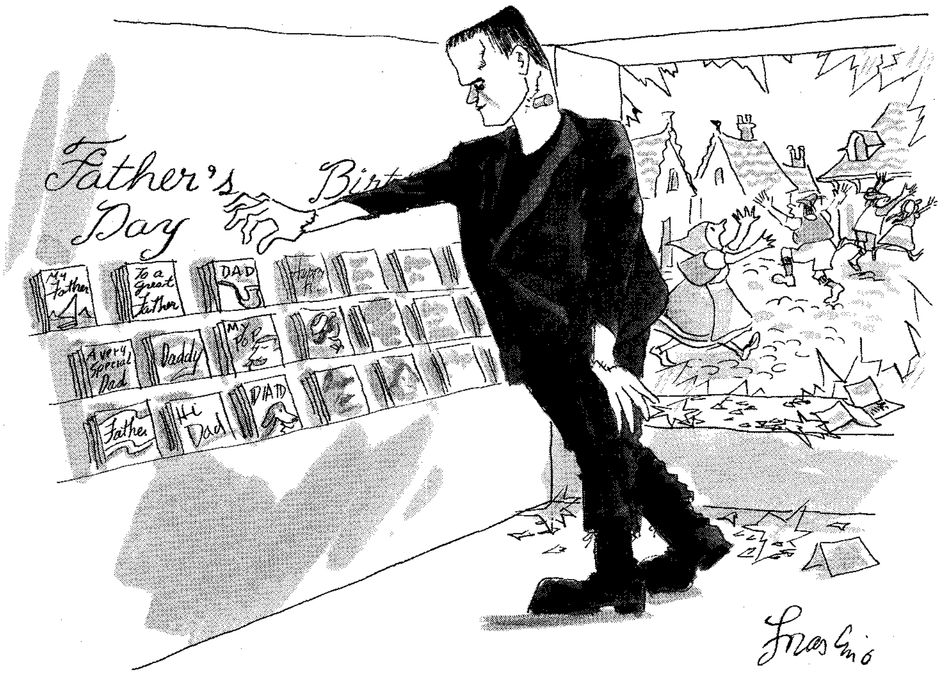


THE MONSTER PAUSES IN HIS RAMPAGE TO SEND DR. FRANKENSTEIN A GREETING CARD.

• •

Roman mythology—a decision taken presumably because of problems that had arisen after the task group, under prodding from Carl Sagan, had chosen names for features on Mars and on various outer-planet moons from mythologies all around the world. There had been subsequent complaints from astronomers that some of the more obscure entries were difficult to pronounce, thereby, in their opinion, defeating the purpose of naming things at all.

Merton Davies had missed the preliminary meeting, and now he was upset by the latter ruling, because he had put together a list of names from virtually every continent. He had divided the list, which he showed me later, into categories such as Frost Deities, Island Abodes, and Treasures. The list of frost deities began with Achachila (Bolivian) and Aki-Yama (Japanese) and concluded with Yima (Persian).

"You mean we can't use these?" he asked Owen sadly.

Owen told him to save the frost-deities list, since it might come in handy for the rimy features on Triton's southern polar cap, and then produced a list of names that had been approved at the previous meeting. It was, he said, a sort of name bank, to be dipped into now and in the future, and to be added to as well. The top name in the bank was Proteus. Owen noted that there seemed to be a ground swell in the imaging team for giving that name to N1, the biggest of the new moons. "I showed the list to Steve Synnott, and Proteus is the one he liked best, too," he said. Synnott, as the man who had pinned down the orbits of all the new moons, had the discoverer's prerogative to participate in naming them. However, Owen added, Synnott had not liked any of the other names on the list.

"Why doesn't he like them?" Brahic asked.

"He doesn't like their sound," Owen said.

Brahic frowned. "Well, how about Polyphemus?" he asked. "He was a Cyclops. There are a great many of those, and we are going to need a lot of names for all the moons."

"We want nice-sounding names," Owen said. "Like Cleodora or Thalassa, who are water spirits. They would be good for moons. Do I hear objections to Cleodora, Thalassa, or Larissa?"

"I think Larissa has been used before," said Masursky, who has been a member of virtually every nomenclature committee since the space age began and has an elephantine memory.

"But not for a satellite," Owen said. "It may have been used for a crater someplace, but it's O.K. to use it again for a moon."

"I know it hasn't been used on Venus," said Basilevsky, who had participated in most of the Soviet missions to that planet. "I would remember, for it happens to be the name of my wife."

Brahic suggested that they simply approve a lot of names for the bank now, and narrow them down later.

Owen said he thought they had enough names, at least for the moons.

"Unless we find more moons," Masursky said.

"But the rings will need names, too," Brahic said.

"How many ring names do we need?" Owen asked.

"We need seven—four for the rings, including the debris sheet, plus three for the arcs," Brahic said.

"Isn't it dangerous to name too many features within a ring? What if they go away?" Aksnes ventured.

"I don't have a problem with that," Owen said. "At Saturn, we even named the gaps between the rings."

Morrison suggested that they might use a name coupled with numbers—such as Leverrier 1, 2, 3, and 4—as is sometimes done for stars. Urbain-Jean-Joseph Leverrier is credited with having predicted, in 1845, the existence of Neptune.

"But Leverrier was a very unpleasant man," Brahic protested. "When he was named head of the Paris Observatory for his role in the discovery of Neptune, he turned the office of the director into his own private flat. The staff never forgave him. I would prefer someone else."

Perhaps they might use Leverrier's name for the debris sheet, Owen suggested.

Basilevsky proposed naming something after Voyager—possibly a surface feature on Triton—but Masursky pointed out that in the past when a task group had named features for spacecraft, or tried to, there had been trouble from members of other missions, who wanted to name something for their spacecraft, too. For example, he said, years ago the Pioneer 10 and 11 scientists had officially requested that a feature on Jupiter or Saturn be named for their craft, and the task group, including people sitting in the room right now, had turned them down. "So if we name something for Voyager, the Pioneer people will be after us with hatchets," he said.

Owen said that it might be feasible to name several of one class of features on Triton, such as basins, after all the missions—Viking, Pioneer, Vega, Venera, Voyager, and so forth.

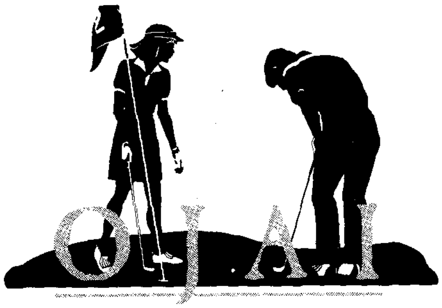
"That will open a can of worms, and we have plenty of worms already," Masursky said. "Everyone will want the biggest basin."

The meeting was adjourned with no major decision taken. The next meeting, Owen announced, would be held in October, at the Paris Observatory. Brahic invited everyone for cocktails beforehand in what had been Leverrier's apartment but was now the director's office once again. The Paris meeting proved to be more productive: the new moons now all have names; they are, in order of discovery, Proteus, Larissa, Despina, Galatea, Thalassa, and Naiad. The rings remain nameless, in part because there is still some uncertainty about how many of them there are.

ON Sunday evening, there was to be a party for the entire imaging team at Andrew Ingersoll's house, in Pasadena, but most of the scientists went to another party first—one they couldn't avoid, because it was in the courtyard, which was en route to the parking lot. The party was given by the Planetary Society—a group of a hundred and twenty-five thousand planetary-science enthusiasts, of which Carl Sagan is the president—to celebrate the successful completion of the Voyager mission, and everyone connected with Voyager was invited. Television cameras were there to record the event, and there were several speeches from the dais where Vice-President Quayle had given his talk on Friday morning. (Apparently, there had been no slipups this time; Quayle had largely reiterated the Administration's intentions of building a space station, establishing a moon base, and landing men on Mars.) Among those on the dais, in addition to Sagan and other Planetary Society people, was Chuck Berry, who was one of a number of musicians included on a gold-plated phonograph record (inspired by Sagan) containing a variety of sounds from Planet Earth, which had been placed aboard both Voyagers in the event that after leaving the solar system the craft fell into the hands, or clutches otherwise, of extraterrestrials. Berry performed "Johnny B. Goode," which was on the record, and several more songs, to great applause. (A story going the rounds of the party was that Mission Control had just received a mysterious message from the vicinity of Neptune that said "SEND MORE CHUCK BERRY.") The televised portion of the evening concluded with Berry leading a crowd of several hundred Planetary Society members as they rocked and rolled along the giant blue carpet and into the Administration Building. "Well, it's just another Sunday night at J.P.L.," Sagan said. Not all the Voyager scientists were delighted; one of them wondered why there hadn't also been a harpsichord playing Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," a section of which was another of the Sounds of the Earth. Still, it was a good party—a revival of a nineteenth-century tradition of memorable parties, such as the wingdings marking the openings of the Suez Canal and the Brooklyn Bridge, given to celebrate great technological achievements.

The Ingersolls have a large, rambling house on a hillside, and when I got there the scientists were helping themselves to beer and soft drinks from a tub on the front porch and to cold cuts spread on the dining-room table. There were no celebrities present. I met a ten-year-old girl named Gretchen, whose mother told me, "We used to call her Callisto until she got old enough to complain." (Callisto is a moon of Jupiter, where Voyager had been when Gretchen was born.) I asked Gretchen's mother if she knew of any other Voyager children named for places in the outer solar system, and she told me that at the time of the Saturn encounter a member of the infrared-spectrometer team and his wife had named their infant daughter Rhea; four and a half years later, at Uranus, another daughter was born, whom they named Ariel, after a Uranian moon. Almost every moon of an outer planet has an imaging-team cat, dog, or canary named for it; for the sake of future progeny, human or animal, it may be fortunate that the outer-solar-system task group has resolved to keep the names pronounceable.

Most of the guests were exhausted. "Now that it's over, all I want to do is go to sleep," Geoffrey Moersch told another student, as they were picking away at the cold cuts. "I want to go



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home, lie on the couch, watch 'Gilligan's Island' reruns, and have my mom feed me." There were also signs of post-partum depression. Voyager had been very much a part of everyone's life for a long time. In the case of some of the younger scientists, it represented most of their professional careers, and the younger the scientist, the more his or her life was marked by Voyager. Candy Hansen had sandwiched her graduate education between encounters, and Colin Howell told me, "At launch, I was in the third grade. At Jupiter, I was in the fifth grade. At Saturn, I was in the seventh grade. At Uranus, I was in the eleventh grade. And now, at Neptune, I'm a junior at Caltech."

The end of Voyager would mean changes for all of them. A couple of the older scientists were talking of retiring. Brad Smith told me that in a year he would be leaving all his NASA posts, retiring from the University of Arizona, and moving with his wife to Hawaii, where he would work part time with the telescopes there and with the Hubble Space Telescope. He and Terrile would continue to look for disks of particles around stars. Gene Shoemaker, too, was talking of retiring, but he was also talking about Magellan, an orbiter that would map the surface of Venus and had been launched on its seventeen-month journey the preceding May. It held out the promise of what he called "doing real Venus geology," and he said he was tempted to apply for a berth on the mission. "It would be a good way to go out," he said.

Most of the younger scientists were not even remotely toying with the idea of retirement, since they expected a renaissance of the nation's planetary program in the next decade. Besides Magellan, there is Galileo, which was launched last October to Jupiter; the Mars Observer, scheduled for launch in 1992; CRAF—for Comet Rendezvous Asteroid Flyby—scheduled for a 1995 launch, which will study both classes of objects at close range; and Cassini, scheduled for 1996, which will drop a probe into the murky yellow atmosphere of Titan. True, these missions would be returns to places seen before (with the exception of the asteroid flyby), but return visits are usually more fruitful than first visits. The scientists can ask questions that are more informed, and the data returned by the new generation of spacecraft will be more detailed. Larry Soderblom told me that he would be involved with whatever was launched. "You name it, I'm on it," he said. "We're *all* going on to other missions. Collectively, we *are* America's planetary community." If Soderblom was exaggerating, it was not by much. One of Voyager's achievements may have been to keep this country's planetologists together and occupied for the last decade; without its periodic arrival at an outer planet, there would have been nothing for them to do, and the skill of exploring other worlds which NASA had developed since the late nineteen-fifties would have dissipated.

Edward Stone was going to have his hands full as the director of another project—the Keck Telescope, which Caltech and the University of California are erecting in Hawaii. With a four-hundred-inch mirror, it will be the biggest optical telescope in the world, and it is expected to gather light from stars only a fourth as bright as the faintest that can be seen by the two-hundred-inch telescope at Mt. Palomar. It will thus be able to take spectra from sources near the edge of the universe; its operations are expected to begin by the end of this year. Stone told me that he would also continue as Voyager's chief scientist, for what he called its "extended mission." A small crew of flight controllers and scientists at J.P.L. are following both spacecraft. Voyager II continues on its way out of the solar system, whose boundary is considered to be the heliopause, where the solar wind is too weak to push aside the interstellar medium. It will cross this boundary in ten to twenty years' time, and in forty thousand years it should pass one and a half light-years from another star, Ross 248. This will be the first time the Sounds of the Earth might receive a hearing. At the final press conference in Von Karman Auditorium, on Tuesday morning, Stone ended his remarks with a quotation from T. S. Eliot: "Not fare well, but fare forward, voyagers." The exhortation seemed to be directed not just at the hardware but at the explorers who had accompanied it so far and so long, and were now going on new journeys themselves. —HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

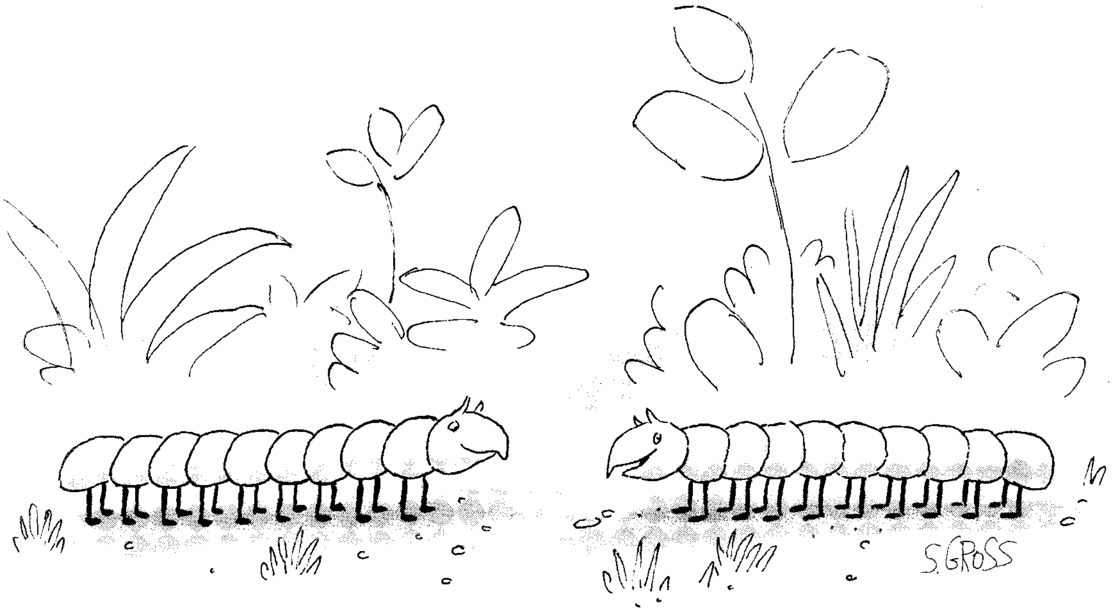
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Terminated

THE dominant image of the "Back to the Future" movies is of a time-travel vehicle picking up speed and then vanishing into thin air. Fittingly, the series ends with an image like that. The whole enterprise—three movies, dozens of plot twists, countless special effects—just disappears in a flash, and leaves no traces. "Back to the Future Part III" brings the story of the suburban kid Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) and the mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) to a graceful, almost leisurely conclusion. Early in this last installment, the specially rigged DeLorean that has been whipping Marty and Doc back and forth in time runs out of gas. You could see this development, if you liked, as a disarming indication of self-knowledge by the filmmakers; "Part II" was such a frenzied exercise in spatiotemporal farce, such a head-splitting (and superfluous) elaboration of the original film's already elaborate narrative gimmickry, that it's no wonder the machine is depleted, unable to rev itself up again. When the tank goes dry, Marty and Doc are in 1885, years from the nearest gas station; they realize—as the director, Robert Zemeckis, and the screenwriter, Bob Gale, clearly do, too—that their vehicle is going to need a mighty push to get up to speed and take everybody back home. Stalled in a Western, these time travellers from the manic, jumped-up nineteen-eighties adjust their internal clocks and do what characters in Westerns do: they wait. In "Part III" Zemeckis and Gale seem to acknowledge that the first two movies pretty much exhausted the possibilities of a certain kind of comic momentum—the insane, one-peril-after-another pace of a video game. To keep themselves amused (and perhaps to give themselves and the audience a bit of a breather before the obligatory frantic wind-up), they've returned to an earlier, statelier mode of suspense, from a nearly extinct movie genre. For a long stretch, this film's clock moves almost as slowly as the one in "High Noon."

One of the central jokes of the series is that Marty is thoroughly a creature of his own time; "Part III" places him in a period that's totally unsuited to his computer-age, rock-and-roll sensibility. He and Doc have to wait five days for the train that, they hope, will give the DeLorean the boost it needs to zoom back to 1985, and he's just leaping out of his boots with impatience; the situation's too dragged-out, and far too linear, for his liking. He has arrived in the Old West looking all wrong: his point of departure was 1955 (don't ask), and he's decked out in a fifties version of Western garb—a spanking-clean Roy Rogers getup. (We see by his outfit that he is no cowboy.) Zemeckis and Gale, specialists in hysterically ingenious breakneck farce, seem to know that they're as much out of place in this setting as their hero is. They pull into the Western genre at its most "mythic" spot: Monument Valley, the majestic wide-open space made famous by John Ford pictures. The DeLorean has taken off, appropriately, in the parking lot of a fifties drive-in, evaporated just as it was about to hit the giant screen, and rematerialized in the midst of an Indian attack; the movie's first big action scene is a high-speed parody of the stirring chase in "Stagecoach." This is Robert Zemeckis's idea, self-consciously absurd, of being home on the range: a powerful machine whizzing through the desert under cloudless skies.

He can't quite sustain that level of self-awareness, though, and we sense that he doesn't even want to. After the time machine's gas tank has been punctured by an arrow, the movie settles into a deliberate and rather soothing rhythm, as if it knew there was no point in getting itself, or us, all het up. The jokes are mild and small, and they register only now and then, with a sound like the faint, pleasant ping of tobacco juice hitting metal on a lazy afternoon. There are a few trivial allusions to other well-known examples of the genre: "Shane," "My Darling Clementine," "High Noon," and the Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns. (Marty uses "Clint Eastwood" as his alias, and ditches his singing-cowboy duds in favor of the poncho and the flat-brimmed hat that were the trademarks of the Man with No Name in "A Fistful of Dollars" and "For a Few Dollars More.") This relaxing light-vaudeville mood is a welcome break from the strenuous time-hopping of the first two installments. It's poky, and it's also a touch boring: Zemeckis, it turns out, really doesn't have much of a feel for the dawdling tempo of the classic Western. What saves the movie is our knowledge that the filmmakers are just temporizing: biding their time, setting things up for the grand finale that will give us one last shot of down-to-



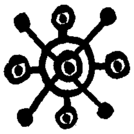
"You have nice legs."

the-wire excitement and send us home satisfied—wrung out by the mindless (and not cheap) thrills of Hollywood moviemaking. We're sustained, too, by the knowledge that the series *will* conclude: there's real relief in the offing, light at the end of the fun-house tunnel.

And, unexpectedly, a little ray of light is visible in the middle of it as well: the moonbeam romance of Doc Brown and the new schoolmarm, Clara Clayton (Mary Steenburgen). They know their love is true when they discover a shared passion for Jules Verne. We know it much earlier, from the moment they first gaze on each other, their eyes popping out of their heads with immediate, uncontrollable longing. Their feelings have warp-speed acceleration: these lovers get from the earth to the moon in no time. Lloyd and Steenburgen are hilariously well matched; they have perfectly compatible styles of celestial goofiness. And they fit the period, too: there's something old-fashioned about Steenburgen's sweetness; and Lloyd's gangling, wild-haired performance as Doc has always suggested a Jules Verne conception—more the enthusiastic, loony visionary of nineteenth-century science fiction than the methodical modern engineer. This eccentric love story is the movie's one true inspiration.

The climax arrives right on schedule; that is to say, at the last possible moment before any of the script's many carefully planted potential disasters can foul it up. (In an aside Marty wonders, "Why do we always cut these things so damn close?") We laugh at all the contrivances; we hold our breath as Doc and Clara hang from the outside of the speeding locomotive that's pushing the DeLorean, with Marty inside, along an unfinished track that ends halfway across a deep canyon. It's good fun, it conforms to our expectations, and then it's over. The wonderful words "The End" actually appear, just after the series' last time machine has dissolved, in an instant, into the blank screen. We can't ask much more of this sort of time-killing movie entertainment. We go out into the fresh air with a contented feeling and virtually no memory of what we've seen. With good grace, Zemeckis and Gale release us from the loop of their seemingly endless ingenuity and let us back into normal time—to wait, unencumbered, for the next big fun machine to come along.

BUT what if the next thing turns out to be "Total Recall"? This fifty-million-dollar science-fiction thriller is full of relentless action and spectacular effects, and it's no fun at all. It's as heavy-spirited as its star, Arnold Schwarzenegger: imposing and implacable, like the killer robot Arnold played (or embodied) in "The Terminator." This time, the picture itself is a terminator: when it's over, you feel as if the life had been pounded out of you, and you never want to go to the movies again.



The craziest thing about "Total Recall" is that it has an elaborate plot that is of absolutely no use to the movie. Schwarzenegger's character, Quaid, is a twenty-first-century blue-collar worker with an inexplicable desire to go to Mars; he has dreams about it. His wife (Sharon Stone) isn't keen on the idea, so he tries to satisfy his urge by dropping in at the offices of Rekall Inc., a company that implants memories of trips to faraway places. As the technicians perform the implant process, they discover that Quaid's brain has already been messed with; ultimately, he finds out that the life he thinks he remembers is purely imaginary—that his identity and all his memories are synthetic. This is a nice premise for a science-fiction story. (The script, by Ronald Shusett, Dan O'Bannon, and Gary Goldman, is based on a short story by Philip K. Dick, who was one of the most imaginative writers in the history of the genre.) But the idea, which promises intricate plot convolutions and startling perceptual flip-flops, proves to be too clever for the kind of movie that Schwarzenegger and the director, Paul Verhoeven ("RoboCop"), obviously wanted to make. Although the plot keeps twisting and turning, we stop following it before the picture is half over. It's just a frame for meaty action sequences—a skeleton nestled deep inside ballooning muscles.

Verhoeven, who began his career in his native Holland, has become a specialist in comic-book visual style. His best Dutch film, "The 4th Man" (1983), had a cold elegance and a sadistic wit. He streamlined his talents for "RoboCop"; he played down the elegance and eliminated most of the wit. In "Total Recall," the sleek, prankish filmmaker of "The 4th Man" is only a dim memory; it's as if someone in Hollywood had erased Verhoeven's former identity and rewired his mental circuits. He still composes striking images but they're crudely oppressive now, and completely impersonal: every weird angle, every closeup of a face contorted with pain, every splash of bright-red blood is an effect borrowed from horror comics. He's awfully good at staging scenes in which people scream "Arrrgggh!" as they're being impaled or dismembered. There seem to be dozens of these scenes in the movie, and formally they're impressively varied: sometimes the focal point is a grotesquely distended mouth; sometimes the composition is organized around a spurting limb; sometimes the victim screams "Urrrgggh!" To stretch his aesthetic explorations yet further, Verhoeven provides a scene in which the massive hero punches out a woman who has betrayed him.

There are probably a lot of people who keep going to Schwarzenegger pictures because they retain fond memories of "The Terminator," which was a smart, unpretentious, and thoroughly enjoyable thriller—an ideal B movie. "The Terminator" made Arnold a star by turning all his liabilities into perverse virtues: the movie acknowledged his lumbering, robotic quality, and used it as a comic counterpoint to the snappy, quick-witted narrative. Each one of his pictures in the six years since has made it a little easier for us to forget that improbable minor triumph. "Total Recall" is so terrible that it wipes out our last, stubbornest images of the brief pleasure Schwarzenegger gave us when he played an automaton. We may even begin to believe that "The Terminator" never really happened—that it was just some kind of brain implant, a trick designed to lure us, again and again, into a dark room where a giant will knock us senseless and take our money. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY

•

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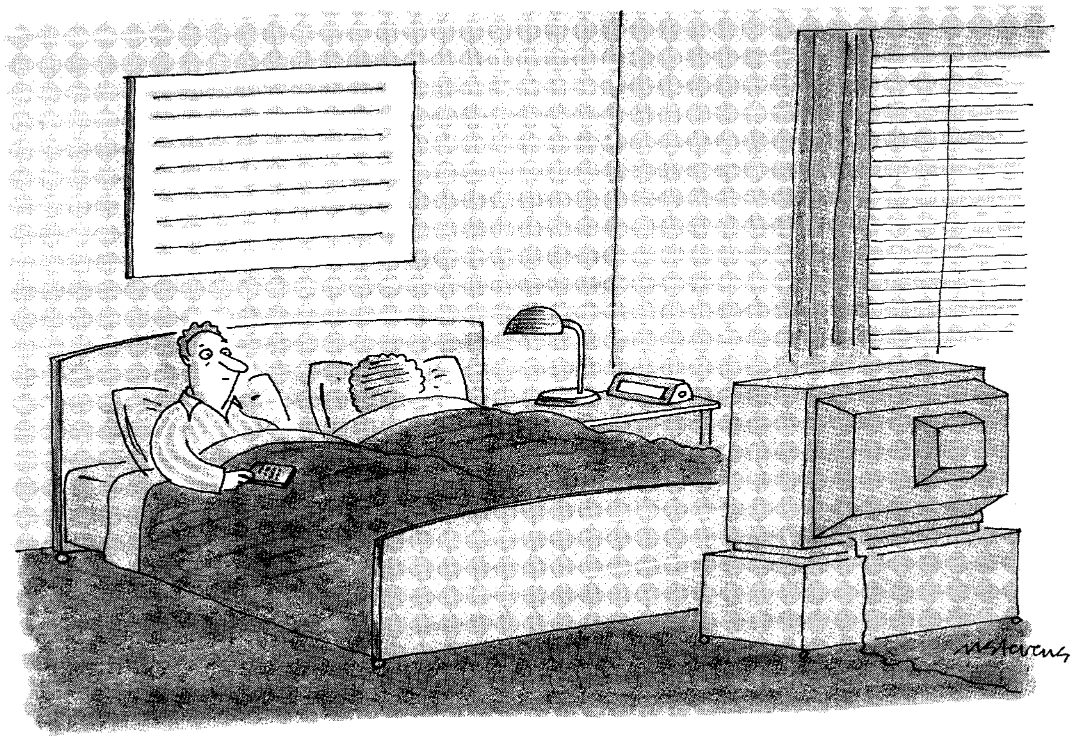
BOOKS

Imagining Music

FOR a long time, jazz fans were idolaters, who enshrined their Louis Armstrongs and Billie Holidays and Charlie Parkers. This defensive zealotry was particularly apparent when the music was still regarded as mean and primitive. Early jazz writers were even more protective. They made such troubled heroes as King Oliver (down and out in Savannah in 1938, aged sixty), Bix Beiderbecke (dead of drink in 1931, aged twenty-eight), and Bunk Johnson (toothless and hornless in New Iberia, Louisiana, aged forty-five) into tragic figures and wrote about them with an "O lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost" sentimentality. This sentimentality leaked into the first full-length jazz movies in the fifties, and it's still in evidence, despite such heavy lumber as " 'Round Midnight" and "Bird." (The best feature film about jazz is the little-known, low-budget "The Gig," written and directed in the mid-eighties by the playwright Frank Gilroy. It deals with a group of white amateur musicians—and a black professional ringer—who play a summer gig in the Catskills, and it explains the blue-collar ethos of the average jazz musician.) The same myth-making has also affected most of the fiction written about jazz since 1938, when Dorothy Baker published "Young Man with a Horn," a pioneering, worshipful novel based on Beiderbecke.

But how *do* you write fiction (or poetry, for that matter) about painters and dancers and writers and musicians? The jazz fan's idol-making is common to all the arts. Perhaps there are three ways to write about Picasso or Balanchine or Horowitz: ennoble him; reduce him to life-size; try to show him as the obsessed, gifted drudge most artists are. Laboriously spinning their works out of themselves, artists are desperate more often than exultant. They take no vacations: one invention leads to another, and the iron must never be allowed to cool. All surround themselves with persiflage. Writers pretend to be inarticulate, painters speak in symbols or hyperbole, musicians gossip and tell jokes, dancers talk about their bodies and about food. There is an added difficulty in writing fiction about jazz: the music is ephemeral. A novelist can describe the "Appassionata" and how his pianist hero plays it, but a jazz novelist must describe a music that is gone the instant it is played. Nowhere else does invention turn into memory so quickly. (Playwrights have an edge in writing about jazz: plays are a performer's art, like jazz. Witness Jack Gelber's "The Connection" and August Wilson's "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom"; both even have onstage bands.)

Marcela Breton clearly kept these difficulties in mind when she put together the anthology of jazz short stories she calls "Hot and Cool" (Plume; $9.95). There are nineteen stories, arranged in rough chronological order. The earliest, by Rudolph Fisher, a novelist of the Harlem Renaissance, was published in 1930, and the most recent, by Martin Gardner, in 1987. Five of the stories deal directly with jazz. Six are largely taken up by racial matters, and six are about drugs and drinking. One is about a jazz fan, and one is a love story. The quality of the stories varies a good deal. "Mending Wall," by Willard Marsh, is set in Mexico and reads like an inept translation from the Spanish. Fisher's story, "Common Meter," is an engaging antique that is full of dated black slang and anthropomorphic musical descriptions: "Clarinets wailed, saxophones moaned, trumpets wept wretchedly, trombones laughed bitterly, even the great bass horn sobbed dismally from the depths." In Ann Petry's "Solo on the Drums," a jilted drummer makes his "big bass drum growl," and in "The Screamers" LeRoi Jones, using an arty epigrammatic prose, converts the music into Message: "The repeated rhythmic figure, a screamed riff, pushed in its insistence past music. It was hatred and frustration, secrecy and despair. It spurted out of the diphthong culture, and reinforced the black cults of emotion. There was no compromise, no dreary sophistication, only the elegance of



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something that is too ugly to be described."

These various excesses are nicely balanced by Terry Southern and Richard Yates and Langston Hughes. Southern writes with great subtlety about a white jazz lover who unwittingly becomes, in a black musician's disparaging words, a "professional nigger lover." Yates tells us of a black pianist who enrages two white admirers by Uncle Tomming with an important night-club owner. Hughes, in his best jess-lissen style, deals with a rich white matron, Mrs. Ellsworth, who underwrites the classical training of a black woman pianist, Oceola Jones; in the end, Oceola marries and goes back to playing blues. ("Is this what I spent thousands of dollars to teach you?" Mrs. Ellsworth asks as Oceola makes "the bass notes throb like tom-toms deep in the earth.")

There are several very funny stories in the book. In Peter De Vries' "Jam Today," which first appeared in this magazine, the narrator goes to a forties "platter party," at which each guest is asked to play his favorite 78-r.p.m. record. The party turns out to be made up of moldy figs who believe that no good jazz has been played since 1930, but the narrator brings a Benny Goodman big-band record. Embarrassed, he breaks the record and stuffs it into his overcoat pocket, then discovers when he leaves that he has put it in his host's pocket. Martin Gardner's "The Devil and the Trombone" deals with a professor returning home from a wearying evening meeting who stops in at a church to rest his mind and listen to the organ music he hears inside. The organist, dressed in a white robe, turns out to be an angel, his wings folded at his sides, and he is playing unearthly music. Out of the blackness behind him comes a tall, hairy figure with swarthy skin and a forked tail, who begins playing raucous tailgate trombone. The two jam together, and their music is so empyrean that the professor finds he suddenly understands the meaning of life—when the music stops, and the angel tells him to go back to his pew and wake himself up. Donald Barthelme's ingenious "The King of Jazz," which also appeared in this magazine, is about the perfervid way that jazz has progressed in its ninety years, today's heroes trampling on yesterday's myths. It also attempts to solve the problem of how to describe the music—a problem that many writers have attacked with a metaphor in each hand. He gives us thirteen hilarious examples of how to approximate the sounds of jazz. Here are four: "That sounds like polar bears crossing Arctic ice pans? That sounds like a herd of musk ox in full flight? That sounds like male walruses diving to the bottom of the sea? That sounds like fumaroles smoking on the slopes of Mt. Katmai?"

Toni Cade Bambara's "Medley" is a dialect story told by a black beautician who walks out on the bass player she lives with. She describes him:

> Larry Landers looked more like a bass player than ole Mingus himself. Got these long arms that drape down over the bass like they were grown special for that purpose. Fine, strong hands with long fingers and muscular knuckles, the dimples deep black at the joints. His calluses so other-colored and hard, looked like Larry had swiped his grandmother's tarnished thimbles to play with. He'd move in on that bass like he was going to hump it or something, slide up behind it as he lifted it from the rug, all slinky. He'd become one with the wood. Head dipped down sideways bobbing out the rhythm, feet tapping, legs jiggling, he'd look good. Thing about it, though, ole Larry couldn't play for shit.

Al Young's "Chicken Hawk's Dream" is short and nearly perfect. Here is its first paragraph: "Chicken Hawk stayed high pretty much all the time and he was nineteen years old limping down academic corridors trying to make it to twelfth grade." Chicken Hawk is a drug addict who lives in Detroit and dreams that he is walking around New York playing fantastic alto saxophone. He is so sure that the dream is true that he borrows a horn to practice on. But he can only make it squeak. He blames the horn, and drifts away with his friend Wine. Later, the narrator runs into Chicken Hawk on the street, and Chicken Hawk tells him that he is about to leave for New York to put together a band and make some records, as soon as he gets his horn out of hock.

Three stories in "Hot and Cool" move close to the heart of jazz. The longest, at sixty-three pages, is "The Pursuer," by the Argentine novelist Julio Cortázar. It was published in the late sixties, and is a thinly disguised account of the last months in the life of Charlie Parker, here called Johnny Carter. Cortázar moves inside Carter's complex, duplicitous, crazy head. Carter tells his Boswell, a critic named Bruno, about how he has been remembering his past: "It wasn't thinking, it seems to me I told you a lot of times, I never think; I'm like standing on a corner watching what I think go by, but I'm not thinking what I see. You dig?" Bruno decides not to alter the second edition of his biography of Carter, despite Carter's having told him that the book was fine except that he had been left out of it. Bruno explains with infuriating cool, "I decided not to touch the second edition, to go on putting Johnny forth as he was at bottom: a poor sonofabitch with barely mediocre intelligence, endowed like so many musicians, so many chess players and poets, with the gift of creating incredible things without the slightest consciousness (at most, the pride of a boxer who knows how strong he is) of the dimensions of his work."

Far more famous is James Baldwin's "Sonny's Blues," published in the late fifties. Baldwin was a brilliant essayist, but his fiction was often heated and clumsy. "Sonny's Blues" is about a drug addict who finds salvation—apparent salvation—by becoming a jazz pianist. The narrator, who is Sonny's straight older brother, goes to a club to hear him and, after the first set, sends a drink up to the bandstand for Sonny. (There are a number of gaffes in the stories, and this is one. Musicians never stay on the bandstand between sets.) Baldwin ends the story with a disastrous sentence: "For me, then, as they began to play again, [the drink] glowed and shook above my brother's head like the very cup of trembling."

In its handmade, assiduous way, Eudora Welty's "Powerhouse" may be the best fiction ever written about jazz. It first appeared in *The Atlantic*, in 1941, when she was a new writer, and it seems to be based on her having heard Fats Waller on the road in the South. (The central figure, Powerhouse, *is* Waller, and not "a pianist in the style of Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis," as Marcela Breton claims in her introduction.) The story is an extraordinary mixture of surrealism and truth. It has a jittering comic surface, like Waller himself, that hides, as Waller's did, the heaviness and sadness most blacks carried around in this country fifty years ago—particularly if they were musicians from New York doing a string of one-night stands in the Deep South. The musicians play, have a beer at a nearby black café between sets, and play again. Here is some of Welty's wild, exotic description of Waller: "You can't tell what he is. 'Nigger man'?—he looks more Asiatic, monkey, Jewish, Babylonian, Peruvian, fanatic, devil. He has pale gray eyes, heavy lids, maybe horny, like a lizard." Powerhouse tells his musicians that he has got a telegram from one Uranus Knockwood, saying that his wife is dead. He had talked to his wife on the telephone the night before, and she said she might jump out of the window. But no one knows who Uranus Knockwood is (a Welty conundrum, in which the despotic Greek god Uranus is guarded by Lady Luck), and the musicians begin to understand that perhaps Powerhouse is fantasizing and that his fantasy rests on the hope that expecting the worst might bring the opposite. Eudora Welty makes the reader see *and* hear Powerhouse. He is outsize in the story, but he is utterly human—a huge man, like Waller.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CHEKHOV'S SISTER, by W. D. Wetherell (Little, Brown; $17.95). Mr. Wetherell, the author of an alluringly titled collection, "The Man Who Loved Levittown," has here turned his attention to Soviet Yalta during the German occupation of 1941, where Chekhov's sister keeps as a shrine the house in which the playwright last lived and wrote. The war invades in the form of a German cultural minister, who wishes to mount a production of "The Seagull" in the boarded-up local theatre. Maria Chekhova musters her devoted maid and assistants as actors, and the German commandeers an actress he has consigned to an S.S. whorehouse to play Nina. The book is written in four "acts," which include dialogue from the play during rehearsals, along with the actors' lengthy asides, printed in script format. Interspersed are histories of the characters that contain pastiches of Chekhov stories. The production itself takes on the familiar form in which the classic text and characterizations become a commentary on action outside the play—a commentary that is a parable about aesthetic values versus moral ones. The real lives are grim: Nina has waded through butchered bodies; both she

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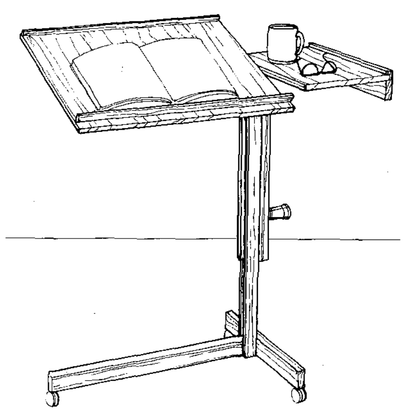

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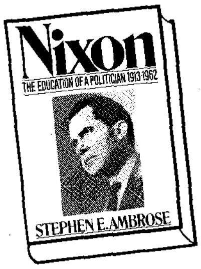

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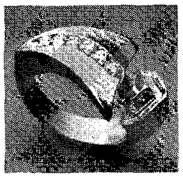

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and the maid had their babies stolen from them; a Soviet partisan likes to degrade young women and kick men in the groin. In a world of dire events, is it perverse to ponder the beauties of prose, or does stylish understatement go some distance toward redeeming the atrocity of life? That is the question this stylishly understated book poses.

Goodbye Without Leaving, by Laurie Colwin (Poseidon; $18.95). The "relentlessly assimilated" Geraldine Coleshares is an aimless graduate student in Chicago when she is granted her secret lifelong desire, which is to sing backup for Vernon and Ruby Shakeley and the Shakettes: "The Shakeleys thought it was cool to hire a white Shakette . . . and for a while I was it." Her parents are horrified, but Geraldine is in heaven. She loves singing and gyrating in her fringe dress and false eyelashes while mixed-race audiences throw flowers and gumdrops onto the stage. But you can't be a Shakette forever, and this hard truth remains Geraldine's nemesis long after her singing days are over. Successfully married to a rock-and-roll-loving lawyer of infinite patience, mother of a darling boy, our narrator remains grumpy and confused. Who is she? Where is she headed? Geraldine is a likable complainer, a loose and easy talker with an infectious sense of humor. Unfortunately, her unhappiness is not given sufficient weight by the author: Ms. Colwin's touch is so light that it hardly leaves a mark. Initially charmed, we become impatient—like Geraldine, we begin to sense a more deeply imagined existence possible elsewhere, just beyond the novel's reach.

Note: "Family Sins," a collection of stories by William Trevor, has been published by Viking ($18.95). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Five O'Clock Angel: Letters of Tennessee Williams to Maria St. Just (Knopf; $24.95). Maria St. Just, a White Russian refugee from the Bolshevik Revolution, a ballet dancer and actress, and the wife of Peter Grenfell, Lord St. Just, was a treasured friend of Tennessee Williams. He began writing these letters to her—from Key West, Bangkok, Rome, New Orleans, Taormina, Barcelona—shortly after they met, in London in 1948. The letters were an outlet for his most intimate desires, joys, and despairs. Maria, who was witty, intelligent, and, unlike him, commonsensical, became his confessor and defender; he valued her advice on both his plays and their production. He told her about his lovers—true ones and scoundrels—and about his family, and gossiped about a host of celebrated friends: Anna Magnani, Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, John Gielgud, Vivien Leigh, Paul Bowles. What is arresting and noteworthy about this book is its revelation of Williams' true nature: instead of the irresponsible, drug-ridden, boozy, and hysterical figure so often portrayed by a hostile press and not very friendly fellow-writers, we find a loving man, ruefully sensible of his weaknesses yet full of humor. Many photographs.

Patenting the Sun: Polio and the Salk Vaccine, by Jane S. Smith (Morrow; $22.95). This scientific and social history of the vaccine that immunized a generation against poliomyelitis is a story of misunderstood dedication, of perseverance despite obstacles. Ms. Smith argues that Jonas Salk, the originator of the injected vaccine, was torn between the behavioral niceties demanded by the scientific community, his own belief in his vaccine, and the requirements of America's biggest public-health project ever. In the end, the public cast Dr. Salk as a hero, while fellow-scientists named him a "mere technician," whose work simply combined processes developed by others. As the author tells it, he was closer to the first than to the second; she finds the ultimate proof of this heroism, perhaps, in his success. If Salk is the not-quite hero, the not-quite villain is Albert Sabin, the man behind the oral polio vaccine, and Salk's implacable rival and naysayer. Sabin's portrait is far less convincing than Salk's, and since only direct quotes are documented it's difficult to know whose evidence Ms. Smith is presenting. Over all, however, this is a fine book, clear and dramatic, and its topic has an inherent fascination.

The Mind of South Africa, by Allister Sparks (Knopf; $24.95). The author, one of South Africa's most respected journalists, tells us that this first-rate book was inspired by W. J. Cash's classic "The Mind of the South," and no wonder—South African history often reads like a caricature of our own. Mr. Sparks finds that Afrikaner nationalism, which evolved from hostility toward British rule and was influenced by Nazism, has been driven to absurdity as well as cruelty, while the black majority, even in dispossession and deprivation, has retained an essentially nonracist approach. He thinks that the last decade has demonstrated both the impracticality and the intellectual bankruptcy of apartheid, and his style, intelligence, and experience persuade us to share his hopeful view of his country's future.

ALONE TOGETHER: A HISTORY OF NEW YORK'S EARLY APARTMENTS, by Elizabeth Collins Cromley (Cornell; $24.95). After the Civil War, New York City developed an architectural form new to North America—a building designed as a multiple dwelling for middle-class families. The author chronicles the technological and the social evolution of the apartment house, and the aesthetic uncertainties that confronted architects who had been trained to think that only public buildings should be big. Along the way, she describes the domestic manners of New Yorkers of every class, from tenement-dwellers to the inhabitants of luxury apartments, and their rising expectations (indoor plumbing, for example) over a period of fifty years. The illustrations, which include floor plans, show many period originals and experiments that are still standing.

NOTE: "Artists and Writers," a collection of essays by Sanford Schwartz, has been published by Yarrow Press ($24.95 cloth, $14.95 paper). Some of the essays first appeared here.

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CLARIFICATIONS

In a Discovery item last week, Kit Hughes was quoted as saying that before she used Aqua Mirabilis Bath Salts she was a "*shallow* person." Hughes was a *shower* person. In a different story in the same issue, Jim Bailey was quoted as describing Lori Larsen ("Tales of Larsen") as "wild and *horny*." What Bailey said was *corny*.
—*Seattle Weekly*.

All in all, an issue that won't soon be forgotten.

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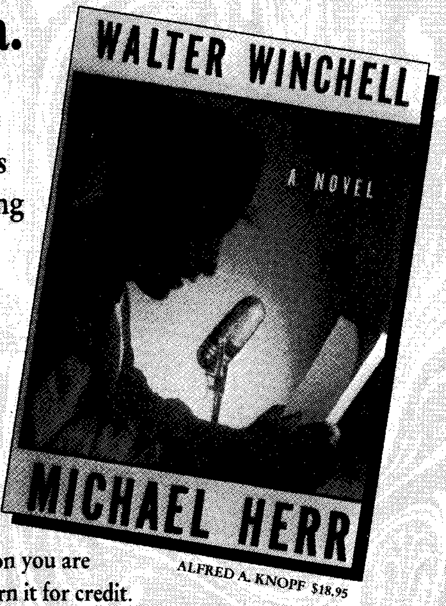

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